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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

HUMAN NATURE IN THE BIBLE
HUMAN NATURE AND THE GOSPEL
AS I LIKE IT, FIRST AND SECOND SERIES
ESSAYS ON MODERN NOVELISTS
ESSAYS ON RUSSIAN NOVELISTS
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READING THE BIBLE
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THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL
THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY THEATRE
ARCHIBALD MARSHALL
SOME MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE
HOWELLS, JAMES, BRYANT, AND OTHER
ESSAYS
THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ENGLISH
ROMANTIC MOVEMENT

AS I LIKE IT

THIRD SERIES

BY

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

LAMPSON PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT YALE

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NEWPORT, R. I.

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TO MY FRIEND
WILLIAM J. MATHESON

PREFACE

This book contains selections from the articles of the same name printed in *Scribner's Magazine* from September, 1924, to January, 1926, inclusive. I am grateful to Dr. Frederick Pottle for preparing the Index for this and the Second Series.

W. L. P.

CONTENTS

PAGE

- I. Meditations in London—Westminster Abbey and the Ignoble Prize—The Atlantic Transport Line—The Typical Sea Captain—Mr. Locke's New Novel—Clean Collars and Tobacco—The Country Parson—Kathleen Coyle—Influence of Sinclair Lewis—Keeping Up with Science—A New Comedy—Walter Eaton on the Theatre—St. John Ervine and His New Book—American Plays in London—The Brightness of Bernard Shaw—S. K. Ratcliffe and the Bible—Who Reads the Koran?—The Price to You—An Insult to the Moon—An Advertisement for Yale—*The Unseemly Adventure*—An Important Book on William Blake—A Missionary in China—Jackie Coogan in London—Climate and National Temperament—English Boots—The Weather and Immorality I
- II. Our Flight to Paris—The Wrinkled Sea—Daylight Saving—The Plain Tower of Chartres—*Saint Joan* in London—Shaw's Brilliant Preface—*The Farmer's Wife*—Other Plays in London—September and Cold Storage—Conversations with J. M. Barrie—What the Zeppelin Missed—American Plays and English Audiences—A High-Grade Tory—Alfred Ollivant and His Masterpiece—Zenda—Information on Gail Hamilton—President Eliot and George Eliot—A Good Retort—Parisians and German Art—The Triumph of Medicine—A Detestable Habit of Speech—Ring W. Lardner in Paris 17
- III. The Funeral of Anatole France—Extraordinary Honour Paid to Him by the State Theatre—Genius Covers a Multitude of Sins—The Last Words of Anatole France—French Attitude to Artists and Men of Letters—Its Effect on Boys and Girls—Duse and Asolo—The Grand Hotel—Spoiled by Americans—A Dress Rehearsal at the Comédie Française—Fine Acting of Féraudy—Between the Acts—A Quarrel about Molière—Antoine and Guitry—Dulness of the Classics—A Charming Contemporary Play—Jealousy of the French—Is There a Jewish Theatre?—Are Jews Unlike Other People?—Hergesheimer's *Balsam*—Hugh Walpole's Masterpiece—Is He Changing?—Howe's Biography of Barrett Wendell—Wendell's Classes at Harvard—His Fortunate Indiscre-

CONTENTS

	PAGE
tions—Richard Hooker and the Springfield <i>Republican</i> —Homer Croy and His New Novel—Michigan and Babylon	33
IV. Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came—The Glory of New York—Paris and Berlin—Shakespeare for Children—A Repertory Theatre—The Yale Library in 1791—The President and the Senior Class—Old Age—Mrs. J. H. Taylor—The Test of Wisdom—Mr. T. A. Carpenter—A Ninety-Four-Year-Old Poet—Compton Mackenzie and His Catholic Trilogy—Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle—The World's Living Religions—Sea Power in Ancient History—Athens and Sparta—Culture and Courage—The Youthful John Farrar— <i>Sandoval</i> —Anne Sedgwick and the <i>Little French Girl</i> — <i>Drifting and Steering</i> —Value of Sunday-School Books— <i>The Owls' House</i> —Charles P. Tuttle on Cats—Geometry and the Ignoble Prize—An Insult to San Francisco—The Passport Swindle—The Death of Emmanuel Reicher—Universities and the Drama—Monument to Rostand—Letter from the Great Golfer—How Big Are Editions?—Three Common Myths—Some Comments on Horses—Philosophical Nature of the American Cow	47
V. Thackeray and His Daughter—My Conversation with Her in London—Her Anecdote of Browning—Three Books on Christianity—Catholic and Protestant—Elisha and His Oxen— <i>Proud Flesh</i> —A New Mystery Novel—Worldly Memoirs—Catching Cold in the Theatre—The Fano Club—Old Wooden Covered Bridges—The Little Theatre near Philadelphia—An Accomplished Bellboy—The <i>Faerie Queene</i> Club—Pronunciation of Pepys—Ring W. Lardner—Mrs. W. K. Clifford—Some Good Best Sellers—Maurice Drake—Three More Myths—Coats and Golf—Horace and Latin Literature—What Are the Greatest Things?—Culture in Arkansas—Feminine Frogs	61
VI. A Splendid Book about Sailing—The Romance of the Sea—Dr. Johnson on Sailors—Adventure and Mathematics—Work and Wages—The Twelve Tribes of Israel—The <i>Saturday Review of Literature</i> —Popular American Authors in Russia—Upton Sinclair and Modern Languages—How to Learn French—Explanation of Cigar Bands—The Clergy and Tobacco—Blowing Smoke Rings—Soloism on Railway Trains—The Personality of Milkmen—The Grave of Hallam—Was Alfred Tennyson at the Funeral?—Base-	

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ball Language—The Career of Ty Cobb—Robert W. Service—Shaving the Back of the Neck—A New Australian Novel—The Bodley Head Quartos—The Death of Joseph Conrad—Clara Laughlin and Travelling in Europe	76
VII. John Galsworthy and the Forsyte Family—The Development of Soames—Pickwick and Swiveller—Clyde Fitch and His Characters—Character of Mr. Galsworthy—Uncut Leaves—The Original Defender of the First Person—Depravity of the Human Heart—John Jay Chapman and the Catholics—John Selden and Liberty—A New Symphony Orchestra in Hawaii—What Is the Most Beautiful Place in the World?—The <i>Christian Science Monitor</i> and Railway Trains—Mark Twain and His Autobiography—Everybody Insane in the Night—The Worst Moment in the Twenty-Four Hours—The Worship of the Sun—California in the Summer—The Proper Time for Rain—Standard Works and Popular Quotations—The Decay of the Toothpick—William A. White and Woodrow Wilson—How I Elected Taft and Wilson—Walk to Bridgeport—The Letters of Clyde Fitch—A Talk with Emma Eames—Emma Eames and the Bible—Some Good New Books—A Quotation from Victor Hugo—Homage to Mortimer Schiff—His Gift to the Cathedral—A. M. Wilson and the Light Brigade—W. G. George and His Wonderful Mile—Xmas and the Ignoble Prize—Boxes Must be Abolished	94
VIII. Concentration of British Writers—England and Michigan—Standards of Competition—The Traveller and the Bore—Ludgate Hill and Mt. McKinley—Variety of Climate and Scenery in England—The Bicycle—English Literary Geography—The Pursuit of the Nightingale—Bootjacks—Alfred Ollivant and the Three Nightingales—Shelley and Kipling—The Famous Four Birds—The Champion Blackbird—Why a Nightingale Dies—New Members of the Faerie Queene Club—Out or In—Death of William Archer—Lord Jellicoe and Charles M. Schwab—Edward P. Mitchell and the New York <i>Sun</i> —John Masfield and His Thriller—Col. Bramble—The International Novel—Frederika Bremer and Her Letters about America—The Savannah River—Galsworthy's Recollections of Conrad—Goethe and Shakespeare—Wilson's Huge Biography of Carlyle— <i>The Three Hostages</i> —Trial by Jury	111

CONTENTS

PAGE

- IX. Greatest Creative Period of Dramatic Literature—Barrett Clark's New Book—Henry Arthur Jones and the First Night—My Favourite Dramatic Critic—Upton Sinclair on Yale University—Neckties and College Professors—Walter Travis and the Conversation Club—John M. Ward—The Greatest Pitcher in the History of Baseball—The Speed of Carter—Clear Eyes—Mrs. Cabot Morse and Her Distinction Between Professors and Doctors—A New Word, Vidience—Are Dictionaries Good Reading?—Out of Kilter—Sailing Ships—The Yankee Skippers—Arthur Hildebrand's Last Book—Clarence Day, Jr., and Browning—Clarence Day and the Modern Novel—A Passion Play by Don Marquis—The Cathedral of Saint John the Divine—William J. Matheson and His Autobiography—An Unofficial Statesman—Amy Lowell's Biography of Keats—The Most Astonishing of the World's Poets—Professor Tinker and the Letters of James Boswell—Revelations by Letters—Doctor Johnson and Goethe—Teaching and Research 127
- X. Sinclair Lewis and *Tamburlaine*—Can Humanity Be Improved?—The Character of Leora—Science and Personality—The Physician as Hero—The Modern God—Physicians and Surgeons—Sinclair Lewis and Somerset Maugham—Masculinity and Evening Clothes—Goethe's Ideas and His Girls—Frank Bergen on the Mind and the Body—*Vanished Arizona*—An Excellent Typographical Error—Boz Hawley in Paris—Professor Richards and the Ignoble Prize—Toothpicks—New Word Needed in the English Language—Yes and No—A Valuable German Word—Politeness of the French and of the Germans—Nationality and Individuality—French Conversations on the Street Cars—The Wonderful Adventures of the Reverend Doctor Sayce—The Typical British Soldier—Peruvian Adventures—*The Constant Nymph* and Musicians—Music and Common Sense—A New American Opera—An Anecdote of Dijon—Some New Novels—John Morley in the House of Commons—The Greatest Speech Ever Heard in the Senate—*Twice Thirty*—A Tribute to Dean Briggs—The Death of Walter Camp—The Younger Generation . . . 143
- XI. April in Augusta—A Small Stringed Orchestra—The Conversation Club—Anecdote of the Civil War—Daniel Frohman and Major Black—Mayor Barrett and the Savannah River—A Cat and a Hencoop—Two Great Philanthropists—All-Star Performance of

CONTENTS

PAGE

The Rivals—Lola Fisher and the Madonna—A Strange Story of Woodrow Wilson—Walt Whitman and the Ignoble Prize—John Stuart Mill, James J. Corbett, Weber and Fields—Mill as a Sentimentalist—Herbert Spencer and the Blue-Stocking—The Samuel Richardson Club—Mrs. Elizabeth Case—Hot-Cross Buns—Bridesmaids—American Hustle and English Examples—Death of Jean de Reszké—Comment by W. J. Henderson—George W. Cable and Stage Fright—Abraham Lincoln and the Lincoln Cathedral—Some Remarks on Abbreviations—A Defence of the Dark—Dogs and the Bible—Dr. Horace Hart and Emerson Hough—Uncomfortable Clothes and Old-Fashioned Boots—Soft Collars—A Defence of Uncut Leaves—A Pocket Dictionary—The City of Coventry and John Galsworthy—Rose Macaulay and Her Novels—Those Who Read to Remember and Those Who Read to Forget—A Novel of Stained Glass—A Change from Vitriol to Ink—Sister Madeleva and Chaucer's Nuns—More Readers of the *Faerie Queene*—Mayone Lewis and Michael Angelo—Two Dogs—Americans and the Finish . . . 160

- XII. Martha Haskell Clark and Her Poetry—The New York Theatre Guild—Alexander Woolcott and His Comments on the Guild—Piece of Luck—Lawrence Langner and His Service to Modern Drama—Metcalfe and His Dramatic Criticisms—Charles Belmont Davis and the Immorality of the Stage—Ring W. Lardner and His Complete Works—Edith Wharton's New Treatment of an Old French Theme—Thomas Boyd and His Stories of the War—The Advance of Scott Fitzgerald—Nature and Human Nature in the Novels of Sheila Kaye-Smith—A Narrative about Whales—Rockwell Kent's Adventures Near Cape Horn—A New Biography of the Strong Boy of Boston—George M. Cohan and His Own Account of Broadway—A New Edition of *The Wings of the Morning*—S. K. Ratcliffe and American Vulgarisms—A Bad Angle—The Four Hundredth Anniversary of the English Bible—Bibles in Big Type—Vidience and Optience—Lillian Russell and the Clergy—William A. Watts and the Ford Cars—The Slouchy Sock—Garters—Reba White and Painted Cards—A Godsend to Plumbers—Cross-Word Puzzles—The Metropolitan Opera House—Subjective Value of the Ignoble Prize—Still Life—Librarians and Loud Voices—The English Blackbird—J. S. Prout and His Ideas—Ninety-One Years and Enthusiasm—The Seventh

CONTENTS

PAGE

Centenary of the Death of Saint Francis—A Good Suggestion for Assisi—A Library in Fano—Professor Mabellini—Thomas Hardy's Eighty-Fifth Birthday—His Poetry and His Prose—Selling a Wife—The Death of Amy Lowell—True and False Patriotism—Whistler as an American Patriot—The Death of John Singer Sargent—My Conversation with Him—A Nightmare in the Daytime 181

XIII. Dr. Hotson and Kit Marlowe—*The Enemy*—The Little Theatres—Life of Edward Everett—*The Public Life*—Sir William Osler and Dr. Cushing—Religion of a Physician—Lincoln MacVeagh and the Bible—Letter from the American Ambassador to Mexico—Defence of Dubuque—Three American Poets—The Genius of Dickens—Henry James—Roland Holt and Alfred C. Ward—American Mystical Verse—More Candidates for the Ignoble Prize—Vidience—The Swedish Language—Clyde Fitch and Thackeray—The Best English Song Birds—Emma Eames, Louise Homer, President Angell, and the Bible—Some Information on Keats—The Statue to Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn—Prohibition and Legislatures 202

XIV. Arthur Hallam and Edward King—*Lycidas* and *In Memoriam*—William Graham Sumner—Dr. Reilly on Cardinal Newman—Paléologue's Russian Memoirs—Englishmen and Americans—Ice-Cream Cones and Horn-Rimmed Spectacles—Princeton and Yale—Roman Numerals—Michael Arlen—Sir John Suckling and Immortality—The Most Civilised Country in the World 213

XV. Crime Wave and Detective Stories—The Pursuit of Truth—The Advance in Christian Thought—Science and Religion—Dr. Frank Crane, Bruce Barton, and A. S. M. Hutchinson—The Swallowing of Slander—Gladstone and Woodrow Wilson—John Raymond Howard—Anatole France Himself—New Edition of Ben Jonson—R. G. Moulton—H. L. Mencken and Book Reviews—The Republic of Andorra—Another Poem on Fano—Stevenson and Fenimore Cooper—More Candidates for the Ignoble Prize—Some British Comment on the American Language—The United Church of Huron City—Can Punning Be Inherited? 229

XVI. Emotion and Art—Irish Reminiscences—From Melbourne to Moscow—The War Correspondent—Hes-

CONTENTS

PAGE

keth Prichard—The Virtuous Husband—The Prime Minister and His Son—Grey's *Twenty-Five Years*—Christianity and Nationalism—New Translation of Montaigne—The New Dictionary of Shakespeare—Heavy Books—Lee Dodd and Clarence Day—Everyman's Library—A Challenge from William A. White—The Lost Digestion—Cows' Ears—Moles, Sharks, and Cats—The Dread of Darkness—The Boston Repertory Theatre—The Autumnal Equinox 247

XVII. The Glories and Charms of Munich—New Edition of Stevenson—Novels by Walpole, Conrad, Wells, Floyd Dell—Some New Biographies—The Dreadful Dash—Should Actors Appear Before the Curtain?—Spelling Reform—Hortense Metzger and Mrs. Browning—Two Letters from Ambassador Sheffield—Novels about Real Persons—Leprosy—*Xmas* and *Legience*—Otto Kahn and the Metropolitan Opera House—The Richard Mansfield Players—A Good Talk with William H. Crane—Actors as Public Benefactors 263

INDEX 281

AS I LIKE IT

I

So this is London! The last time I saw it was in May 1912. The intervening years have included the far-reaching, home-searching calamity of the World War, interesting to military and naval authorities, to historians, to profiteers, and desolating to everybody else. Yet to the superficial gaze of one American pedestrian, London looks exactly the same. I should not know there had been four years of patriotic ecstasy, with its counterweight of appalling horror, I should not know there had been midnight couriers of the air, I should not know there had been anything unusual. The streets are choked with peaceful traffic, the buses are jammed with laughing sightseers, the shops are apparently solvent, the expensive hotels are crowded, dancing is continuous from four in the afternoon till two in the morning, and a five-pound note lasts as long as tow in a furnace.

Yet what a fool I should be if I thought everything *was* the same. Which leads me to the unflattering but accurate conclusion that those who visit other countries and insist there is no suffering and poverty, because these cancers are not on the surface, are qualified neither to observe nor to report. A broken finger-nail is not so serious as an internal injury.

If one had the double gift of omnipresence and invisibility and could visit every English home, one

AS I LIKE IT

would have millions of experiences that might be salutary for unthinking optimism.

The London *Times* this morning says that there have been more American tourists here this summer than ever before. Coming in mid-September, we have missed a good many thousands of them; yet yesterday afternoon Westminster Abbey was like the New York subway at the rush hours.

I nominate the west front of Westminster Abbey for the Ignoble Prize. The interior, entirely apart from its historical and literary interest, is an adequate illustration of the sublime and the beautiful; but the west façade has not a redeeming feature. The towers are unimpressive and the whole effect as ordinary as a factory.

We came over on the new ship *Minnetonka*, of the Atlantic Transport Line. She is a big, steady, broad-beamed boat, with abundance of deck room and four large sitting-rooms. One reason why I engaged passage on her was because she goes from New York to London. There is no necessity either for a tender or a train. When you step off the ship you are in London, and can drive to your destination in a taxicab, even as in New York. The voyage up the Thames is exceedingly interesting, and the manner in which the huge vessel is brought up through the locks is almost unbelievable. She turned sharp corners; and when she was finally made fast to the King George V dock, it seemed as though she were in a *cul-de-sac*. I am glad I have not got the responsibility of extricating her from this hopeless

AS I LIKE IT

situation. Yet as none of the officials was worried, I suppose she will leave somehow next Saturday, going out with the tide.

The captain so absolutely looks his part that he does not appear to be altogether real. Originally he came out of Suffolk near the sea, a coast immortalised by *David Copperfield*; in his younger days he was under sail, and in the merchant marine visited the four corners of the earth. The winds of the seven seas have given his broad face a jolly colour, he has a laugh that can be heard from one end of the ship to the other, and his voice has a deep salty tang, as though it had often competed with tempests.

A large number of the passengers were reading William J. Locke's new novel, *The Coming of Amos*. This was the best seller on the voyage. And indeed it is a good story well told, with an excellent fable and appealing characters. The scenes are laid on the southern shore of France, and Cannes—the novelist's home—is frequently described in a manner that merits the adjective alluring. Monte Carlo and gambling play important parts. The element of contrast, so essential to drama and fiction, is abundantly provided by pitching headlong into the most sophisticated society of the globe a big unlicked cub from Australia named Amos, whose notions of table manners and polite conversation are rudimentary, but who has a heart to match his giant frame. The villain is so melodramatic, so stagey, so polished, so letter-perfect in his rôle, so unencumbered with moral ideas, that one rejoices to see him foiled at last, and his exit does more positive good

AS I LIKE IT

to more individuals than the lifelong efforts of a professional philanthropist.

Now this is a good tale, told by an expert. One is not surprised at the prodigious popularity of Mr. Locke, because he correctly fills the prescription. The reader in search of a clean, attractive, absorbing novel is certain to find what he wants in any book signed by this fortunate author's name. One ought not perhaps to wish for more than that; one ought not to quarrel with a delightful, sprightly, charming novel. But when I remember the early books by the same man, when I remember that *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*, *The Beloved Vagabond*, *Septimus*, and *Simon the Jester* had the qualities of high-grade professional fiction with so much more, with original wit and humour, with unexpected flashes of whimsicality, with episodes as unusual as they were diverting, I cannot help feeling a certain regret that he has "settled down."

I admire Mr. Locke for a confession he made years ago. "I had rather," he said, "give up clean collars and tobacco than give up my dreams." When one thinks of the importance of clean linen and tobacco in the daily existence of an Englishman, one realises the weight of such a remark.

I read during the transit another new English novel, by a man of whom I had never heard, but whose book I recommend. This is *A Bishop Out of Residence*, by Victor L. Whitechurch, a fitting name. It is the story of an English bishop who had a nervous breakdown and was recommended by one of his colleagues to take the curacy of a small coun-

AS I LIKE IT

try parish. Accordingly he doffed the episcopal uniform, put on trousers, changed his name, and took pastoral charge of a small church in an isolated village. His adventures there were anything but restful—they included one night in jail—but they not only cured him, they taught him more than he had learned in years. He discovered that a country clergyman who takes his work seriously is far from having a sinecure, in any sense of that word. He was busy every day. Not only was he expected to perform many menial tasks in relation to the church—which the masked bishop had always thought were attended to by servants—but every parishioner came to him with every household emergency. He straightened out family quarrels, pulled lazy and unwilling boys out of bed, compelled farmhands to continue their toil, ran a daily school. Although the novel is cleverly written and is full of humour, its underlying purpose is to show not only to bishops but to readers the immense amount of good accomplished by honest country curates. These things “are all in the day’s work.” Those ignoramuses who obtain their notions of clergymen from the theatre, and those who imagine that a minister’s busiest day is Sunday, and those who regard the official servants of God as chiefly decorative, ought to read this entertaining novel. It will open the eyes of many besides the bishop.

Kathleen Coyle, who succeeded in arousing some interest by her first novel, *Piccadilly*, has just published a second, which ought to give her a high place among contemporary writers. This is *The Widow’s*

AS I LIKE IT

House, a tragic tale which is just the opposite of sordid. It is a story of heartbreak, which leaves in the reader's mind a sunset glow of extraordinary beauty. This is tragedy in the true Aristotelian sense, both purging and ennobling. It is the tale of a lonely widow in a lonely town on the English coast; and it is redeemed from triviality and ugliness not only by a style of high austerity but by the nobility of the heroine's character, who is quite unlearned in books and travel, but who has what Mr. Santayana calls the deeper wisdom of the heart. She is a woman worth knowing, and I am grateful to Kathleen Coyle for creating her. This is a book that ought to be read and reread, so rich is it in meditation and in challenging ideas. It is an admirable novel, and could have come only from a wealthy mind. Apart from its power and beauty, it has a plot that will keep the reader attentive from first to last.

Charles Merz, who has written a vast number of political articles, has published his first essay in fiction in a book called *Centerville, U. S. A.* While this, like hundreds of other recent American novels, shows the influence of Sinclair Lewis, it has a mark of originality all its own. It is made up of sketches of small-town characters as they appear to the eyes of a shrewd humorist. One will often experience the pleasure of recognition, for Mr. Merz is a born observer.

Mr. E. E. Slosson's *Keeping Up with Science* is perhaps the best work of this versatile and accom-

AS I LIKE IT

plished writer. Every one thinks he knows something about literature, and no one hesitates to advance critical judgments. But one reason for the small part played by science in table conversation is the fact that here one must really know what one is talking about; it is just possible there may be present a scientist. Mr. Slosson has the unusual gift of writing on scientific themes in a popular manner, and the equally unusual courage required for such an undertaking. He talks about everything from bodily diseases to astronomy. His book therefore is filled with information that "every schoolboy" is supposed to know, but of which most people, including schoolboys, are densely ignorant. It is written in non-technical language.

Walter Prichard Eaton, whose dramatic criticisms in the old New York *Sun* I used to read in preference to all others, and who has since published many good books on the theatre, has added one better than his previous best, called *The Actor's Heritage*, fully illustrated. What I particularly like is his unquenchable enthusiasm for the theatre. Although an experienced and shrewd critic, he is not "hard-boiled"; every time he goes to see a new play it is as though it were his own first night as well. Naturally, I like this attitude, because it is mine. The moment before the curtain rises I always feel like a child on Christmas Eve.

An extremely good book on the drama has just been published by St. John Ervine, best known in America by his two plays so magnificently acted by the Theatre Guild—*John Ferguson* and *Jane Clegg*.

AS I LIKE IT

Never shall I forget Dudley Digges in the first and Margaret Wycherley in the second. His new work, composed of lectures delivered at Liverpool, is *The Organised Theatre*, and while I regret to see so much of it taken up with polemics against my friend Stark Young, the constructive portions of the book are admirable. I am with him in his insistence that the dominating feature in theatrical productions is the play itself. This is a quarrel that goes back to the days of Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones, and Mr. Ervine's resentment is as deep-seated as that of old Ben himself. No amount of scenery or the absence of it can take the place of the play. The play's the thing. It is a delight to see excellent stage management, clever lighting, adequate scenery, and a well-trained group of actors. But if I had to choose, I had rather see an excellent play badly presented than any amount of triviality beautifully done. Even the worst acting and the most ludicrous scenery cannot conceal the lines of a great drama, any more than ill-fitting clothes can ruin a splendid figure. I go to the theatre to see plays, not shows.

American tourists are not the only American objects that are invading London. At the present moment there are on exhibition at the London theatres *Morals*, by Jules Eckert Goodman; *It Pays to Advertise*, by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett; *So This is London*, by George M. Cohan; *The Fool*, by Channing Pollock; *The Nervous Wreck*, by Owen Davis; *In the Next Room*, by Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford, while other plays that were first seen

AS I LIKE IT

in America have been transferred hither with the original American cast. I suppose the only reason that better plays of American authorship are not given here is because they are so difficult to find. An American success on the London stage is not an uncommon spectacle; but how thrilling it would be to see a great American play on any stage!

Well-known English authors whose plays are being given in London this season are Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Eden Phillpotts, Ian Hay, A. A. Milne, and Somerset Maugham.

Bernard Shaw, like the planet Mars, is brighter in 1924 than in any previous year of human remembrance. In London *Saint Joan* and *Back to Methuselah* hold the stage; in Paris, *Fanny's First Play* and *Candida*; while in Germany at least twenty of his works are frequently produced. What French audiences make of *La première pièce de Fanny* I can only dimly imagine.

The accomplished critic S. K. Ratcliffe, stirred by my remarks in *Scribner's* on the grammar of the Authorised Version of the Bible, attempted to "start something" in the *Manchester Guardian* by citations and comments; but there was little response. The reason is, I suppose, that to its readers the *Manchester Guardian* is the Bible. Certainly, many of its articles are inspired.

The latest accession to the Fano Club is John J. Meloy, Jr., a Yale undergraduate; while Asolo has recently been visited by Mrs. H. D. Auchincloss,

AS I LIKE IT

Miss Annie Burr Auchincloss, and Elizabeth Lee Dodge.

The Reverend Frank T. Townsend, of Buckhannon, West Virginia, nominates for the Ignoble Prize, the Koran, stating that Carlyle declared no one had ever read it through. I remember trying to read it many years ago. I shall never try again.

I have always been annoyed by any clerk who tells me impressively that the price to *me* is so and so. I was pleased by a letter I received from Winifred Russell, of Gordonsville, Virginia, who writes that in a country store the merchant, insisting upon a sale, said: "‘As it is *you* I will let you have this for only two dollars and a half.’ ‘And who am I?’ I asked, hoping that fame had at last cornered me. ‘I—I haven’t the least idea!’ he answered."

Frederic F. Van de Water, whose criticisms of new books in the New York *Herald Tribune* I read with interest, has uncovered another insult to astronomy in a novel called *Fulfillment*, by Elizabeth Newport Hepburn. F. F. V. comments as follows:

Toward the latter half of the book, the sin-scored hero and the woman on whom he finally bestows his affection, after several trial flights, sit on the side of a hill to watch the moon rise. The sun sets, dusk comes up, but before they have to go home to supper the moon appears—"a silver sickle at first, old, worn silver, until, glowing brighter and brighter, it became a curved golden bow. In

AS I LIKE IT

the divine quiet, the one sound they heard was the distant murmur of the brook."

We doubt the authenticity of this scene. [I wish he had said I.] We don't think the lovers could have heard the murmuring of the brook. If a silver sickle of a moon were to rise in the east early in the evening, such trivial sounds as murmuring brooks would be blotted out completely by the anguished wail arising from astronomers and makers of almanacs who had discovered that all their life-work had been for nothing.

All novelists should follow Stevenson's vow: not to write fiction without an almanac.

Mr. Allan Nevins, who writes extremely good columns on books in the *New York Sun*, makes an entertaining comment on the fact that in the September *Scribner's* I praised four books, every one of which was written by a Yale graduate. In reply, I can only say two things, after a plea of guilty. First, it is he, and not I, who stated that these men are graduates of Yale; thus it is he, and not I, who gives Yale the advertising, more valuable when it comes from a source outside the university. Second, I am always on watch for the best new books, no matter where they come from. I had far rather read a good book written by a Harvard man than a bad book written by a Yale man, just as I had rather hear a tenor of bad moral character sing beautifully than hear a deacon sing off the pitch. But if the Yale men will insist on writing all the best new books, what is an absolutely unprejudiced critic like me to do?

AS I LIKE IT

One of the most brilliant and amusing novels of the present year is *The Unseemly Adventure*, by Ralph Straus. Twelve years ago I remember reading a novel by him called *The Prison Without a Wall*, which seemed to exhibit distinct promise. This promise has been more than fulfilled in his latest book, which, indeed, might have borne the same title as the earlier, for the hero is imprisoned in a set of conventions and social inhibitions whose invisible bars can be broken at any moment by the mere exercise of will. Salvation comes to him in the person of a grotesque, Falstaffian vagabond, who, while he must be called an original character, reminds me more than a little of the fat, alcoholic Mr. Puddlebox of A. S. M. Hutchinson's *The Clean Heart*. It will be remembered by those who know Mr. Hutchinson's merry tale that the drunken and disreputable Puddlebox saved the over-wrought hero from a severe case of nervous prostration. I should like to hear from any readers who believe that the resemblance is not accidental. I confidently recommend *The Unseemly Adventure*, as its mirth is so spontaneous that I do not see how any one can resist it.

A valuable addition to the increasing literature surrounding the name of William Blake is a tall, thick volume by S. Foster Damon, called *William Blake. His Philosophy and Symbols*. Many years have been devoted to its preparation, and they have been well spent. All who are interested in the poetry, pictures, and philosophy of Blake will find this work a mine of information. And while it is a

AS I LIKE IT

kind of glorified doctor's thesis, it is something more than scholarly; it contains literary criticism of permanent value. Perhaps I can best describe Mr. Damon's book by saying that every subsequent student of Blake will find it essential.

The Reverend Gordon Poteat, who has been for years a missionary in China, has produced a modestly slender volume, *Home Letters From China*, which, in more or less diary form, gives an accurate and interesting account of the daily life and work of a foreign missionary. Its unpretentiousness is disarming.

The remarks I made on Soloism in previous issues were from one point of view strikingly confirmed in London yesterday. Little Jackie Coogan arrived on the *Leviathan*—a dramatic contrast in itself—and came to this hotel. I took a short walk in the Strand, and on my return I thought the hotel was on fire. There was an enormous crowd in front of it, which blocked the pavements. Later in the day he was taken to the place where occurs daily the picturesque changing of the guard. His motor-car was rushed by women; they climbed onto the running-boards, and insisted on grabbing his small frame. Four policemen finally succeeded in pushing them off; and it was necessary to take the actor into the building, whence he escaped by a secret passage. Such is the appeal of Soloism; such is the power of advertising. What do I think of all this? I hate to say.

AS I LIKE IT

A more amazing thing is happening in London this morning. The sun is shining. The effect of climate on national temperament and national literature can hardly be overestimated. No wonder we Americans, who live in sunshine, have more ebullience than the British. If nearly every morning of our lives we woke to the accompaniment of drizzling rain, we should certainly become less expansive, less superficially cordial, more stolid. Brilliant sunshine makes one feel like greeting every stranger as if he were an old friend; whereas the chronic lack of it makes one feel like greeting old friends as if they were strangers. The autumn, which is all blue and gold in America, is here grey, dull, brown, and wet. Thus the very idea of autumn is entirely different in English literature from its reality in America.

More and more Englishmen are dreading the autumn and the approach of winter; more and more they are discovering that the boasted open fire is as inadequate for heating a house as it would be for heating the front yard. Letters are now being written in *The Times* on this theme; one correspondent this morning reminds his readers that the Romans used to heat their floors, and suggests that Englishmen follow the classic precedent. He thinks it is not absolutely necessary that everybody here should have chilblains, catarrh, and sciatica. Americans should be forever grateful for two things: the sunshine without and the furnace within.

Yet we never get foreign credit for our glorious sky. For centuries British writers have celebrated

AS I LIKE IT

the beauty of Italian sunshine, because that was the only kind they knew. As a matter of fact, the sky over Florence is not a shade more blue than the sky over Bridgeport. But as we have it so often, we forget what a blessing it is. I once asked a Scotsman, who had emigrated to America, what was the chief thing in the new country which impressed him by its difference: "The blue sky." Then he told me that during his twenty-five years in Scotland he had never seen one day without clouds.

On the streets of London you can tell an American from an Englishman by looking at his feet. The American wears the thin low shoes he brought from home; the Englishman wears heavy high laced shoes—he calls them boots—with soles an inch thick. He has to.

In the year 1698 the Reverend Jeremy Collier made his famous attack on the immorality and profaneness of the English stage. All the dramatists retorted angrily except Dryden, who owned up, like the honest man he was. Various explanations and excuses were offered by the others; but the most original was that given by William Congreve. This accomplished gentleman blamed it all on the weather. He said that in countries warmed by sunshine it was not necessary to have a racy literature; but in England the climate was so depressing that the dramatists were in duty bound to furnish any means of entertainment that would help the spectators to forget their environment. This is the only occasion, so far as I know, where the weather has been used as an excuse for immoral plays.

AS I LIKE IT

Today, however, the sun is shining. From my window, which overlooks the magnificent sweep of the river, I can see the splendid towers of the Houses of Parliament and the commonplace towers of Westminster Abbey glowing in the impartial light.

II

WE *flew* from London to Paris. For the first time in my life I travelled in an airplane. There is a daily service both ways, and there are passengers who take it as a matter of course. In our air-bus, some were reading newspapers, and some were asleep. My own sensations were not what I had expected.

Our machine carried fourteen passengers, and an immense amount of baggage. When we arrived at Croydon, outside of London, where we were to take the plane, the weather turned sour—fog, rain, gloom. We were informed that we should have to wait, possibly not start at all. Thus, instead of soaring at noon, we did not get away until two o'clock; the weather had shown no indication of improvement, but the telegraphic reports from the Channel were encouraging. Every one had been weighed, and assigned to a particular seat in the airship, with the idea of trimming her properly. Pieces of cotton were doled out, and our ears plugged, so that the noise of the machinery became a muffled and rather agreeable accompaniment.

I had supposed that we should soar into the air and skim along like a bird. But it seemed to me that we rose like a freight-train, and plodded through the air with an elephantine motion. This was the only thing disconcerting; I wanted to be higher up and to fly faster. It seemed to me—it still so seems—incredible that such a heavy mass of machinery and perishable freight could wallow along through

AS I LIKE IT

the atmosphere without crashing to the ground. Why should we stay up at all?

The ordinary time consumed in a flight from London to Paris is two hours and a half; we took three hours and forty minutes. Our height never exceeded fifteen hundred feet, and our speed never went over eighty miles an hour, which, in an airplane, is slow. The continuous bad weather was the cause of our leisurely progress. We were in fog and rain the whole time, so that horizontally we could see almost nothing and I wondered how the pilot could see ahead fifty yards; but vertically the view was perfect; every detail of the English and French landscape was crystal clear. The English country is surpassingly beautiful envisaged from aloft; the villages look as clean as if they had been manicured; and during our flight over the Channel, I knew what Tennyson meant when, in his description of the eagle, he wrote:

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls.

We had a rather violent head wind, and as the sea was white, it was evidently rough; but, looking down from fifteen hundred feet, the waves were flattened into wrinkles. The whole journey was an experience I would not have missed for anything; but I still cannot understand why that mass, containing tons and tons of weight, remained in the air. I am, however, glad that it did.

Instead of arriving at Paris in daylight, we arrived in the rainy evening; and even so, it was an

AS I LIKE IT

hour later than I had expected, as France was still on daylight-saving time. England had gone back to winter time at the equinox; France held on until the fourth of October. The London *Times* expressed the hope that London would not return to sun time until later; and indeed it is a mistake to give up daylight saving time before the middle of October. One has broad daylight at six o'clock in the morning, while the precious afternoon is sadly foreshortened. Daylight-saving time, earnestly advocated by Benjamin Franklin in the eighteenth century, is a blessing to the majority.

Yesterday we motored out to Chartres, to see the cathedral for the fifth time, and also to see if I cared to revise my nomination of the plain tower for the Ignoble Prize. We were fortunate enough to have sunshine, a rare thing in northern France between October and May; and we had every opportunity to study the cathedral, without and within. I came to it with a fresh mind, as eleven years had passed since I last saw it; but I found my previous impressions confirmed. The interior, with its marvellous stained glass, is still to me the most impressive of all the churches I have seen; but that plain tower, before which the artists, architects, and guide-books fall down and worship, is to me without significance. There are plenty of ordinary steeples in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois that are just as good. Once more, therefore, I repeat that the plain tower of Chartres Cathedral is entitled to the Ignoble Prize.

AS I LIKE IT

In thinking over the plays I saw in London last month, only two made any deep impression. Of course September is out of the season; yet in London, and with so many theatres in activity, such a residuum is small. Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan* I enjoyed even more than in New York; but whether this was because it was better done, or merely because it was the second time, I hesitate to say. Such a play ought to improve with every visit; that has been my invariable experience with first-rate dramas. Still, I am inclined to think the London performance was superior. In spite of the fact that a truly great author is more likely to be right than any critic of his work, I feel more and more certain that the Epilogue is a mistake and never should have been acted or published. I am glad to say that two of Shaw's foremost contemporaries feel even more certain about this than I. Very fine as *Saint Joan* is, I am a little surprised at the rapturous acclaim it received from the professional theatrical critics in London. Never before had he had such a good press. It is almost universally called a work of genius—which it assuredly is—and its author's masterpiece, which I doubt.

I counsel every one interested in the theatre, in the life and times of Joan of Arc, and in the extraordinary personality of her latest biographer, to buy and read Shaw's play and preface. It is curious that he, who has always hated romance, should have selected so romantic a heroine; but those who, on seeing the play, had imagined a new and different Bernard Shaw ought to find, on reading the preface,

AS I LIKE IT

that he is the same man. It is partly imagination, partly perversity, and partly hatred of modern medical science that account both for his sympathetic attitude toward the Maid and for his defence of her executioners. He believes that the mystical twentieth century explanation of Joan is nearer the truth than the sceptical nineteenth century attitude. Perhaps the following extract from his preface marks Shaw's farthest advance in religion as distinguished from ethics.

But that there are forces at work which use individuals for purposes far transcending the purpose of keeping these individuals alive and prosperous and respectable and safe and happy in the middle station in life, which is all any good bourgeois can reasonably require, is established by the fact that men will, in the pursuit of knowledge and of social readjustments for which they will not be a penny the better, and are indeed often many pence the worse, face poverty, infamy, exile, imprisonment, dreadful hardship, and death . . . the simplest French peasant who believes in apparitions of celestial personages to favoured mortals is nearer to the scientific truth about Joan than the Rationalist and Materialist historians and essayists who feel obliged to set down a girl who saw saints and heard them talking to her as either crazy or mendacious. . . . And which is the healthier mind? the saintly mind or the monkey gland mind? Does not the present cry of Back to the Middle Ages mean that it is no longer our Academy pictures that are intolerable, but our credulities that have not the excuse of being superstitions, our cruelties that have not the excuse of barbarism, our persecutions that have not the excuse of religious faith, our shameless substitution of successful swindlers and scoundrels and quacks for saints as objects of worship, and

AS I LIKE IT

our deafness and blindness to the calls and visions of the inexorable power that made us, and will destroy us if we disregard it?

The only other play in London worth seeing is *The Farmer's Wife*, by Eden Phillpotts. I had never thought of Phillpotts as a playwright, but only as an amazingly prolific novelist, who wrote three or four books every year. These were chiefly studies in Dartmoor characters, but latterly he has exhibited his ingenuity in the composition of mystery tales, with a complexity rivalling that of Wilkie Collins. *The Farmer's Wife* at once gives its author a place among contemporary English dramatists. It is a brilliant comedy, full of humour, and so true to life that although it is extremely local, its persons are instantly recognisable by one who knows anything of village or country customs either in England or in America.

Somerset Maugham's *Our Betters*, in its second year on the London stage, is, like most of its author's dramatic work, neither good nor bad; it seemed to me a rather faint echo of Oscar Wilde. It is, of course, flippant and cynical, but so superficial that its philosophy is not of consequence. Mr. Maugham apparently uses the stage as a pleasant means of livelihood, reserving his serious efforts for novel-writing.

The Sport of Kings, by the genial Ian Hay, who is a prime favourite in America, is a farce, a series of absurd and rather amusing situations, with no pretence to anything more. But I confess I was dis-

AS I LIKE IT

appointed in a so-called comedy, *To Have the Honour*, written by A. A. Milne. I had so keenly enjoyed two of his pieces, *Mr. Pim Passes By* and *The Dover Road*, that I supposed Mr. Milne could not be dull if he tried. The first act of *To Have the Honour* was so stupid that I did not wait for the second and third. How such a piece came to be accepted and mounted remains a mystery.

Late September is a bad time in London, for the interiors of all buildings, theatres, and trains are much too cold for comfort, and yet the calendar is not sufficiently advanced to obtain artificial heat. Every one seems to follow the example of the terrible father of Eugénie Grandet, and light no fires until a certain date, regardless of the temperature. I wore my overcoat throughout every performance I attended at the theatres; but something happened at the Royalty Theatre which is so surprising that it ought to be recorded. The auditorium resembled the others in being admirably adapted for cold storage; but in addition, this had an icy draught that hit the back of the neck with precision. As soon as the first act was over I hastened to the box office, complained of the draught, and the girl on duty replied that she would immediately telephone somebody or other and have it stopped. I thanked her, but of course did not dream that anything would happen. Now as a matter of fact, in a pair of minutes the draught absolutely ceased. It is almost the first time in my life when I have known a complaint to produce a definite result.

The play was a revival of Arnold Bennett's di-

AS I LIKE IT

verting *Great Adventure*, taken from his novel, *Buried Alive*. The word "wigwam" is used twice, and both times was pronounced with the second syllable rhyming with "ham." In 1912 I heard Bennett's greatest success, *Milestones*, written in collaboration with Edward Knoblock, and I remember in that play hearing "wigwam" pronounced thus curiously. In the course of twelve years so alert a person as Mr. Bennett should have learned the correct pronunciation.

Before this number of *Scribner's* appears Barrie's *Mary Rose* will be published, and we shall have an opportunity to study his stage directions and get at the heart of that mystery. The drama made such a powerful and permanent impression on my mind that I can truthfully say there is no forthcoming book anywhere whose appearance I await with such eager expectation. Barrie did not tell me whether or not he would ever complete *Shall We Join the Ladies?* which, given as a one-act play, made such a sensational success in London; but he did say that he had originally intended to write it in four acts, which disposes of the oft-heard assertion to the contrary.

Talk about the casualties of war! During a Zeppelin raid on London, there were gathered together in an upper room one night Hardy, Shaw, Galsworthy, Barrie, Wells, Arnold Bennett, and a few others; by the dim light of one candle, these men sat on the floor and held such conversation as I can only imagine. Of course they had an interesting experience, but suppose—! In war-time, such men

AS I LIKE IT

should converse only over the telephone. The life of an individual is sometimes of more value to humanity than the prowess or success of a whole nation. It is quite clear today that in the Crimean War the preservation of a young Russian officer named Leo Tolstoi was of greater consequence to the world than the triumph of either side in the struggle.

During my stay in London two American successes—a farce and a melodrama—had their initial performances before English audiences. *The Nervous Wreck* was, during the first act, greeted with jeers and boos, as many of the spectators thought it passed the bounds of absurdity; but its nonsense eventually conquered, and the audience was disarmed by helpless laughter. *The Fool* made a prodigious hit; the public love it, and it seems booked for a long run. But the critic of the *Times* unmercifully slated it for its lush sentimentality, and the critic of the *Morning Post* went a little further, and used it as a club to whack Americans. After stating that in one of his previous plays Mr. Channing Pollock “showed himself up to every trick of the trade,” the *Post’s* critic continued as follows:

But something more than the qualities shown in that play is required to deal satisfactorily or even pleasingly with a semi-sacred subject such as that of “The Fool.” This does not seem to be the case in America, where the success of “The Fool” has been colossal. But then, in America they have playgoers by the million desperately anxious to get some news of their souls—whether good or bad news does not seem to matter. In England such a

AS I LIKE IT

public is comparatively small, although it is only right to say at the outset that last night's reception was overwhelmingly enthusiastic. Indeed, if the applause on a first night counts for anything, "The Fool" might be expected to run almost as long as "Chu Chin Chow."

Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings, dramatic critic for the London *Daily Express*, in an article headed *Bad Manners at First Nights*, contrasts the English unfavourably with the Americans. Speaking of *The Nervous Wreck*, he says:

It opened noisily, not dirtily like "Fata Morgana," and immediately the gallery broke out into jeers. This sort of thing simply cannot happen in New York. What is disliked is listened to in silence. When playgoers disapprove actively, they walk out.

I was hot with shame while this scene lasted, more especially when gallery women openly imitated the vocal tones of an immature actress in the visiting company.

There was enthusiasm for "The Fool" before the curtain went up. . . . At the end of each act there were loud masculine shouts of "Bravo," an exclamation which is not commonly used by the London theatregoer. Moreover, these cries of "Bravo" always anticipated the fall of the curtain by the fraction of a second. This puzzled me for some time, until it was suggested by a friend that the enthusiasts had probably seen the play in America and knew just when it was going to stop for a bit.

During my stay in England the papers gave many columns to the career of Viscount Long, better known as Walter Long, who died in September; and it was pleasant to observe that although he was a Conservative of Conservatives, all parties and classes united to do him honour. He was in fact almost an

AS I LIKE IT

ideal representative of the old-fashioned country squire, devoted to the county people, playing an active part both in national politics and in outdoor sports. One reason for the universal respect accorded to him was that he never made any attempt to conceal his political and social opinions, never stooped to compromise or to curry favour with his constituency, so that everybody knew where he stood and where he would stand in any emergency. Absolutely honest and upright, he sacrificed his health in public service. Only this year appeared his autobiography, *Memories*, which I advise every one to read who wishes to become acquainted with and to understand the English country gentleman. Although there was nothing subtle in his mentality, no one can read this book without respect and affection for the author's personality and character. If such a type becomes obsolete, it will be a misfortune.

We went down to Arundel in Sussex one day, not to see the splendid castle of the Duke of Norfolk, though it is an interesting structure, but to have a long talk with Alfred Ollivant, the author of the greatest dog story ever written, *Bob, Son of Battle*, published in England under the bad-selling title of *Owd Bob*. This time-defying novel appeared in 1898, and I believe nearly a million copies were sold in America before it made any impression in the land of its origin. It is now recognised everywhere in Great Britain as a classic, and its author has been elected to the Athenæum Club, the final mark of

AS I LIKE IT

literary distinction. *Owd Bob* is shortly to appear in the motion-pictures.

I saw an excellent "movie" of *Rupert of Hentzau*, which leads me to remark that although Anthony Hope is not nearly so often mentioned as in the days when *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Dolly Dialogues* were new books, he can console himself with the reflexion that the two Zenda stories will never be forgotten. Indeed, the word *Zenda* has been added to the English language as an adjective. It is perhaps needless to mention that the ending of the Rupert story in the films differs happily from the conclusion in the book, which pleased no one except the author.

In a recent number of this magazine I mentioned the name of Gail Hamilton, and asked if any one remembered her. Miss Celia Baldwin of Denver sends me the following interesting letter:

Her writings were bright, witty, and extravagant—decidedly clever. The first thing I read of her was that she went to a restaurant and ordered strawberries and cream and the strawberries were so poor that to compensate for the fraud she wrapped up a goodly amount of the sugar that stood in a bowl on the table and carried it away. She was a school-teacher; and a friend of mine who was one of her pupils told me: "We all liked her immensely but we were ashamed of the bonnet she wore and clubbed together and gave her money to buy a new one; but she took the money and bought a book with it and kept on wearing the old bonnet." She was related to James G. Blaine and did a good deal to forward his political ambitions. Her *nom de plume* was formed from the last

AS I LIKE IT

syllable of her first name, Abigail, and the name of a town, Hamilton, her birthplace, I believe.

From a cabin seven thousand feet up in the Rocky Mountains, and seventy-five miles from the railway, Mrs. Sidney J. Kidder sends me a press clipping from the *El Paso Times*, wherein a repentant buyer of President Eliot's five-foot shelf of books wishes to sell the same for anything first offered, only the owner describes it as "*George Eliot's four-foot shelf.*" It seems to have depreciated in more ways than one.

The author of *Uncensored Recollections* has issued another book, called *Things I Shouldn't Tell*, containing one of the most annihilating retorts on record: it seems that Count Herbert Bismarck accompanied the German Emperor to the Vatican, and this is what happened:

When the door opening into the audience-chamber of the Holy Father was opened for the entrance of the German Emperor, and then immediately closed behind him, Herbert rushed to it and battered at it with his fist, crying: "Open! Open! at once. I am Count Herbert Bismarck." "You mustn't do that," exclaimed dear old Ripaldi, who was, as it were, the Augustus Lumley of Rome. "But I am Count Herbert Bismarck," shouted the Prussian loud. "That," said Ripaldi, with a smile, "of course explains, but it does not excuse, your conduct!"

The Literary Supplement of the London *Times*, in a review of Brian Hooker's translation of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which was the version used by Walter

AS I LIKE IT

Hampden, takes a familiar deprecatory attitude toward Rostand.

Yet it seems impossible that he should merit a high place in modern literature. And for this excellent reason: he makes little or no emotional appeal; one admires his work without being touched by it. At its best it has a hard brilliance which dazzles, without revealing very much; at its worst it is shallow and competent. Rostand was not a poet-dramatist; he was a playwright making use of poetry. He lacked insight into the spiritual activities of men and women.

How many times have I read the same thing in different words! The difficulty is here; all adverse critics of the great Frenchman vainly attempt to explain the tremendous impression he made on the world, because they seek every explanation except the right one—which is, that he was a man of genius. To them it seems incredible that one man should have had the fourfold gift of drama, poetry, romance, and humour; but Rostand, like Shakespeare, possessed it in all richness. And when I find a critic who is not “touched” by the emotional power of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, I can only feel sorry for him, and rejoice that there are a hundred and forty and four thousand who have been transported by the spiritual insight and passion of the play. *Transported* is the right word; and it is, as George Saintsbury said of the poetry of Victor Hugo, the supreme test. It is my belief that, apart from its literary art, *Cyrano de Bergerac* was a positive contributory force to the gallantry and all but superhuman endurance of the French troops in the World War. What-

AS I LIKE IT

ever cold-blooded critics may say, the masterpiece of Rostand has entered into the very heart of France—yes, of the whole world.

That Parisians are not now hostile to German art is abundantly proved by the fact that *Parsifal* and *Die Walkuere* are given at the Opéra this week. Even more striking is the production of that one hundred per cent German play, *Old Heidelberg*, which yesterday finished a long run at the Porte Saint-Martin. I went to see this best of all college plays, and although it seemed strange to hear the German student songs sung in French, it was a competent and delightful performance. The house was packed, and every one seemed to enjoy the glorification of the old German university town, and at the parting of Karl Heinz and Käthie (Charles Henri and Catherine) the good Frenchmen around me were weeping unrestrainedly. I did not see a German in the audience.

The most amusing French comedy now running in Paris is *Knock* (pronounce the initial K), or, *Le Triomphe de la Médecine*, written by Jules Romains. This is a delightful satire on physicians, on patients, and on humanity. Young Doctor Knock is just the opposite of Monsieur Coué. Coué endeavours to persuade sick people that they are well; Knock persuades well people that they are sick, an easier task. He enters a village where illness is unknown, but he soon has all the inhabitants in a sanatorium, by the simple process of beginning with free examinations. He shows his visitor a chart:

AS I LIKE IT

"this is the way your liver ought to look," whereupon he exhibits another and horrible chart—"and this is the way your liver really does look." Diagnoses take place on the stage; and the various village types that enter the doctor's office are amazingly well done. Those who come to scoff depart in terror, with a long list of medicines, appointments, and bills in store for them.

I regret to see a detestable habit of speech becoming daily more common in England. Perhaps it is vain to protest against it, but I will. This is the false use of the word *like*. For example: *like he does*. I cannot be persuaded that this is really any better English than *hadn't ought*, or that distressing word *alright*, which follows the false analogy of *already*.

Among distinguished Americans now in Paris is that master of American slang, Ring W. Lardner. If he wishes to compete with his characters, I suppose he is speaking every day the French of Stratford Attaboy.

III

IN France a distinguished man of letters is not merely admired; he is idolised. He is a super-hero. The populace regard him with the kind of reverential awe accorded in England and in America by schoolboys to a great football player. Anatole France died at Tours on 12 October 1924. His body was brought to Paris, and the coffin placed on exhibition in his home near the Bois de Boulogne on Friday, 17 October. At dusk I went thither to do homage. There was a dense crowd. We stood in line, entering the house and passing silently through the chamber of death. I asked a policeman if the procession of worshippers had been continuous all day, and he informed me that every moment it had been just as I saw it. Fifteen thousand people viewed the coffin that Friday, and we either left cards or signed our names in a big book. The next day, Saturday, there was a public funeral in front of the house on the quai where he was born; the coffin, fittingly enough, was placed in the shadow of the statue of Voltaire. There were funeral orations by men of letters and political radicals, and there were many thousands assembled to do him honour.

As a man of letters, Anatole France was an aristocrat; in politics, he was a Communist. Thus his appeal was universal, and it was interesting to see all classes of people represented among the mourners.

Of the honours paid him, and they were innumerable and varied, one particularly impressed me.

AS I LIKE IT

There was to have been a play at the Comédie Française on the afternoon of the funeral. Although the house had been sold out, the performance was cancelled, and the money returned to ticket-holders. For a state-theatre to give such recognition—involving a heavy financial loss—to a Communist, is a fact worth remembering. Men of genius are so few and so esteemed that even the usually unpardonable sin of political heresy is overlooked in the acclaim given to their literary ability.

It is curious that a man so sceptical as Anatole France should have swallowed the quackery of Communism; but I find that most men (except me, of course), no matter how unbelieving in many aspects, have sufficient credulity to accept dogmas that seem to others unreasonable.

French literature probably contains more first-rate prose writers than the literature of any other land; Anatole France is among them. I cannot see that he contributed any constructive ideas to the world; he was not a thinker or a philosopher of high importance. But in literature it is not thought, but style, which is the best preservative. As a master of prose style, he belongs with Flaubert and the other immortals.

The day before his death he was conscious. He asked the physicians to tell him his exact condition, and they replied cheerfully that he must continue to hope, because there was no organic difficulty. Then he remarked, characteristically enough: "Donnez-moi une petite maladie, par grâce, que j'en finisse!"

It is affecting to recall the fact that the last word

AS I LIKE IT

he uttered was a cry of appeal to his mother, to come and help him, for he was suffering; thus the dying octogenarian returned dreamingly to the days of his babyhood. When this last word was reported in the press, M. Hubert Morant, in the *Journal des Débats*, called public attention to the fact that the first book of Anatole France, published in 1859, bore the following dedication:

A UN PÈRE ET UNE MÈRE BIEN AIMÉS

Chers parents,

Les premiers mots que prononce l'enfant sur la terre sont: "maman, papa!" S'il souffre, il crie: "maman!" s'il veut quelque chose, s'il a besoin d'aide, il dit: "maman."

The French people are grateful to artists and men of letters, and take care that their memories shall be cherished. Sunday, 19 October, was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the death of Chopin. Accordingly public exercises were held at his tomb, in Père Lachaise, with commemorative addresses.

This hero-worship must have an effect on the boys and girls in the schools. The homage paid to men and women who have distinguished themselves in some form of art is a factor in the education of French youth. Every one knows how much attention is given in French schools to literary composition and to every form of expression. And as the road to public success and distinction so often leads through the prize-competitions in various schools and institutions, all things work together toward one

AS I LIKE IT

goal. The successful poet, dramatist, novelist, singer, actor, painter, architect, has a position universally envied.

Yesterday I received a postcard informing me that five enthusiastic American pilgrims had joined the Asolo Club. They are: Florence K. Barr of Paris, Nancy Reynolds, Mary Tubby, Ruth Tubby, Josiah Tubby, all of Westfield, New Jersey. To-day I pick up *Comœdia*, the Paris daily paper devoted to the theatre, and the leading article, covering half the first page, is dated and written from Asolo, and is called *La Profanation de la Tombe d'Eleonora Duse*. This protest is by E. Schneider, a personal friend of the late actress, who has been engaged in the preparation of her biography. As his tribute to Asolo is so fine and will please Scribnerians who are interested in the town and in the now famous Club, I transcribe:

Avant de quitter l'attachante colline du Treviso où je viens d'achever le livre que je consacre à la mémoire d'Eleonora Duse, je veux dire ce qu'est devenu, sur ce coin de terre que la grande artiste avait élu pour sa paix définitive, le souvenir universellement vénéré.

De tout temps, la petite cité d'Asolo attira les cœurs épris de solitude et de recueillement parce que la lumière qui la couronne, l'immense espace où elle baigne de ses plaines et de son ciel, sont eux-mêmes solitude et recueillement. Robert Browning lui voua une longue fidélité, plus d'un peintre y accourut, souhaitant d'y capter à son tour les richesses imagées que Giorgione fixa pour jamais sur ses toiles. . . . Comment l'esprit tourmenté d'Eleonora Duse ne lui aurait-il pas demandé lui aussi cette pacification intérieure à quoi il aspirait d'une inlassable force?

AS I LIKE IT

I fear that this biographer would not approve of the Asolo Club, which, however, was founded in these pages before the death of the famous actress. He says her tomb is now profaned by hundreds of tourists, who group themselves about it for snapshots; that the little village, once so quiet, is filled with the reek and noise of motor-cars, and that the final insult to her memory will take place when the new (central heating) *Grand Hôtel d'Eleonora Duse* is constructed. He does not mention Americans by name, but in the ironical language of my friend, Barton Currie, we must now put down Asolo as one more place in Europe that has been "spoiled by Americans." Well, if there are indeed many places in Europe that have been spoiled by Americans, there are surely many Americans who have been despoiled in Europe.

By the courtesy of the Director of the Comédie Française, I was admitted to the dress-rehearsal (*répétition générale*) of a new play, in which the leading part was taken by the most famous actor of the company, Féraudy. For the convenience of American dramatic critics and for the cause of dramatic criticism, I have long wished that in America we had the French custom of the public dress-rehearsal. In Paris, the first night of a new play is preceded, either the previous night or afternoon, by a performance complete in every respect, for which no tickets are sold, but to which critics, men of letters, journalists, and actors are invited. This gives the critics a good opportunity to make up

AS I LIKE IT

their minds, and leisure to express them. It seems absurd that in America a play that may have taken two years in preparation, must be judged by a tired man at midnight, who is allowed about twenty minutes to write his opinion. Opinions handed down by dramatic critics are often more important, and usually more interesting than those handed down by the judges in courts of law—how would one of these learned gentlemen of the bench feel if he had to submit his finally made and finally written opinion twenty minutes after the lawyers had finished their oratory?

A *répétition générale* in Paris, and particularly at the Comédie Française, is decidedly interesting. The house is jammed, and the actors, knowing that the audience is largely made up of professionals, do their utmost. Between the acts, every one walks about the foyer, discussing the play. Usually at any theatre in Paris, there are many Americans; but at this dress-rehearsal, I believe I was the only foreigner. Conspicuous among the spectators was the famous dramatist, Maurice Donnay, who, between the acts, was the centre of animated groups.

The play itself was slight and sentimental—*Croquemitaine*, which means "Old Bogey," or something like that; but the acting of Féraudy was so remarkable that the audience was aroused to enthusiasm.

When there is no political excitement, no *affaire*, and no new literary scandal on the carpet, it is always possible to stir up a brisk and often acrimonious discussion in Paris on the proper way to pro-

AS I LIKE IT

duce the French dramatic classics. During the last few weeks, at the fashionable Théâtre Edouard VII, the famous actor Lucien Guitry has been appearing in the masterpieces of Molière. I saw him in *L'École des Femmes*. Every performance is preceded by a lecture by Antoine, the distinguished theatre-director, in which he ridicules the traditional method of producing Molière at the Comédie Française, which he says bores everybody, and then proceeds to tell the audience that Guitry's presentation is infinitely superior. The challenge was taken up by the Comédie Française, and they reproduced the same work on the very afternoon in which I heard Guitry. The difference seems to amount to this: the State Theatre gives an ensemble performance, where every character in the play has a chance; M. Guitry makes it a one-man comedy, and instead of the hero being fat-headed, as he appears to be in reading the play, Guitry somehow or other contrives to interpret him as a man of force, dignity, and honour. But, in spite of Guitry's immense resources as an actor, I found the old classic dull. And I may as well confess that I have never yet seen a play of Molière's on the stage that thrilled me or transported me—they are all dull, though not so dull as the works of Corneille and Racine. I am aware that what I am saying is blasphemy, but it is an accurate record of my feelings. The vast majority of "standard" dramatic works are not interesting to modern audiences—that six or seven of Shakespeare's plays still hold the stage in many languages is simply one more proof of his unique excellence as a man of the theatre.

AS I LIKE IT

Take Goethe's *Egmont*, for example; it is a literary work of considerable magnitude and importance; but on the stage, what a bore it is!

The same week in which I sat through the five dreary acts of *L'École des Femmes*, in which a brilliant actor tried in vain to make long-winded speeches interesting, and to make the worse appear the better reason, I saw a new play, *Si je voulais*. This has no pretensions to literary merit, it has no great personages, and there was no star actor; but it was, from the first word to the last, absolutely fascinating, so that I hated to see the curtain fall.

It is only fair to add that these Molière performances by Guitry draw crowded houses; *L'École des Femmes* ran several weeks, and it will be succeeded by *Le Misanthrope*, a far greater play. Furthermore, the audiences were enthusiastic. But is this because of Guitry's towering reputation, or because he dominates the stage in imperial fashion, or because the play really interested them? I give it up. The French love their own plays with a jealous love; the Parisian stage is the least eclectic in the world. Putting it sweepingly, most Continental cities would say: If there is any good play in any foreign language, we want to see it as soon as possible. The French would say: What is the use of translating foreign plays when we have so many good ones of our own? Such a generalisation is, of course, unjust; but it represents a point of view.

To me the most interesting daily paper in Paris is *Comœdia*. It is filled with articles of value and sug-

AS I LIKE IT

gestiveness, and its dramatic criticisms are penetrating. The other day one of its contributors certainly "started something." M. Pierre Brisson, in an essay called *Le Théâtre Juif*, said that the Jews wrote the largest proportion of contemporary plays in Paris. In addition, said he, to two dramatists of commanding importance, Georges de Porto-Riche and Henry Bernstein, there are Tristan Bernard, Pierre Wolff, Francis de Croisset, Edmond Sée, Nozière, Alfred Savoir, André Picard, Romain Coolus, Henri Duvernois, Edmond Fleg, and among the younger men, Jacques Natanson, Jean-Jacques Bernard, André Lang, Adolphe Orna, Henry Marx. It appears that it is easy to name a long list, perhaps a clear majority of playwrights. But is there anything in his thesis? He believes that the Jews are alike in a certain down-rightness; that they have more force than intelligence; more brutality than subtlety; more sensuality than tenderness. Their works are "stronger" than the works of other Frenchmen, "mais que notre faiblesse m'est chère!"

Naturally this candid article stirred up many writers, both Jews and others; so that finally the editor of the paper had to call a halt on the discussion. I don't believe there is anything in it. It is true that many plays are written by Jews, but I cannot see that Jewish human nature is really any different from other human nature; any more than I believe that Americans are more materialistic or keener lovers of money than Europeans.

I read Joseph Hergesheimer's latest novel, *Balis-*

AS I LIKE IT

and, with admiration for the distinction of its literary style, but without enthusiasm either for the story or for the characters. It is, like all of his work, beautifully written; and there is an æsthetic pleasure in savouring so many well-turned phrases. But it is a dead book, and smells of the tomb. It is impossible to read it with gusto, and it takes an effort to read it at all. It is an historical novel, dealing with the period after the Revolutionary War, and the fight to a finish between the waning Federalists and the waxing Republicans is clearly portrayed. Bale of Balisand is an uncompromising Federalist, and the book is chiefly concerned with a revelation and an analysis of his various moods. But if Mr. Hergesheimer intended Bale to be a representative Southern gentleman, he has lamentably failed; for whatever Bale is, he is most emphatically not a gentleman. Sodden with alcohol, half-drunk most of the time, irritable, quarrelsome, brutal, insulting in conversation, he has hardly a redeeming quality except physical courage. Of that indeed he has plenty. The tenacity of his political opinions, instead of being the sign of a noble, exalted intellect, that will not compromise to suit a more popular fashion, is, in his case, merely the stupid obstinacy of a mind hermetically sealed.

If Mr. Hergesheimer possessed, together with his indubitable gift of style, more vitality, more humour, more sympathy, more humanity, what splendid works he might produce! There are few living writers who have a better command of the resources of the English language.

AS I LIKE IT

The Old Ladies is Hugh Walpole's masterpiece. He has written a book better than *The Cathedral* and *The Green Mirror*. As a novelist, his speciality has been the Old Lady. Many of his old ladies are more terrible than an army with banners, and as we were walking along Hillhouse Avenue in New Haven one afternoon, I asked him suddenly—"When you were a child did some old lady scare the life out of you?" He looked at me in the friendliest fashion, and changed the subject. But the Duchess of Wrexhe, and the formidable ogre in *The Green Mirror*, and the woman who puts ice on your heart in *The Captives*, together with other of Mr. Walpole's creations, are enough to form a basis for a theory.

His development as a novelist has been marked by a mellowing process—by a deep, increasing sympathy for humanity. In *The Old Ladies* he shows the tragedy of loneliness, neglect, and poverty in the lives of gentlewomen. The sufferings of the abject poor, of the down-and-outers, have been depicted often enough by novelists; but possibly these wretched wrecks are not so *lonely* as refined old ladies who have lost their family and their money. It is impossible to read this book without making a vow; without a determination to treat helpless old people with more consideration. There is no solitude in the slums; if misery loves company, misery has it there in abundance. But the solitude and loneliness of the very old who live not in slums, but in remote rooms, up stairs that no one climbs, behind doors where no one knocks—this is the es-

AS I LIKE IT

sence of tragedy. In the first part of the novel I thought all three of the old ladies were to be sweet and lovely in their enforced isolation; but I found that one of them was to be sinister and dangerous. It is a picture of horror so chilling that on the last page the reader actually seems to run downstairs with the fortunate mother and son who escape. *The Old Ladies* shows such power and beauty in characterisation that it seems as if it differed from the author's previous work, not merely in degree but in kind; as though he had passed through some phase of development that had changed him from the clever, shrewd, dextrous man that he was into a master, into an interpreter of the deepest things in the human heart.

Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe's biography of Barrett Wendell, called *Barrett Wendell and His Letters*, apart from its general interest, will appeal particularly to the successive generations of Harvard men who studied English Composition under this original and effective teacher.

Mr. Wendell delighted in shocking his student audiences by amazing paradoxes; it is to the everlasting credit of the undergraduates that these were not used in the newspapers. Taken from their context, they would have stirred up what is called "the public mind" to no small degree.

It is curious that the same man who made extraordinary remarks in an extraordinary manner in his lectures on literature, should have been so sensible and efficient in the teaching of English Compo-

AS I LIKE IT

sition. Yet such was the fact; I saw him in innumerable conferences with students, and his advice was as sound as his manner was strange. I had the best of opportunities for becoming intimately acquainted with him, and I made the most of them. When I was twenty-five years old I was appointed his assistant at Harvard in his famous course in daily themes. This meant that I visited him in his college office—Grays 18—every day, and saw him in a vast variety of moods. Incidentally, I never saw him when he was not smoking—on one famous occasion he and the late Winfred R. Martin smoked a box of fifty cigars in one day!

Barrett Wendell was talking with me about his children, and in such an offhand manner that I asked: "Mr. Wendell, do you love your children?" He hesitated, as if the matter required serious reflection. Then he said slowly: "Ye-es; but not when the first one came. It was so exceedingly rudimentary, don't you know."

Mr. Howe quotes a remark of Wendell's which exhibited good self-criticism. "I believe that a great part of whatever success I have had as a teacher is the result of my indiscretion."

But if there were any who chose to think of Wendell as an elegant and shallow dealer in trifles, they were forced to change their minds on closer acquaintance. The letters printed by Mr. Howe exhibit unusual power of thought on many subjects. Though he never professed to be a musical critic, his remarks on *Parsifal* and on *Die Meistersinger*,

AS I LIKE IT

after hearing both at Bayreuth, may truly be called profound.

Richard Hooker, in *The Story of an Independent Newspaper*, has written a good book, and one that was needed. The *Springfield Republican*, owing to a combination of brains and courage, has always exerted an influence far transcending the circle of its city's population. Like Oxford, it has been the home of lost causes, and like Oxford, it has supported them with fine distinction. The average American, no matter in what part of the country he dwells, when he sees the heading "The *Springfield Republican* says . . ." knows that what it says will be worth reading.

Homer Croy's novel, *R. F. D. No. 3*, is a truthful, unexaggerated, and interesting tale of the farmer's life in the Middle West. I had a long talk with Mr. Croy in Paris, and he told me that he was born on a farm, was "raised" on a farm, and worked on a farm till he was twenty. The book is worth reading, if only for the one chapter dealing with threshing. The whole story interested me, partly because I know by personal experience the life it describes, for I myself in the summer-time am an R. F. D.

Let me add that the city of Paris, where I am now writing, has some advantages not to be found in the rural districts of Michigan; yet I am by no means free from nostalgia. By the rivers of Babylon I sit down and weep, when I remember Zion.

IV

IN an interesting article called *High Tide in the Theatre*, contributed to *Theatre and Drama* by Roland Holt, high-grade publisher and discerning dramatic critic, I find the following optimistic paragraph:

Though I have watched the New York theatre closely for these many years, I can remember no season in which there were so many notable plays, so much fine acting and beautiful or interesting scenery. Good things came so fast that though I've been to over fifty productions I've had to miss a few important ones. The English-speaking dramatists have contributed most, but impoverished Europe has sent us so much that New York, with as many theatres as London and Paris combined, and the best plays of both America and Europe, has honestly won its place as The World's Theatrical Capital.

It is true that many important new plays can be seen in New York; it is true that stage production and company acting have risen to a high plane; but New York cannot truly be called the world's theatrical capital until it has several repertory theatres where playgoers will have the opportunity to see both standard and contemporary pieces. In Paris and Berlin—to mention only two Continental cities—during any week in the theatrical season one may choose from a variety of classical and contemporary plays; it is possible to attend only one theatre during six months and receive a liberal education in the

AS I LIKE IT

drama. Twenty years ago, during seven days I had the opportunity to hear plays by Racine, Molière, Victor Hugo, Regnard, Goldoni, Dumas, Augier, Brioux, and many of Brioux's contemporaries. I went to a "classic matinée" at the Odéon, where the best seats sold for fifty cents and where the theatre was packed with high-school children, many of whom had copies of the text in their hands. It is unnecessary to comment on the educational value of such an institution; if we could have twenty of Shakespeare's plays produced in New York every winter, attended by the pupils in our high schools, instruction and pleasure would, as they should, be happily combined. Louis Calvert and John Corbin actually did that, in their production of *The Tempest*, and the delight of the children added to my own enjoyment.

Years ago, arriving in Berlin, I glanced at the theatre announcements and discovered that during the first week of my stay I might choose from a list containing Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan*, Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea*, Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans*, Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*, Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*, Gorki's *Nachtsyl*, Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*, and a string of contemporary pieces.

Let us rejoice that there has been so much improvement in the New York theatrical programme. But there is still no room for complacency when we remember three facts: first, no great play has ever been written in the western hemisphere; second, New York is the only place in America where one

AS I LIKE IT

can see new plays ; third, we have even in New York no repertory theatre.

In looking over the Catalogue of the Library of Yale College for the year 1791, a copy of which was presented to me by my former pupil, Charles Coit, I find that the number of books was about 2,700 (to-day 1,600,000), of which a large majority dealt with divinity. Here are some of the subdivisions: Attributes and Perfections of God, Fall and Recovery of Man, Controversies Between Protestants and Papists, Presbyterians and Independents, etc. Under the heading Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres twenty-five titles are given, nearly every one in the ancient languages: under the title, Poetry and Plays, thirty-three titles, conspicuous among which are Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and three volumes by Isaac Watts. Did the undergraduates of those days haunt the library?

And yet there was one custom at Yale over a hundred years ago, inaugurated by President Timothy Dwight, that might well be reëstablished. Once a week the president met the Senior class, and any student had the right to ask him a question on any subject whatever, which the president answered frankly. Here the eager minds of youth came into direct contact with one who was not only a scholar but a man of the world. I know how busy the modern college president is, but an hour every week of this kind of thing should be a relief to him and an inspiration to students. One year President Dwight published the questions with his answers. He spoke

AS I LIKE IT

with extraordinary candour on amusements, politics, war, the freedom of the press, religious faith and intellectual doubt, and in reading this little book of wisdom I recall the remark made to me by a French Catholic priest: *Nos ancêtres n'étaient pas bêtes.*

I am pleased by the large number of letters I receive from very old individuals, who, because their minds are both open and alert, continue to enjoy life with exceeding gusto. Referring to my remark on the folly of making plans for death at the age of sixty, Mrs. J. H. Tayler, of Holley, New York, writes: "I am almost alone in my generation. You will not find out what that means till you get into the late eighties. I am already there. I am said to 'retain my faculties.' I have wit enough to know I am no judge of that, but I do know that I have wonderful health. I live alone in a big house . . . and I stoke my own furnace and like to be alive and look at my flower garden." The late Frank Tarbell, one of the most distinguished classical scholars at the University of Chicago, received his first lessons in Latin from this vivacious lady. Tarbell was then eight years old.

Her saying she is no judge of whether or not she retains her faculties is infallible proof that she does. Perhaps the final test of wisdom is the recognition that no individual can be the judge of his own mental ability. Many tortures arising from injured pride could be avoided or palliated by the simple process of allowing others to estimate our intellec-

AS I LIKE IT

tual power rather than insisting on doing that job ourselves.

Mr. T. A. Carpenter, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, writes: "It is rather singular so many will spoil the best part of their lives worrying about how long or how short their lives may be. I know a man in active business life who said the thought of having reached his fiftieth birthday almost made him sick. I am living in my ninety-second year without one tremor of anxiety as to when or where the end shall be."

Edward D. Kendall, ninety-four years old, and living happily at Elizabeth, New Jersey, wrote me a charming piece of original verse, too flattering to quote here.

An extremely important, valuable, and interesting book, also small enough to be carried in the pocket, is *The World's Living Religions*, by Professor Robert Ernest Hume. Here are information and inspiration.

Whether you are interested in the sea, in sailing ships, in navies, or not, you are going to be profoundly and vitally interested in a new book by Arthur MacCartney Shepard, called *Sea Power in Ancient History*. It is the "story of the navies of classic Greece and Rome," and how clearly it demonstrates the French saying that the more things change, the more they don't! This is a brilliant account of two seafaring nations and of their methods of naval warfare. The fatal Athenian expedition to Syracuse is dramatically set forth. When I was a boy I

AS I LIKE IT

wept copiously over that disaster—how I loved Athens, how I hated Sparta! And how insane seems that expedition in the light of history—with so little to gain and with everything to lose. Since I first read the story in childhood, I have not been willing to hear Alcibiades praised. I suppose the world has never recovered from Sparta's triumph over Athens—civilisation surely is minus something. And yet, how fine it is to remember that during the last years of the long war, when it was clear that Athens was lost, her poets and playwrights (and audiences) were in full activity.

Did any poem, play, or work of art come out of Sparta? She helped largely in establishing traditions of military courage, but all nations have that. All men in masses will fight with about equal bravery and desperation, whether the cause be good or bad, or whether indeed they have no cause but are merely hired professional soldiers doing the job for pay. Do not forget the poem on the Mercenaries, by Alfred Housman, in which he compares them favourably with God. Even the Persians in ancient times, though they were no match for the Greeks in tactics, seem to have understood the art of dying almost as well as the soldiers of the twentieth century.

I take pleasure in recommending a slender volume of poems called *The Middle Twenties*, by John Farrar, the accomplished editor of *The Bookman*. John Farrar is a poet, both in imagination and in expression; what is even more remarkable is that he

AS I LIKE IT

went to New York at the age of twenty-two and, after a brief service on *The World*, became editor of *The Bookman*, made it an influential journal of literary opinion, and actually made it pay! And what is still more remarkable is, that despite his extreme youth, he keeps his head clear and his feet steady in these wild and whirling days.

Sandoval, by Thomas Beer, author of the brilliant biography of Stephen Crane, is unlike any other book I know. The style is original, perhaps fantastic, but it is never tinsel; it is the authentic apple in the silver frame. There are so many things to say in praise of this extraordinary book that I will simply advise my readers to secure a copy without delay.

Anne Sedgwick, one of the foremost living novelists, has added to her solid and enduring fame by her novel *The Little French Girl*. To use an old phrase, everything she touches she adorns. This story is so well told that it makes me happy to remember that Anne Sedgwick is an American.

My remark on that best of all Sunday-school books, *Drifting and Steering*, by the late Mrs. Peebles, has drawn letters from many who remember it. Charles C. Torrey, distinguished scholar in the Semitic languages, wrote me that he had not seen the book for fifty years, and had heard no one mention it, but it has remained so vividly in his memory that he can recall all the incidents and characters. Now comes a letter from Miss Frances Bell, of Bryn Mawr, who says: "In spite of my seventy

AS I LIKE IT

years I will fight valiantly in the front rank for the Sunday-school book. It is, or perhaps I should say *was*, often the beginning of literature for many a child." She is right. Mrs. J. M. Mareau, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, writes that *Drifting and Steering* was for her an awakening of moral responsibility.

Charles P. Tuttle wrote that if I regarded Louis Tracy's *The Wings of the Morning* as the most exciting novel ever written (as I certainly do), I ought to read a new novel called *The Owls' House*, by Crosbie Garstin. I followed his advice. I agree with him that it is in many pages thrilling and that it is exceedingly well done both in characterisation and in style. Mr. Tuttle adds that being fond of cats in his childhood, he brought home from Sunday-school a book, the title of which, to use modern slang, "intrigued" him prodigiously. The title, as he proudly announced it to his family, was *Lost Kitties brought to Light*. Imagine his dismay when he discovered that one of the cats was called Pompeii, and the other Herculaneum.

I nominate for the Ignoble Prize the accursed shortening of the beautiful name San Francisco to "Frisco." I do not know of any abbreviation quite so irritating. To say "Ti" for Ticonderoga is a pretty diminutive, and shows affection for the town; but *Frisco* is an insult.

T. B. Dawson, of Providence, makes a complaint and a suggestion worth regarding: "It has been said that the American public submit to more impositions than any other civilized people. One of

AS I LIKE IT

the most unjustified, on the travelling public, is the high price of a passport. The former small charge should be reinstated. It is especially hard on college professors and teachers, who must go abroad to study; also on professional and business people who go abroad for professional or business purposes. If our passport fees and visas were reduced in price, no doubt foreign governments would do the same, as our charges are used as an excuse for the high charges to us."

There must be many teachers to whom the passport and visas make an intolerable burden; it constitutes an unnecessary and particularly annoying tax on education.

The death of Emanuel Reicher, 15 May 1924, removed one of the leading actors and producers of our time. During the whole of his long career he was actuated by only the highest ideals.

The dramatic associations in American universities are accomplishing much by their revivals of unseen masterpieces. On June 14, the Yale University Dramatic Association, under the direction of Edgar Montillion Woolley, produced *The Frogs* of Aristophanes. It was a brilliant and beautiful performance, arousing immense enthusiasm. Those who came from a sense of duty quickly forgot their austere nobility and gave themselves up to unrestrained enjoyment.

It is pleasant to record the fact that the entire proceeds of the two hundredth performance of

AS I LIKE IT

Cyrano de Bergerac, in New York, were contributed toward the erection of a monument in Marseilles to Edmond Rostand.

Alex Herd, perhaps better known as Sandy Herd, the famous professional and golf teacher, author of that admirable book, *My Golfing Life*, writes me a letter so full of enthusiasm for the game that it must be quoted :

I can assure you when I was a boy at school in my dear old home in St. Andrews, I used to follow all the old champions around the links, watching every shot they played, and admired their skill, and also as men I admired them. It used to give me pleasure once when I was old enough to carry their clubs; what an honour I thought it was! Then they used to gather outside old Tom Morris's shop at night and talk of the great matches that they had played and how they had lost and won championships. I used to stand with my ears and mouth wide open, drinking every word in.

I used to dream of golf. I would get up at four o'clock every morning and play a round of golf before work, and after my hard day's work was over, I would play another round at night. And every putt I played, I would say to myself, "Got this to win the championship," little thinking that one day I would achieve that honour.

Golf is a game one must have at heart. One must love it and think it all out as to how to become a champion. One must practise for everlasting, and we can never quite master its wonderful illusive ways.

I love America. I like the kind way I was received. I was treated with kindness itself and given all hospitality beyond my dreams.

Such enthusiasm for the game is magnificent, and

AS I LIKE IT

teaches us that it is not impossible to love the work by which we live.

I think it would be a good thing if publishers, when they happen to be fortunate enough to send a book to a second or third printing, instead of putting on the verso of the title-page, "Second Edition," or "Reprinted in July," or "Third Large Printing," they would plainly state "Second Thousand," or whatever it may be. Who knows how big is an edition or a printing? Whereas the amount stated in thousands, as is the French custom, would let every one know what was going on. Let them do the same in their advertisements.

There are three common myths. Every writer except the most popular believes that his publishers do not sufficiently advertise his works; every owner of a rising house believes that his architect does not give the case sufficient personal attention; every golf-player believes that his friend plays his worst game when he is a partner and his best when he is an opponent.

I have talked a good deal about cats and dogs and little about horses. Let me say then that I have never seen a satisfactory horse. Every one I have seen is either tedious or dangerous. Either I have had to shout at him and beat him to induce him to advance from a slow walk into a trot, or he has done his best to murder me. Now there must be horses between these extremes; there must be horses

AS I LIKE IT

who are both spirited and safe; I never saw one. I confess I am ignorant of horses, and every horse knows immediately my inferiority complex. I used to ride horseback a little, and although every moment on a horse's back was one of discomfort, I never could explain exactly how I felt until I saw a certain cartoon. (I wish I could remember the name of the artist.) It represented an awkward man on a horse, and in response to a pedestrian's question, "Where are you going?" the rider replied testily: "How should I know? Ask the horse."

I have never had anything but bad luck with horses. Twice I have been pitched headlong from a buggy while driving. I did not particularly mind. What humiliated me was the following experience, which, I assure my readers, was invariable. I would be sitting in a carriage with a man who was driving. We would draw up in front of some shop, and he would remark casually: "Will you hold the reins while I go inside a moment?" Up to this crisis the horse had shown nothing but tractability; he had behaved with decorum. The instant I was left alone with him, the horse began to do diabolical things—back rapidly, suddenly advance, endeavour to put his leg over the shaft, so that I became the laughing-stock of a growing group of spectators. The last time I drove a horse myself was in a North Carolina town; I had just delivered a Commencement address, and the president, wishing to get the taste of the graduation exercises out of his mouth, asked me if I cared to go to the ball game, the field being some three miles distant. Accordingly, he

AS I LIKE IT

secured a hired horse and buggy, and requested me to drive. The horse was so huge that it was with difficulty I could see over his spine. When we reached the most crowded street in the city, the horse stood up on his hind legs (he looked like a dinosaur) and began to gesticulate emotionally with his fore legs in the air, exactly like an impassioned political orator. What does one do when a horse chooses such an attitude? I had not then, nor have I now, the slightest idea. By a lucky chance the horse finally fell forward instead of backward. The president and I descended from the vehicle with shameful eagerness; we gave horse and carriage to a coloured boy, and walked to the game. Some weeks afterward I received a letter from the president. "I am in good health, and so, I regret to say, is the horse. I have been hoping every day to hear of his death. As soon as he dies, I will wire you."

I have often admired the placidity and repose of the American cow. She has a philosophical calm never attained by man. Recently I was impressed by a specific illustration of this mental attitude. In the midst of a forty-acre lot I saw one cow sitting in quiet dignity, and in an unruffled manner contemplating not only the sole item on her eternal bill-of-fare, but *all the meals* she would eat during the next four months. Suppose you or I between breakfast and luncheon were compelled to gaze at the entire accumulation of food we were to eat during the next hundred days! and not only gaze at it, but be surrounded by it, sit in the midst thereof!

AS I LIKE IT

Yet the cow did not seem to mind. She looked off and beyond her food, apparently absorbed in agreeable meditations. Victor Cherbuliez, in his charming novel, *L'Idée de Jean Têtêrol*, said: "All cows are alike; there is in their eyes something fixed and eternal, a silent dream of fresh grass." Men and women can dream of food only in its absence; but the fortunate cow has both her dreams and their realisation.

V

OF the innumerable anecdotes I have heard and read about Thackeray, none was uninteresting; I therefore recommend to all Scribnerians *Thackeray and His Daughter: The Letters and Journals of Anne Thackeray Ritchie, with Many Letters of William Makepeace Thackeray*. Thackeray was not only one of the greatest of novelists, he was one of the best of men. His courage in facing the tragedy of his life, his tenderness toward his children and solicitude in their training, his large-minded, civilised attitude, combined to make him an irresistible person. On his lecturing tour he was impressed, as visitors are still, by the amiability and gusto of Americans. Thackeray wrote to a friend from Richmond in 1853:

A great good wh. an Englishman who has seen men and cities gets by coming hither is that he rubs a deal of Cockney arrogance off, and finds men and women above all as good as our own. You learn to sympathise with a great hearty nation of 26 millions of English-speakers, not quite ourselves but so like, the difference is not worth our scorn certainly; nay I'm not sure I don't think the people are our superiors. There's a rush and activity of life quite astounding, a splendid recklessness about money wh. has in it something admirable too. Dam the money says every man. He's as good as the richest for that day. If he wants champagne he has champagne. Mr. Astor can't do more. You get an equality wh. may shock ever so

AS I LIKE IT

little at first, but has something hearty and generous in it. I like the citizenship and general freedom, and in the struggles wh. every man with whom you talk is pretty sure to have had, the ups and downs of his life, the trades or professions he has been in—he gets a rough and tumble education wh. gives a certain piquancy to his talk and company.

There's beautiful affection in this country, immense tenderness, romantic personal enthusiasm and a general kindness and serviceableness and good nature wh. is very pleasant and curious to witness for us folks at home, who are mostly ashamed of our best emotions, and turn on our heel with a laugh sometimes when we are most pleased and touched. If a man falls into a difficulty a score of men are ready to help.

While he was on this tour his daughter Anne, aged fifteen, wrote him a letter containing an unanswerable question: "I wonder what makes people cry when they are unhappy, and when they are happy too, and when they are neither the one nor the other?"

In May 1912, I had the pleasure of a long talk with this querist in her hospitable home in London. We drew books at random from the shelves: there was *Henry Esmond*, filled with marginal notes and pictures in Thackeray's hand; out of another volume a letter fluttered to the floor which I was asked to read aloud. It was a playful missive written in ink as black as his blood by Alfred Tennyson, telling "dear Annie" to be ready at the appointed hour, as the Laureate was coming to take her for a walk. At a desk in the room had sat the gigantic figure of Turgenev, scribbling something for her; and she

AS I LIKE IT

permitted me to read a long intimate letter from Browning—altogether too intimate for publication, I suppose—which explained exactly how he felt when he saw the famous passage about his wife in Fitzgerald's letters, and why he had made his terrible and—to many—inexplicable outburst.

Browning was as impulsive as Roosevelt; he could never speak of his wife with calmness. Lady Ritchie told me an illustrative story. There was a rumour that Browning was going to marry again; and in his absence she mentioned it. The next day Browning heard of it in a way that made him suppose she had originated the fable; that night they met at a large dinner, and he was assigned to take her out to the dining-room. She greeted him in their customary friendly manner, took his arm, and then, to her amazement, found that he would not speak to her, but almost spiked her with his elbow every time she turned toward him. At dinner, he devoted himself exclusively to the lady on his left, and if Anne Thackeray spoke to him, he made no reply. When the ladies withdrew, she asked one of them if Robert Browning had gone mad. "Why, don't you know? He heard that you started a story of a second marriage, and he will never forgive you." This state of affairs continued for months. They met at dinner parties, but he ignored her. In the following summer, she, Browning, and his most intimate friend, the Frenchman Milsand, were staying in the same town in Normandy. One day Milsand turned on Browning and told him he was behaving outrageously; that Annie Thackeray had never meant

AS I LIKE IT

any harm, had merely repeated what she had heard, and was now heartbroken. Browning was smitten with contrition; he immediately started running at full speed to the opposite end of the town, where lodged Miss Thackeray. He must have been a curious spectacle, for he was short and heavy, and not used to sprinting. "I was sitting in the window of the second story," Lady Ritchie told me, "in a despondent mood, when I saw Browning running violently toward my lodging. I rushed downstairs, leaped into his arms, we both cried together, and had a lovely time."

In Compton Mackenzie's novel, *The Heavenly Ladder*, the story reaches its conclusion in Italy and the hero is received into the Roman Catholic Church, where he belongs. He finds port after stormy seas. I recommend all those who take religion seriously and are interested in various forms of worship to read this trilogy straight through—*The Altar Steps*, *The Parson's Progress*, *The Heavenly Ladder*. It is written from the heart of a believer, and by the hand of a literary artist. Furthermore, one becomes so minutely acquainted with every mood, thought, speech, and action of Mark Lidderdale that one knows the man as one knows an intimate friend. In the third volume, the Cornish environment and the villages are sharply delineated.

For a point of view equally religious but totally different in emphasis, read Doctor Frank Crane's new book, *Why I am a Christian*. Written in a crisp, forthright, journalistic style, this is a confession from a man to whom Mackenzie's point of view

AS I LIKE IT

would be more remote than Sirius; but it is a good, plain statement of what the Christian religion can do when all the "nonsense" (for so it seems to the Doctor) has been taken out of it. It is a first-rate evangelistic tract, which will inspire many thousands, though, as Mrs. Browning said, "there is much to dissent from among the dissenters."

Then, having read this, read Paul More's latest work, *The Christ of the New Testament*. Mackenzie is a literary artist; Doctor Crane is an adroit journalist; Paul More is one of the most learned men in the world. Yet this book is written so that any intelligent person, whether scholarly or not, will read it with enjoyment. I read it with more than enjoyment; I read it with enthusiasm. And how heartily I agree with his denunciation of pragmatism, that rag-baby of philosophy! To those students who maintain that, although the Gospels are not true, we should live *as though they were*, and thus find satisfaction, Mr. More says: "The doctrine that we need not believe but must act as if we believed—very ingenious, very pretty, but impracticable, and at heart a lie which the world will not tolerate: men will not long act as if they believed. The alternative is the faith of the Greek tradition or no religion of Christ."

Here is Mr. More's summary: "If the divine nature has at any time in anywise directly revealed itself to man, if any voice shall ever reach us out of the infinite circle of silence, where else shall we look but to the words of the Gospel? Not Christianity alone is at stake in our acceptance or rejection of the Incarnation, but religion itself." Brave words

AS I LIKE IT

and true; and they come from one who is a profound student of comparative religions.

It is significant that after twenty centuries the person of Jesus should cast a spell over three men so unlike: a sophisticated, consummate literary craftsman, a practical, hard-headed man of the world, and a scholar made lonely by erudition, who would rather die than write a knowingly inaccurate statement. One, made sensitive by beauty, dwells in an atmosphere of art; one, a hand-to-mouth journalist, dwells in the atmosphere of practicality; one, having climbed an almost inaccessible peak of scholarship, dwells in the atmosphere of pure thought.

It would be difficult to win the unqualified respect of any one of the three, so accustomed are they to test beauty, efficiency, and truth; yet here we find all three kneeling.

Another interesting new book on religion, tall and lean like an English prelate, is *Catholic and Protestant Elements in Christianity*, by the Reverend Oliver Chase Quick, Canon of Carlisle. This work, which can be read through in two hours, is marked by deep learning and a temper the opposite of controversial.

In the nineteenth chapter of I Kings, we are informed that Elijah "found Elisha the son of Shaphat, who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth." I had always supposed that this meant that Elisha and the hired hands were out plowing with twelve yoke; I did not suppose he was driving twelve yoke of oxen in front

AS I LIKE IT

of him, though the Bible seemed to say so. The Reverend F. Kurtz, missionary in India, writes me a letter that ought to interest all lovers of the Bible, all dirt farmers, and many others: "I am living in an Oriental land where oxen still do all the plowing. I had seen frequently seven yoke of oxen plowing the same field, but a few days later I was travelling through the country on my tours and as I came over a little rise of ground what did I see but *eighteen yoke* of oxen plowing a field, one following the other, just as in Elisha's time! . . . We missionaries who are accustomed to use the Bible in these Oriental lands are continually getting new light on old truths. The West has gotten so far away from the Orient that many things in the Bible seem to be out of place until one can see the Bible incidents in real life. No Indian Christian would have doubted the twelve yoke of oxen story."

Let us now pass from the sacred to the secular. Lawrence Rising's new novel, *Proud Flesh*, contains the best description of the San Francisco fire of 1906 that I have seen. Furthermore he takes us through the smart set and through the slums of that interesting city, and calls things by their names. His heroine and hero are unusual, yet I can wish he had omitted the cave man motion-picture episodes at the close; but the book contains a good story, well told.

Herbert Asquith's *Wind's End* is an excellent mystery novel, with another clever amateur detective. Little children commit murder in a charmingly inconsequential manner.

AS I LIKE IT

Among the books of reminiscence I recommend Ralph Nevill's *Unconventional Memories* and *The World of Fashion, 1837-1922*, also E. A. Brayley Hodgetts's *Moss from a Rolling Stone*. He has surely rolled. Such continual travel ought to have either shortened his life or ruined his health, but, like Antæus, every time he hits a new spot on the earth, he rises with increased vigour. It is strange that exposure seems to produce no more ill results than its opposite.

When I sit down in front in the theatre, and I never sit anywhere else if I can help it, and feel the icy draught hit me in the face when the curtain rises, I wonder how the actors endure it. They live in draughts. Even in the coldest weather, Mrs. Patrick Campbell would never allow any heat on the stage. I asked Walter Hampden about this exposure to currents of cold air, and he said that, so far as he knew, he had never suffered any ill effects. Often he had gone to the theatre with an aggressive cold acquired elsewhere, and he believed that he had cured it by "talking through it." Furthermore, he gave even more startling testimony when he said that in his company there had been many times when an actor had been forced to leave a sick bed and go to the theatre, and in no single instance had the result been other than beneficial.

Look at Gladstone, for whom it was a common experience to be heatedly engaging in public debate at a quarter to four in the morning, and who never wore an overcoat outdoors. He died at the age of eighty-eight.

AS I LIKE IT

In a recent number I asked if there really were in Philadelphia a church called the Church of Charles the Martyr. Here comes Harry Boland of Philadelphia, who informs me:

There is in Philadelphia a R. C. ch. of St. Charles Borromeo. There was a P. E. ch. of the Evangelist situated on Catherine midway between 7th and 8th sts. About a score of years ago I was present at the ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling of a life-size portrait of St. Charles Martyr, who as Charles I, I early learned, had died of throat trouble.

Upon my asking this sprightly correspondent for further details, he enclosed a post-card received from a lady, at the bottom of which were the mystic initials P. T. O., which, upon reflexion, seemed to mean "Please turn over." I dare say he immediately performed this acrobatic feat. Well do I remember the day in college when a particularly dull preacher, in the course of his discourse, said: "Let us now turn to the other side," and every student immediately turned over. The church seemed like a Swedish gymnastical school. A curious and inexplicable fact: if a dull preacher continues to make edifying statements, no one hears them; yet if he makes a single "break," it is instantly appreciated.

But to resume. Boland asked the lady, "Is there a church of St. Charles the Martyr?" She replied: "We observe his day." And later she wrote: "Fr. Gorgas does not know of any Church of S. Charles the Martyr—only the *Society* of that name. The

AS I LIKE IT

Church of the Evangelist is now an Art School, occupied by the Graphic Sketch Club."

The members of that recently exclusive Fano Club bid fair to become as the leaves in Vallombrosa. But I still welcome them individually in these pages. Professor A. J. Armstrong of Waco, Texas, who is one of the best American authorities on Browning, has this summer gazed on the picture; also Professor and Mrs. Charles E. Bennett of Amherst; also Mary D. Davenport and Alice F. Poor of Boston, and Pauline I. Duff of Chicago.

Other and nearer places: Ben Baer of Wheeling writes me that I never stood on the real Y bridge at Zanesville. Three years ago, after an interval of forty, he stood on the present bridge and thought of the old covered structure of wood.

I can remember when a crowd of boys made it a practice to go down to the Y bridge to meet haywagons. We could hear the haywagons approaching, the loose flooring and the horses' hoofs making a sound you do not hear nowadays. First the team would pass, with their rumps covered with white lather, the tangy horsy smells, then the load of hay would come with an odor that was delicious. We were crowded into a space of a few inches, with the hay swishing in our faces; that surely was a thrilling experience. The river is the same but . . . you should have seen it through the two inch cracks in the flooring of the old bridge.

I quote this, not only for its interest to all lovers of Zanesville and *Valley Waters*, but because it will

AS I LIKE IT

bring back to so many people the old wooden covered bridges with their noises, and (despite Mr. Hudson) their smells. There used to be one of these bridges over the Housatonic River at Stratford; in a rowboat beneath, we could hear the irregular sound of hoofbeats of horses; when the animals were exactly overhead, we would let out a blood-curdling yell. Then it was interesting to hear the new tempo of the hoofbeats, going instantly from *adagio* to *allegro vivace*, and so *fortissimo* that we could not hear the words of the driver, though he was saying something.

One of the best Little Theatres in the country is the Hedgerow, at Rose Valley, near Philadelphia. It was because I expressed a wish to hear *Richard II* that I learned of this. The company will produce it in the near future. Their repertory, under the direction of Jasper Deeter, includes not only Shakespeare but *Androcles and the Lion*, *Candida*, *The Master Builder*, and *The Emperor Jones*, from which an idea of their aims may be obtained. While I was pondering on this, there came a letter from Edward Longstreth, who had just returned from a performance at the Hedgerow of *The Master Builder*, with that admirable actress Eva Le Gallienne as Hilda. "The company which supported the leads is local stuff from the colony of highbrows there and they did remarkably well."

Mr. Longstreth adds that he had just seen a bell-boy of the Philadelphia Country Club reading intently out of a book, which proved to be Hudson's *The Purple Land*.

AS I LIKE IT

Hattie Rebecca Anderson, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, joins the Faerie Queene Club, as she has read the entire work twice: once for college thesis purposes, and once again for fun.

An anonymous correspondent likes the pronunciation *Peps* better than *Peeps*, which I recommended. I recommended *Peeps* because it is the pronunciation used at Cambridge, where Pepys was a student, and where his Diary reposes. To all I recommend a reading of *Mrs. Pep's Diary*, in *Life*.

I do not see how any one can fail to enjoy Ring W. Lardner's book, *How to Write Short Stories*, containing first-rate specimens from that master of the art. Its immediate success has been sensational, but deserved. The book has just those *Dramatis Personæ* that Browning would have mightily enjoyed.

Another new book of short stories, entirely different, but nevertheless interesting, is by the English novelist Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and is called *Eve's Lover*. You will agree with me that one of these tales, *Thief*, is particularly well done.

Looking in *The Herald Tribune* last Sunday, I saw in the literary pages something I never saw before. It was a list of eight best-sellers, and every one was a work of art. Never before have I seen a list of best-sellers that did not contain some trash.

It is good news that the Englishman Maurice Drake is about to publish a new novel. He is a professional glass-painter, and lives in Exeter. His story, *WO₂*, is both ingenious in plot and original in characterisation. If you don't know it, let me advise

AS I LIKE IT

you to read it, both for its own sake and for the amazing fact that it was published in 1913! You will see why I call the date amazing when you have got about half-way through the book.

To collectors of myths, I will present three:

First, that cigarettes are alloyed with opium and other deadly drugs. Any one who knows anything about the relative price of tobacco and of opium ought not to receive meekly this oft-reiterated statement.

Second— But on second thoughts, I will omit the second. It is, however, a most interesting and widely accepted myth.

Third, that belts are more dangerous for men than suspenders. I read a long and apparently scientific article that attempted to prove that the American custom of wearing belts produced appendicitis. The essay was so carefully written that it seemed impressive. I found out later that the author was a manufacturer of suspenders. Doubtless he was inspired only by humanitarian motives, but somehow I lost interest in his argument.

The reason why Englishmen wear coats while playing golf is not merely because the average English day is too cold for comfort; it is because Englishmen wear braces, and nothing looks more grotesque than knickerbockers upheld by visible suspenders.

It will please Mrs. Shapleigh, who nominated the poetry of Horace for the Ignoble Prize, to learn that she is supported by Arthur E. Bostwick of St. Louis.

AS I LIKE IT

one of the leading librarians of America. He writes: "I am greatly interested in Mrs. Shapleigh's estimate of Horace, which you disapprove, because it has long been my own. I beg to add the name of Virgil, whom I consider decidedly second rate . . . When we were reading Latin in college, it was not until we met Catullus that we seemed to feel any enthusiasm. Here, indeed, was a "real fellow!"

When I was an undergraduate a teacher told us that the Romans were the greatest people of antiquity because they were greatest in the greatest things—government, law, colonisation. I dissented because I did not and do not think those are the greatest things.

I have received a brilliant and charming letter from Mrs. Jesse Turner of Van Buren, Arkansas, saying she knows as interesting and cultivated people there as anywhere else. It is true. Culture is more diffused in some places than in others; but the individual mind is quite independent of both place and time. It is a startling fact that from the earliest dawn of history to the present moment the individual human mind has increased not one grain in power and intelligence.

Turning from men to beasts. I have contributed so much animal lore to these pages that I am thinking of setting up as a naturalist. I suppose all animals are personalities to those who know and understand them. When I was a child in Hartford it was a pleasure to enter the beautiful garden of that

AS I LIKE IT

hospitable gentleman, Pliny Jewell. There was a little lake, and on summer evenings the old gentleman would sit in a chair on the edge of this pond and ring a bell. At the mellow tones the frogs would come out and group themselves about Mr. Jewell, who offered them bits of food, which they received courteously. I had never discriminated particularly among frogs; but to this man every one of those frogs was an individual, and he had named them all. The largest was called Laura Matilda, and was the owner's favourite. I have seen Laura draw near her master's chair, take a bit of bread delicately from his fingers, eat it, and then wipe her mouth daintily, like the Prioress in Chaucer.

VI

I CAN hardly write the words fast enough to tell all my readers who love books and stories of the sea to run, not walk, as the Fire Commissioner commands, to the nearest bookshop, and there secure a copy of *Under Sail*, by Felix Riesenbergr. I had sailed around old Cape Stiff with John Masefield, with Richard Henry Dana, and with other deep-water men; but never did I more keenly enjoy the thrilling experience. There are several reasons for this; the *A. J. Fuller* was a full-rigged ship, kites and all, and thank heaven, had no auxiliary; her captain, Charles M. Nichols (still living), while a disciplinarian, was as square-rigged as his vessel; the bucko mate, Mr. Zerk (still living and operating in Hawaiian waters) was often brutal and cruel, but a consummate master of seamanship; the crew were on the whole thoroughly good fellows; nothing on board was absolutely bad except the food.

The ship left New York 5 December 1897, went round the Horn to Honolulu, and docked in New York again, September 1898. Felix Riesenbergr, eighteen years old, was a foremast hand in the port watch and, while an excellent seaman, happened to have two other qualities: the imagination of a poet and the ability to write down his experiences in a prose style so vivid that every reader will share them.

This book held me in captivity from beginning to end. It is a masterpiece of narration, description,

AS I LIKE IT

and characterisation. And although I am a land-lubber, how thoroughly I understand the ache in the boy's heart when the long voyage was over—an ache deeper and more enduring than any of the thousand aches that visited his young body! I say this book deserves to stand on the same shelf with *Two Years Before the Mast*, with *Moby Dick*, with *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, with *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, with *The Ebb Tide*, and with the other classics of the sea. Even the very form of the book is nautical; she carries a bone in her mouth: the foreword is written by that accomplished seaman, Captain David W. Bone.

In reading *Under Sail* I am again filled with admiration for the amazing courage and skill of the old seamen; I think of their unspeakable hardships and miserable wages. How much more work it took to get their A. B. than to win the academic one, and how forlorn their future after they earned it!

Yet the wages of seamen were fixed, like everything else, by supply and demand; from the rational point of view, it would seem incredible that men could be found to undertake such drudgery combined with peril, when they knew in advance what awaited them, including the disgusting food. Doctor Johnson, who represented the completely citified man, said: "A ship is worse than a jail. There is, in a jail, better air, better company, better convenience of every kind; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger. When men come to like a sea-life they are not fit to live on land."

AS I LIKE IT

Donn Byrne has expressed the obsession of the sea as well as any writer, when he makes one of his characters say that while at sea he wonders how he could ever have been fool enough to come; but on shore a few days, and he gets the irresistible pull; longs to feel the salty air in his face, on a "ship as clean as a cat from stem to stern."

Sailors, like violinists, begin young; what healthy boy has not wanted to run away to sea? When I was a child I had fully made up my mind to try to enter Annapolis and join the navy. It seemed to me the essence of romance. I continued in this frame of mind until one day I discovered that mathematics were necessary.

Yet even to this day I had rather read sea-stories than any other form of fiction. And even better than fiction is *Under Sail*, which has the excitement of a romantic novel combined with the satisfaction of actuality.

Those who, like me, have never done much manual toil, but have earned good wages by headwork, must frequently wonder as I do at the bare pittance paid in former times for the hardest kind of bodily labour, whether on land or sea; the more back-breaking the job, the less money it seemed to draw. Those who now complain of the extortionate wages demanded by mechanical workmen ought to remember that these are not only getting paid for their own work, but are drawing on the balance due to millions of ghosts.

Speaking of wages, I was prettily paid last sum-

AS I LIKE IT

mer in Detroit. I was asked to preach in a church on Woodward Avenue, and did so; when they wanted my bill I remarked that being an amateur, I would charge nothing. A few days later I received from the church the appropriate pay of twelve golf balls, the Beautiful Blue Dunlop. Twelve golf balls. One I suppose for each of the twelve tribes of Israel; and on that very afternoon one of them joined the lost tribes.

One of the most interesting signs of the times is the foundation of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, a weekly periodical devoted to *belles-lettres*. The first number appeared on 2 August 1924, and, judging by the quality of its contents, the *Review* will have the long life it deserves. That there is room in America for a weekly exclusively concerned with new non-technical books is the belief of its editors, publishers, and subscribers. It is free and independent, unconnected with any newspaper or with any publishing house. The editor, Doctor Henry Seidel Canby, made an enviable reputation with the New York *Evening Post*. He is, like most sensible folks, neither conservative nor radical, has no fads, and keeps his mind open. On the editorial staff are also William Rose Benét, Amy Loveman, and the ever-vivacious Christopher Morley. The young and enterprising publishers of *Time* have undertaken this adventure, emboldened by the success they have already won in the teeth of fate.

In the issue for 16 August there is an article of extraordinary interest by Maurice G. Hindus, called

AS I LIKE IT

American Authors in Russia, by which we learn what is and what is not read in that mysterious land. He found it impossible to buy a Bible anywhere, which is not surprising; he found that the Russian standard novelists, Turgenev, Tolstoi, and even Dostoevski, are looked upon as mid-Victorian, which is not surprising; what is surprising, however, is the very large number of bookshops. The following sentence seems almost unbelievable: "There is not a city in Europe, not even Berlin, Leipzig, Prague, where there are so many mammoth bookshops as there are in Moscow." Books on popular science and communistic propaganda are chiefly in demand. Of American writers there are four who are most widely circulated. They are Jack London, Upton Sinclair, O. Henry, and Edgar Rice Burroughs. The last-named "is the rage from one end of the country to the other. If the Russians were paying royalties he would become a millionaire in a short time." I suppose the Russians, having assassinated royalties, do not see why they should pay them.

The most useful thing I ever got out of Upton Sinclair was an article he wrote many years ago for *The Independent*, on how to study Greek or Latin or any foreign language. He remarked with accuracy that the vast majority of students of the classical languages cannot read a page at sight. He said that even the most conscientious ones who use no translations but dig out every lesson with a dictionary are equally inefficient. The reason is simple: they do not know the meanings of the Latin words, for

AS I LIKE IT

they have made no effort permanently to remember them. After a pupil has studied Latin for six years, remarked Mr. Sinclair, he looks at a fresh text and realises instantly that the pages are filled with words *whose appearance is quite familiar, but whose meaning he does not know*. He has looked them up again and again, but only for the purpose of tomorrow's lesson. Thus he has in truth no vocabulary, and of course cannot read Latin at sight.

Mr. Sinclair set forth his own method of learning Latin, French, German, and it is so far superior to the ordinary methods in schools and colleges, that I recommend it to all in or out of academic circles who wish to be able to read books in a foreign tongue. After a few essentials of grammar are acquired, the student must take a book, begin at the beginning, look up every word in the dictionary whose meaning is not known, write down in a blank book that word and its English equivalent; then after one has translated three or four pages, he must *learn that list of words*, learn them so perfectly that the sight of the foreign word instantly gives in the mind its English equivalent. Before beginning the next reading on the morrow, he must review this previously learned list of words to make certain that the meaning of every one of them is still clear. He must do this every day. If one reads *one long book* through in this manner, one has got what the school and college pupil practically never gets, a working vocabulary.

I know a man who tried Sinclair's method with French. He took *Madame Bovary*, looking up,

AS I LIKE IT

writing down, and learning by heart every word. The first day it took him two hours to translate four pages. Toward the end of the book he was reading twenty pages an hour. When he finished it, he took up a French novel by another author and read it easily.

My denunciation of cigar bands awakened reverberations all over the North American continent. The chief newspaper in Montreal and the *Huron County Tribune*, of Bad Axe, Michigan, reprinted my philippic; interesting letters have come to me from a variety of persons, giving a variety of reasons to account for the origin and persistence of the band. A gentleman from Tampa writes: "This nefarious practice was begun years ago by manufacturers of the famous 5-cent variety. Gradually it was imposed on the better grades as an act of protection. Now, however, there is a tendency away from it. I live in Tampa, where we make over 1,500,000 cigars every day. You will find many styles of the better sort coming out now without bands."

H. R. Bygrave, of Boston, writes: "I agree entirely with what you say about their being a rank nuisance. However, I think there is a reason for them. As I remember it, years ago a number of States passed laws requiring all cigars to be sold in the original package. These laws had the claimed effect of preventing fraudulent palming off of dishonest goods. In most instances, of course, where cigars are publicly sold, and where they are bought

AS I LIKE IT

in large quantities, it is not always feasible to display them in the original box. Some bright lawyer somewhere discovered the theory that by putting a band on each cigar, with the name of the cigar and the trademark, or other insignia of the maker, the band would be the original package. I have never represented any cigar manufacturers, but this is my memory of the history of the introduction of cigar bands. . . . By the way, have you not found that your trouble with the bands has been greater of recent years than when bands were first put on? I have. Damnable as the Germans may be, originally practically all the cigar bands on the better grade of cigars were made in Germany, and they were made with a little tab which you could take in your finger and easily tear off the band without damage to the cigar. Since the Great War, this German industry has disappeared in this country."

I well remember those blessed tabs. I remember also that in Germany before the war one could buy a cigar for six cents that was superior to any fifteen-cent cigar I ever saw in the land of the free.

Another and more romantic explanation of the origin of the cigar band comes from Doctor W. C. Hovey, of Nokomis, Illinois: "The bands on cigars are an outgrowth of a custom prevalent in Cuba in early days. It was the custom of the Spanish ladies, who smoked cigars, to place brown paper rings around their 'smokes' so that their pretty fingers might not be stained by coming into contact with the tobacco."

The last word on this subject shall be given to the

AS I LIKE IT

clergy. The Reverend Lloyd C. Douglas, of Akron, Ohio, whose sermons must sparkle with originality and wit, makes the following interesting contribution:

Pursuant to your appeal, in a recent number of *Scribner's*, I dare say there will be many volunteers who, fond enough of the things you write to regret any discomforts you may experience, will point you to certain brands of cigars which, unlike the locusts emulated in the Solomonic saws, go not forth in bands.

It is possible that some self-confessed philanthropist may refer you to the cigar which is known as the J. A., a two-for-a-quarter cigar distinguished for its ungirt loins.

Perchance, one thinks, the price of a garish band, and the labor of gluing the same to the cigar, may be added to the quality of the tobacco.

One thinks a poor thought.

The cryptic name of this cigar, which the hopeful purchaser imagines to be secret symbols for some charmed words never to be spoken above a whisper, and not outside the chapter-house, is revealed so soon as ignition has occurred.

J. A. means Jipped Again.

One of the most poignant sorrows of my life is that I cannot blow rings. I have given this matter serious attention, and had faithful, consistent practice; with the result that by making the most horrible grimaces, I can once out of fifty attempts emit a circle. Yet some of my friends, without looking any worse than usual, belch forth a succession of rings, and then, with astonishing muzzle velocity, shoot another one through the whole row.

AS I LIKE IT

As right through ring and ring runs the djereed
And binds the loose, one bar without a break.

I can pat my stomach and rub my head, I can
waggle my ears without moving my eyebrows, but I
cannot blow rings.

My remarks on the pleasanter aspects of Soloism
and my wish that all trains exhibited the names of
those in charge, have aroused echoes. And I am
glad to learn that in many parts of our country this
excellent custom has already been established. I. C.
C. writes from Pasadena:

Every bus driver has his card posted where the occu-
pants can see it. And, as in other public utilities, the
directors request the public to inform them, should they
receive "unusual courtesy"!

Franklin T. Nevin, of Pittsburgh:

You will be interested and pleased to learn that in the
trolley-cars running between Louisville and Shelbyville,
Kentucky, the names of conductor and motorman in
charge are posted in a conspicuous place for the informa-
tion of passengers.

Frank L. Long, of Philadelphia:

I would commend to your attention the city of Miami,
where the street-cars contain placards announcing the
name of the operator.

Several correspondents write me that on the limited

AS I LIKE IT

trains of the Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, and Great Northern a card is handed to every passenger which gives the name of the conductor, Pullman conductor, and porter.

Finally, good old Jim Borland, who runs a daily column in the Franklin and Oil City *News-Herald*, publishes the following information:

I know Mr. Phelps will be delighted when I inform him such a plan has been in operation for some time past by the Northwestern Electric Company, plying between Meadville, Linesville, and Erie. . . . There is a space boxed off in the end of each car, where the names of the train crew are put in on slides, before the run.

By the same token, I have received two interesting letters concerning my comments on *Milkmen* and *Milk*. Professor Frank Moore, of the Theological Seminary at Auburn, writes: "You should live in upper New York State, in the wide open spaces where life is life and men are men, where we say neither 'the milk' nor 'the milkman,' 'the post' nor 'the postman,' but 'there's Mr. Prentis,' etc." Does every householder know the name of the individual who delivers the milk?

A "humble remonstrance" comes from a Briton:

As *you* like it the English have a custom. . . . "That's the milk. That will be the post." But as *I* like it (and I spent some thirty years of life in the "old country") I can't recollect that we so belittle our milkmen and our postmen.

Is it not that the milkman on ringing your bell calls

AS I LIKE IT

"Milk!" and the nice man who brings the mail calls "Post!"?

In Scotland the folks say "There's Postie," and "Postie" is a term of affection.

Personally I think people over there esteem the postman and the milkman more than do the people on this side. The difference lies in the phone! Few English homes have a phone, few American homes lack one. If an American housewife wants an extra pint of cream, she phones, and somebody or something at the other end takes the order. In England the housewife goes to the dairy and, as we say, "makes love to the dairyman." She knows him as a real human being, to be cajoled or scolded face to face, not merely as something who dumps milk-bottles on the step, and removes milk-tickets mysteriously.

So that, granted you are correct in your assertion, there seems to me more belittling in the American attitude that would say "that's the postman" but yet would be too busy "hustling" to realize he is a *man* and not merely a carrier of letters. After all as our wise old Shakespeare says: "What's in a name?" It is the meaning behind the name that counts.

Sincerely yours,

Oh, well, what's in a name!

Already it would appear that I have accomplished what I set out to do. Those who have read and pondered on my suggestions will I am sure henceforth treat the man who brings the mail more in the spirit than in the letter, and in return for the creamy liquid they will give the milk of human kindness.

Two of my Yale students, somewhat jealous of the favours shown to Browning by the organisation of the Fano Club and of the Asolo Club, write me

AS I LIKE IT

from the grave of Arthur Henry Hallam at Clevedon, Somerset, England:

It gives us great pleasure to cordially invite you to become a charter member of the Clevedon Club. Tennyson seems so far to be without an élite club, so we have decided by this organization to try to raise him to a par with Browning. On to Fano!

WILLIAM M. VAN ANTWERP.
LYONEL H. PUTNAM.

Now it is true that too few pilgrims visit the shrine of Hallam, made famous by Tennyson and so poetically described in *In Memoriam*. But anything so accessible can never be a sufficient foundation for an exclusive club. Let me recommend to tourists, however, that they follow the example of these academic pilgrims, and go to see Clevedon, so near is it to Bristol, Bath, and Wells. Furthermore, not only is Clevedon immortal by reason of the parish church containing Hallam's remains, it is also associated with *Henry Esmond* through the beautiful manor house, Clevedon Court, beloved by Henry James.

There is a curious incident connected with Hallam's grave that I have never seen explained. Hallam died on 15 September 1833, in Vienna, and his body was brought to Clevedon and buried in the little parish church on 3 January 1834. Although the language of *In Memoriam*, published in 1850, would seem to indicate that Tennyson must have attended the funeral (XVIII), another stanza (LXVII) in the same poem seems equally conclu-

AS I LIKE IT

sive that he did not, although he wrote the inscription for the tomb.

In the first edition of the great poem, these lines appear:

And in the chancel like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

Now Hallam's inscription is not in the chancel, but in the south transept. Some one must have corrected Tennyson, because after a few editions had repeated the word "chancel," Tennyson changed the line to read

And in the dark church like a ghost.

It is possible that the tablet was moved from the chancel to the transept.

Two new members of the Asolo Club: Mortimer L. Doolittle, a student in the Yale Law School, who sends his application in triplicate, and E. H. Carmichael, of Washington, D. C. Their accompanying picture postcards show that Eleonora Duse, following the instance of Browning, has a street named after her.

Baseball language is always interesting, and Mr. James R. Bettis, of Webster Groves, Missouri, gives me a new word coined by Martin J. Haley in the *Globe-Democrat*, who in his picturesque account of a game between the St. Louis Browns and Boston Red Sox, writes as follows:

AS I LIKE IT

The Brownie pilot's round-tripper yesterday was one of the three hits allowed the Browns by Murray, who worked seven innings, and by Workman, who northpawed in the eighth.

"While it is beautiful neither to the ear nor to the eye," writes Mr. Bettis, "it has the merit of conciseness." *Northpawed* means a right-handed pitcher pitched. Mr. Bettis wonders what an Englishman would make of the word if it were handed to him without context.

In connexion with the subject of our national game, the unique Ty Cobb, in an interview given at Toronto, and widely quoted, is reported as saying: "If I had my time over again, I would probably be a surgeon instead of a baseball player. . . . I shall not have done any real good to humanity when I retire." Mr. Cobb is too modest. He has achieved the distinction of being the greatest ballplayer in history; and he has given wholesome happiness to hundreds of thousands of people. But in addition to his supremacy and to his benefactions, he has, by retaining his skill after twenty successive years of steady competition, set an example to men, women, and children of enterprise, courage, audacity, and perseverance. Such a life has surely not been wasted.

I am interested in the legends on the paper jackets of two new novels. The Klondike poet, Robert W. Service, who has a prodigious reputation among American university graduates, hundreds of whom

AS I LIKE IT

can quote pages and pages of his verse, has finally launched a work of prose fiction, called *The Roughneck*. I have often meditated on the origin of that word, and this paper jacket, which incidentally is full of other interesting information, gives Mr. Service's explanation: "I think the origin of *The Roughneck* dates back to the time when to shave the back of one's neck was a sign of sartorial grace. In my early Alaskan days every barber would ask you if you wanted a 'neckshave,' and not to have one put you in the category of those who were indifferent to their appearance, or too unsophisticated to conform to the fashion of the day. You were a man with hair on his neck; in brief, a roughneck. The fashion soon passed, but the expression remains." Now when I was a boy, my virgin aunt, who, like all virgin aunts, knew far more about the world and was far more in sympathy with it than one's mother, said to me emphatically: "Don't you ever allow any barber to shave the back of your neck." She *knew*. Whatever may later have been the reversed dynamics in Alaska, she knew that a man whose neck was shaved was outside the pale of polite society. I was particularly interested in Mr. Service's explanation, for during the last twenty years in these United States, my observation proves just the opposite. I have never seen a genuine tough who did not have the back of his neck shaved. And I divide all barbers into two classes—those who, without asking you, attempt to shave the back of your neck, and those who would no more perpetrate such a monstrosity than they would shave off

AS I LIKE IT

your ears. It is, as Barrie's policeman would say, a test absolutely *infallible*. No New York or Boston barber has ever done any necking on me; but in every small town west of Buffalo, unless I am alert, I get a large dose of lather under the cerebellum.

But how did Aunt Libbie know this test forty-five years ago? That was before Mr. Service was born.

The other jacket adorns *Ordeal*, by Dale Collins. This is the first novel by a young Australian, and it shows a command of style that promises much for its author's future reputation. If any novelist from that continent can do for literature what Percy Grainger has done for music, we shall all rejoice. I read the novel *Ordeal* with mixed feelings; its finest and most original character is an old woman. But it is rather too sensational; the dignity of art is sacrificed for immediate and theatrical effect. The author's distinction of style could be better employed. The *Manchester Guardian* is quoted on the jacket as saying: "If you can imagine Barrie's Admirable Crichton changed into a raving, lustful brute of a steward . . . you will get some idea of this amazing and powerful story." Exactly: well said: but it seems not altogether fortunate that so many writers at this moment and presumably so many readers prefer the debased coin to the real.

Let me recommend to lovers of Elizabethan literature *The Bodley Head Quartos*, delightful little volumes containing reprints of interesting and not

AS I LIKE IT

easily accessible books by the contemporaries of Shakespeare.

The death of Joseph Conrad removed one of the great figures of our time; and so far as anything dealing with the future can be convincingly stated, the best of his novels seem imperishable. I shall never cease to rejoice that he made the journey to America in 1923; for I found him as simple and lovable in character as he was austere in art.

To all who contemplate travelling in Europe let me recommend Clara Laughlin's Travel Study Courses. From the Fine Arts Building in Chicago Clara Laughlin sends out these booklets covering every European land; they are the best I know. They give detailed information for intelligent sojourners, and have you ever seen an American who, if not intelligent, did not wish to be?

VII

It was a fortunate moment both for John Galsworthy and for English literature when he first happened to think of the Forsyte family. *The Man of Property*, which is still in many respects his best novel, appeared in the year 1906; the Forsytes and their creator became famous. I wonder if at that time Mr. Galsworthy realised the magnitude and significance of that particular book. Years later, finding that no matter how many other works he produced, the world persisted in talking about the Forsytes, he returned to the old theme, and with more success than is customary in such hazardous undertakings. Finally he brought together five books under the sardonic title, *The Forsyte Saga*, assembling a prose epic dealing with the conflict between property and beauty. I supposed it contained his last word on the family.

But the Forsytes have now become something more than a theme; they are so close to their maker's heart that they seem essential to his happiness. Thus *The White Monkey*, a well-wrought novel, takes the Forsytes along into another generation, and we have an accurate picture of contemporary life. One of its most interesting features is the author's treatment of Soames. In *The Man of Property* Soames was a combination of dulness and brutality; he was so repellant that it seemed as if he incarnated everything that Mr. Galsworthy hated. In the later portions of *The Forsyte Saga* Soames rises so rapidly

AS I LIKE IT

both in moral stature and in amiability that the reader passes from disgust through tolerance, through sympathy, to admiration; in *The White Monkey* Soames is an attractive man. If any reader should turn without pause from *The White Monkey* to *The Man of Property*, he would be impressed by the improvement in this man and by the change in the author's attitude toward him.

Two of the most remarkable instances in fiction where a character has gradually gained his maker's respect and affection may be seen in Mr. Pickwick and Dick Swiveller; compare the unpromising first appearance of these men with their development. Dickens could not have imagined any such growth in grace when he conceived of these characters; they won his heart in spite of himself.

Clyde Fitch used to say that he would begin a play with a definite idea of what his characters were to be and to do; and then the characters would insist on behaving in a different fashion and he was forced, in spite of himself, to obey and follow, rather than have his own way with them.

Mr. Galsworthy, unlike many contemporary authors, writes like a gentleman, because he cannot help it; not only in reading his books, but in talking with him, he is to me the ideal English gentleman. Virility and intellectual power are accompanied by a lack of affectation and by that finest flower of character, "high humility."

He seems to have no theoretical philosophy, because life is to him an insoluble riddle; but his practical philosophy may be summed up in the word

AS I LIKE IT

"kindness." He is, although he does not know it, a Christian in everything except creed.

Mr. Ansley Newman, of Buffalo, a young man who won many literary prizes in college, nominates for the Ignoble Prize books with uncut leaves. After mentioning one, he says: "But even worse has been the slow progress of slitting my way through my Manaton edition of Galsworthy. There is a set with type that is truly a 'sight for sore eyes' such as mine, and gorgeous paper. But that very paper makes reading a series of ocular hiccoughs, because it is so tough to cut. It seems to me that books with uncut leaves were meant for people who keep their libraries behind glass doors."

Now it so happens that I particularly like books with uncut leaves. They look so attractive that I wish all books except dictionaries, encyclopædias, and reference works would come to me with the leaves uncut. Yet I knew of a citizen in Mystic, Connecticut, who returned a book to the publishers because of this feature. She thought it was not "finished."

Mr. Newman wishes to join the "I" Club, which reminds me that I have just received a letter from one who perhaps ought to be regarded as the original member. Miss Celia Baldwin, of Denver, informs me that in a book she published in 1880 she came out in her preface uncompromisingly for the first person. I hope there are many of my readers who see I to I with me in this matter.

Few recent books of reminiscences are more enter-

AS I LIKE IT

taining than the anonymous *Uncensored Recollections* and *Things I Shouldn't Tell*; and although the author says he gives himself away in every chapter, I haven't an idea who he is, my acquaintance with the British nobility being limited. In one of the few serious moments in these frivolous volumes, I find the worldly minded author in harmony with that gloomy prophet, Jeremiah. He is talking about one of the most interesting and mysterious of all subjects—the human heart. He says:

Abraham Lincoln once said to Lord Lyons, who told me the fact himself, "There are two people to whom even the most naturally truthful person is apt to tell a lie—not wilfully, of course, but rather out of a desire to be specially correct—the doctor and the interviewer." Lincoln was by no means the extraordinary man silly people have said he was, but merely quite an ordinary man with courage, honesty, and knowledge of men—far more useful in a crisis than a man of genius—but what he then said to our ambassador in Washington is profoundly true, and shows how well Uncle Abe knew that curious hostelry, the human heart; that is, knew it as well as a shrewd student of his fellow beings *from the outside* can know it. Joseph de Maistre says, "I don't know what the heart of a bad man is; but I do know the heart of a good man; and it is a very repellent thing!" But an outside view of human nature teaches really nothing; it is too thickly shrouded in conventionalities, mendacities (both voluntary and unconscious), and the like, to provide any really reliable data. There is only one man who knows humanity as it really is—the Roman Catholic priest to whom the penitent confesses. The father doesn't know; the mother doesn't know; the husband doesn't know; the wife doesn't know; the lover doesn't know; and the mistress doesn't know. But the priest knows; and he alone.

AS I LIKE IT

The reason for saying that this *Weltkind* is here in harmony with the prophet Jeremiah is found in the latter's profound remark, "The human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?"

Speaking of Catholic priests, I cannot agree with my friend John Jay Chapman in his protest against having a Catholic on the Harvard Board of Overseers. I agree with Mr. Chapman in so many things that it is almost a luxury to find myself for once in opposition. He says: "The outspoken purpose of the Roman Church is to control American education." Although I am not a Catholic, I do not believe this. I do not think that Catholics are plotting to control American education; what they want is to control the education of children in their own church; and I cannot see why they should be blamed for this, or why in a country supposedly free they should not be allowed to do it. I was very glad indeed that the Constitutional amendment in Michigan, which would have prevented them from giving their children a religious education, was voted down.

The great scholar of the seventeenth century, John Selden, wrote in Greek on the flyleaf of every one of his vast accumulation of books, "Above all, Liberty." It is a good motto, and never more needed than now.

When I was in Honolulu in 1916, in the course of a public address delivered on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Punahou School, I said that Hawaii ought to be ashamed that it had no or-

AS I LIKE IT

chestra of its own. I am pleased by a letter received from the Reverend Brewer Eddy, who writes, "This afternoon is the first effort of the Hawaiian Symphony Orchestra of 25 or 30 members! So your words bore fruit."

Those who have travelled all over the world inform me that there are two places more beautiful than any others, the Hawaiian Islands and Ceylon. I have never seen Ceylon, but I think, in vernacular phrase, Hawaii will take a lot of beating. It is an earthly paradise. In his old age, Mark Twain used to return in memory to the happy days of his youth spent in those delectable isles; and although I have read many glowing descriptions of their charm and beauty, Mark Twain's account is still the most vivid and the most persuasive.

That admirable newspaper, *The Christian Science Monitor*, recently contained an article by Franklin Snow, in which he commends my emphasis on personality in railway trains. I am glad to be supported by such an authority, not only because it appeals to my vanity, but mainly because I welcome anything and everything that elevates human beings from machines to individualities. One man sees a group of section hands, and he is interested only in the amount of work they can do in a given time; another observer cannot help imagining what goes on in the mind of each worker, where he lives, what is his home life, what are his thoughts and dreams.

The long-awaited *Autobiography* of Mark Twain,

AS I LIKE IT

while it is not so valuable a book as the *Life* by Paine, contains many pages of intense interest. With Mark Twain, democracy was a religion, in fact, his only one. Page after page shows his fierce hatred of injustice and cruelty, his fierce passion for individual liberty. Although Mark Twain said that nobody had an original thought or ever made an original remark, I can find no resemblance between him and any other writer.

Apart from more important ideas in the *Autobiography*, his remarks on Night particularly appeal to me. Speaking of his boyhood, he says:

My repentances were very real, very earnest; and after each tragedy they happened every night for a long time. But as a rule they could not stand the daylight. They faded out and shredded away and disappeared in the glad splendor of the sun. They were the creatures of fear and darkness, and they could not live out of their own place. The day gave me cheer and peace, and at night I repented again. In all my boyhood life I am not sure that I ever tried to lead a better life in the daytime—or wanted to. In my age I should never think of wishing to do such a thing. But in my age, as in my youth, night brings me many a deep remorse. I realize that from the cradle up I have been like the rest of the race—never quite sane in the night.

That last sentence is a true generalisation. Why is it that, no matter how long we live, we never outgrow our terror in the dark? Why is it that so many thousands of persons wake up suddenly at 2:45 A.M. and are struck with the swiftness and unexpectedness of a blow by some worry, some regret,

AS I LIKE IT

some remorse, some neglected duty? Why is it that these things torment our minds in the long watches of the night and dwindle to insignificance with the rising of the sun?

Of all forms of religion except Christianity, the worship of the sun seems to me most reasonable. I have been a sun-lover from my earliest recollection. The best thing said about Heaven in the Bible is that there is *no night* there. I am a child of the morning.

When I was a boy I saw a picture of a woman carrying her baby in a room dimly illumined by half-light. I remember how ardently I hoped the dimness was of the dawn and not of the evening.

The two summers I spent in California were to me particularly enjoyable because of the perpetual sunshine. Many told me that I should find it monotonous; that I should long for clouds and rain. But I have never found good health monotonous; I have never longed for sickness and pain by way of change. Now that is exactly the way I feel about sunshine. If I were running the world, I should have it rain only between 2 and 5 A.M. Anybody who is out then ought to get wet.

It is interesting to see certain phrases become so popular that they interfere with certain standard works, and then to see them pass away and the standard work remain in its pristine purity. The last line of one of the most famous hymns is

I'll never—no never—no never forsake!

AS I LIKE IT

I can well remember a time when no minister dared give out this hymn in church, because of the popularity of *Pinafore*; but no one to-day thinks of such a relevancy. There was a time when no teacher in school dared call upon a boy to read the last words of *A Tale of Two Cities*, because Sydney Carton's number was *Twenty-three*; but who thinks of that ridiculous association to-day?

Some one ought to write an essay on The Decay of the Toothpick. The public use of this implement, however common it still may be, damns its manipulator, and justly so; but for centuries the toothpick was the badge of the man of fashion. In Elizabethan days, the young swells paraded in St. Paul's manipulating the toothpick conspicuously, in order to prove that they had dined; and even so late as a century ago, young men exhibited their gold toothpicks with pride. An individual used the same toothpick for years. I remember in one of Jane Austen's novels—it was either *Sense and Sensibility* or *Emma*—a highly polished gentleman entered a shop and bought a fancy toothpick. The thing must have begun to become unfashionable about the middle of the last century, for I learn by the *Detroit Free Press* that some one has just discovered in the Lansing Law Library, *Ye Book of Etiquet*, published in 1850, which, in addition to saying that unmarried ladies must refrain from the waltz, tells them "Picking your teeth, however fashionable it once was, has now gone out of fashion."

Unfashionable it is, but alas, not uncommon. Nor

AS I LIKE IT

is this vulgarity most common in America. I was driven from a hotel in Nice at the point of the toothpick. The French and Russians and Germans in that hotel employed the instrument as though they were performing a religious rite. Nor can I yet understand why it took every person fifteen minutes to perform it.

I recommend William A. White's awakening biography of Woodrow Wilson. To read this book is to see a thrilling drama, for Mr. White has made the story more dramatic than many plays. I do not care much for his thesis or theory, which attempts to explain the late President's character by an ancestral combination of the Woodrows and the Wilsons. But his theory—whether correct or not—really makes no difference, for in his introduction he sums up the man very well indeed in one sentence: "He was neither God nor fiend, but in his political career rather a shy, middle-aged gentleman with the hoar frost of the cloister upon his public manner, with an academic respect for facts, and with a Calvinistic addiction for digesting the facts into his own God-given truth." Wilson had more admirers and followers than personal friends; I suppose he was the best-hated man in the world. The reasons for all this are abundantly supplied by Mr. White.

The greatness and littleness of Wilson are well brought out; very few of his contemporaries could have equalled him in his great qualities, whereas millions of commonplace men could easily have avoided

AS I LIKE IT

his mistakes. No one can read the long Tumulty interview and the Tumulty correspondence without amazement, and without reflecting that great men are sometimes small. This aspect of Wilson makes one not only ashamed of him but ashamed of human nature. Yet I believe he was a great man.

I myself had something to do with the elevation of Wilson to the Presidency; I never have regretted it. Some seventeen or eighteen years ago I presided at a Yale Phi Beta Kappa dinner, and on my right hand sat the Honorable William H. Taft; not many months thereafter he was nominated and elected President of the United States; the next year I again presided, and this time the President of Princeton, Woodrow Wilson, sat on my right hand; and we know what happened. Then I became tired of the rôle of Warwick, and quit presiding at these dinners, for I feared if I kept at it I might make a mistake.

During the meal I told Wilson the story of how two men were walking from New Haven to Bridgeport, and after they had walked for an hour, they asked a stranger how far it was to their destination; he said, about twelve miles. They walked another hour, and asked another stranger the same question; he said, about twelve miles. Another hour, another stranger; the same question, the same answer. Then one of the pedestrians turned to the other and said, "Cheer up, Bill, we're holding our own. It isn't getting away from us." The President of Princeton seemed decorously amused.

I was not only amused but interested, when the

AS I LIKE IT

newspapers reported that during the balloting at the Democratic Convention in 1912, a journalist asked Wilson, "What do you think of your prospects?" And Wilson replied, "Well, once upon a time two men were walking—" and gave the whole story, with the comment, "I'm holding my own."

All who are interested in the theatre, in the American drama, and in the striking personality of the late Clyde Fitch, should secure a copy of *Clyde Fitch and His Letters*, a copiously illustrated volume by Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson. It is one of the most attractive epistolary works that I have seen in a long time.

In Paris I spent a pleasant and memorable afternoon talking with Emma Eames, my favourite prima donna. She said that once when she sang as Eva in *Die Meistersinger*, the man who took the part of Pogner kept talking to her on the stage, and telling her how much better he could sing Hans Sachs's rôle than the one who was singing it on that particular evening. She is my favourite prima donna because every time I heard her—and I heard her often—she always seemed to be a little better than her best. She not only never disappointed me, she seemed invariably to prove that reality can surpass anticipation.

She is an interesting conversationist, because she has seen humanity not merely from the angle of the artist but from that of actual life. A good American girl, brought up strictly in Maine, then making

AS I LIKE IT

her début in Paris, her point of view was neither narrow nor egotistic. During our conversation that afternoon, I happened to mention a passage in the Book of Proverbs, and, wishing me to verify it, she immediately produced a Bible. I wonder how many operatic stars have a Bible within reach?

I recommend the following books, which will repay the reader for his time and attention: Barrie's *Mary Rose*, which is a beautiful illustration of Thoreau's saying, "One world at a time"; *Recollections of a Happy Life*, by the late Maurice Francis Egan, which is crowded with diverting anecdotes, especially those relating to Theodore Roosevelt; *Quaint Companions*, by Leonard Merrick, one of his most interesting novels, a strange study in black and white; Clayton Hamilton's *Conversations on the Drama*, containing stenographic reports of his lectures at Columbia, and very good talks they are, on Barrie, Galsworthy, Shaw, O'Neill, Maeterlinck, his idol Pinero, and others—talks that will arouse as much dissent as acquiescence, which all good talk should do; Arnold Bennett's *Elsie and the Child*, because every one who reads *Riceman Steps* will want to know more of Elsie (unfortunately only one of the short stories in the volume is devoted to her); *The Diary of a Dude-Wrangler*, by Struthers Burt, because of its vivid account of actual experiences; *Wilfred Grenfell*, by Basil Matthews, a sprightly history of one of the most useful men in the world; and *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, which I

AS I LIKE IT

have just read for the *n*th time with undiminished gusto.

Picking up the *Chicago Tribune* in Paris one day, I came upon a quotation from Victor Hugo which is new to me, and as it may possibly be unfamiliar to some other readers of *Scribner's*, it is worth repeating. It was contributed to the newspaper, with a good commentary, by Cobb Hall.

Between two servants of Humanity, who appeared eighteen hundred years apart, there is a mysterious relation. . . . Let us say with a sentiment of profound respect: JESUS WEPT: VOLTAIRE SMILED: . . . of that divine tear and of that human smile is composed the sweetness of the present civilization.

Mr. Hall calls the four words "volcanic and majestic."

I cannot help paying homage in these pages to Mr. Mortimer L. Schiff, of New York, who, although a leader of the federation for the support of Jewish philanthropies, gave \$25,000 toward the completion of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, with an admirable letter in which he said: "I believe that this great edifice dedicated to the service of God will stimulate the spiritual life of the people of this city and is therefore of such civic importance as to entitle it to the support of the entire community irrespective of religious affiliations. . . . We need that spiritual influence which only religion can supply; we need practical idealism applied to every-day

AS I LIKE IT

existence; we need coöperation and mutual faith; we need discipline and a sense of duty."

This seems to me an ideal letter, and as it is backed by such generosity, its influence ought to be even greater than its material aid. I never had the honour of meeting Mr. Schiff, but I salute him as representing the highest type of citizen of the world.

For some time I have been collecting the names of the "last survivor" of the Charge of the Light Brigade. He has appeared with some frequency in the papers for the last seven or eight years. I wonder how many are alive. I am indebted to Mr. A. M. Wilson, a Yale undergraduate, for sending me the name of Ellis Cutting, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who, although dying of paralysis, made at the last Presidential election a cross on the ballot brought to his bedside. It is seventy years since these heroes fought, and I hope that Ellis Cutting was not really the last one. He survived until December 11.

One of the greatest living athletic heroes is Mr. W. G. George, who in England in the year 1886 ran a mile in competition in the record time of four minutes twelve and three-quarters seconds, a record that stood for about thirty years. But it is not merely because he ran such a wonderful race that he should be remembered. He was an amateur, and held all the records from one thousand yards to twelve miles; the *professional* championship was held by the late W. Cummings. Mr. George requested permission of the Amateur Athletic Asso-

AS I LIKE IT

ciation to run against Cummings in one race, without forfeiting his amateur standing, the proceeds to be given to charity. This request was denied. He therefore gallantly sacrificed his amateur status for this event, beat Cummings, and made a marvellous record. In a London newspaper interview a few months ago, he said that during his trials he ran a mile in four minutes ten and one-fifth seconds, which, although the fastest mile ever run by a human being even until now, cannot stand as an official record. Athletic records always interest me, because I cannot help wondering what is the limit of human capacity. There is a limit, but where is it?

Mrs. D. M. Hughes, of New York, nominates for the Ignoble Prize the word *Xmas* for Christmas. There is indeed no reason for the abbreviation; but the first person to attack this in print is, so far as I know, F. P. A., the accomplished columnist of the *New York World*.

I nominate for the Ignoble Prize all boxes in the theatres—not at the Metropolitan Opera House. There is as a rule only one good seat in a box, and that one is worse than any seat on the floor. Now the box usually contains six or seven persons, all of whom are acutely miserable. The one most favoured suffers because she feels all the time that she has taken the only good place, thus depriving the others; the rest suffer because they can see nothing. When you observe a company entering a box, you will see a long and spirited altercation arising from polite-

AS I LIKE IT

ness; then, when the matter is finally adjusted, and the curtain is up, you behold the men in the rear, standing, leaning forward, in the vain hope that they may see something. Boxes should be abolished.

VIII

SUPPOSE Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, J. M. Barrie, John Galsworthy, Rudyard Kipling, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole, Lord Haldane, Compton Mackenzie, G. K. Chesterton, Lytton Strachey, Sheila Kaye-Smith, St. John Ervine, John Masefield, A. E. Housman, Archibald Marshall, A. W. Pinero, W. B. Yeats, May Sinclair, and scores of other writers, were all living and working in the State of Michigan. I think that not only would the contribution of Michigan to creative literature be considerably greater than at present but the standard of competition there would be so high as to furnish a tremendous incentive to ambitious youth.

In every comparison made between the level of literature in England and in America, the concentration of British writers should be kept in mind. England is almost exactly the same size as the State of Michigan or the State of North Carolina, and it seems to me highly probable that if our best American writers were neighbours, the quality of our literature would improve.

There is no doubt that the standard of literary excellence in England is higher than in America. I account for it partly by the fact that the leaders of British literature are huddled together so that they can almost hear each other, and partly by the fact that many centuries have established a literary tra-

AS I LIKE IT

dition. Every new author is forced to compete with the quick and the dead.

People who talk about their travels are bores. Three hundred years ago the dean of St. Paul's, John Donne, in a burlesque will, bequeathed "my silence to any that abroad hath been." But literary pilgrimages have an especial interest to lovers of books, and the only travels that I venture to talk about are the journeys that I have made to literary shrines. I suppose there is no man in the world who has less of the frontiersman in him than I; I have not the smallest inclination to visit wild or waste places, or to be the first man to climb a mountain. I had rather be the last man up the mountain; for the mountain becomes to me more steadily interesting in direct proportion to its human associations. I had a good deal of sympathy with G. K. Chesterton when he said: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, but I will not lift up my carcass thither."

I had rather stand on a street corner where Doctor Johnson talked, or see Egdon Heath at twilight, than gaze on an illimitable expanse of untrodden snow. Ludgate Hill is more interesting than Mount McKinley.

It is not so necessary for Englishmen to travel extensively as it is for Americans; for the tight little island has an extraordinary variety of climate and of scenery. On the bleak-looking coast of Cornwall roses bloom in January; while the contrast between

AS I LIKE IT

the topography of Cambridgeshire and that of Westmoreland is impressive.

For a tourist in fair physical condition, the best way to see England is on a bicycle. It is cheap, effective, independent, and salubrious. English men and women continue to ride the silent wheel; it has never gone out of fashion as in America. It is a pity that twenty years ago it became with us a fad; all fads smell of mortality. It used to be a common sight to see men and women in any town in the United States riding bicycles with the same motive and in the same spirit that in later years inspired them to excel in ping-pong, diavolo, and crossword puzzles; indeed, foreigners who made any protracted stay in America were forced to take up the bicycle. There was a time when any fair morning in Central Park Jean and Edouard de Reszké could be seen pedalling.

One never becomes exhausted wheeling through England, because one is so often forced to dismount in order to behold something interesting. In one afternoon I visited Windsor Castle, Eton, the cottage where Milton wrote part of *Paradise Lost*, the grave of William Penn, and the churchyard at Stoke Poges immortalised by Gray.

I shall have more to say of travelling in England, but I will content myself now by relating my long and finally triumphant pursuit of the nightingale. Many may think it is ridiculous to go abroad merely to hear a nightingale; but when one remembers that this is the most famous of song-birds, and when I remember how I had unsuccessfully chased the vocal

AS I LIKE IT

fowl through many countries and for many years, the result is worth recording. All the great British poets for five centuries paid poetic homage to the famous bird, and it became essential to my happiness that I should hear him. Wherever I went, I found he had just left. For example, whenever I was in Florence, and went out to the Cascine or along the Arno, and listened to nothing, I was always informed that last week scores of them were in activity. Speaking of the moon in Florence, Browning said:

Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
Rounder twixt the cypresses and rounder,
Perfect, till the nightingales applauded.

Well, many a night I walked along the Arno, and saw the moonlight on the façade of San Miniato, but heard no nightingale. It was the same way in Germany; Bremen is famous for its nightingales, but there were none for me. I asked my English golf-partner if he had ever heard a nightingale, and he replied, "I wish I had a shilling for every bootjack I have thrown at them." I never saw a bootjack, but it appears to be an implement used by Englishmen to throw at nocturnal soloists. I suppose every well-regulated British household has a collection of boot-jacks, which are hurled at the voices of the night, are collected again during the day, and conveniently arranged for the midnight barrage.

In an interesting conversation with the English novelist, Alfred Ollivant, I mentioned my bad luck, and he declared that if I would come down to his

AS I LIKE IT

house in Sussex on the following Saturday, he would produce a nightingale. Accordingly at the appointed time we took the train, and I was agreeably shocked to observe that the station where we got off was Horsham, the town where Shelley was born; of course there should be singing-birds there. We drove in the twilight nine or ten miles; and after we had proceeded some distance, Mr. Ollivant remarked, "Now, this is funny." "No," said I, "this is not funny at all; this is the same bad luck I have had for years." "Why, last Saturday night there were scores of them all along the road." This time there were none. After dinner we sat in the garden till midnight; nothing. I gave it up, and went to my room; but just as I was getting into bed, there was an excited knock on the door and a hurry call. At the word, accoutred as I was, I sprang to the window. It was a very dark night, no moon, no stars; I made out three enormous blurs rising from the lawn—they were three tall trees. In each of the trees there was a nightingale, and the three birds were singing together. It was a concert worth all the years of waiting. As I listened in ecstasy, I thought of the long succession of British poets who had paid their tribute to the midnight minstrels, and the splendid stanza by Keats came into my mind, the stanza which begins with the words

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

and ends with the lines

AS I LIKE IT

... the same that oftentimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

In Kipling's story, *Wireless*, referring to these lines, he says: "These are the pure Magic. These are the clear Vision. The rest is only poetry."

And now you will see how well repaid I was for my Sussex adventure. For the next morning as we walked across the fields on our way to church, we heard two other English soloists—the skylark and the cuckoo, both celebrated in British poesy. The larks rose almost vertically, as if trying for the altitude record; and after they had become invisible aloft, we could hear their voices—the poet calls it a "sightless song." The cuckoo I had never heard before; his song is a precise imitation of that abomination known as the cuckoo-clock, only of course you cannot train him to strike right. He is a ventriloquist; the powerful notes seemed to be directly behind my shoulder, whereas they came from a distance of about a thousand yards.

The most famous four birds in English literature are the nightingale, the blackbird, the cuckoo, and the skylark. All four are unknown in America. We have the yellow-bill and black-bill cuckoo, but they are quite unlike the English variety. As for the blackbird, I agree with Theodore Roosevelt and with Lord Grey that he is the finest singer in England. When I read many years ago Tennyson's poem to the blackbird, celebrating the beauty of his music, I could not imagine what caused the poet's enthusiasm;

AS I LIKE IT

the word blackbird had for me a quite different connotation. Our red-winged blackbird, with the scarlet epaulets, has only a genial wheeze; while the so-called crow-blackbird sings as though he had tonsillitis, or as though his voice were adolescently changing. But the British and the Continental blackbirds emit the most heavenly music. In spring dawns in Germany, they used to wake me up at four o'clock; I never thought of throwing bootjacks at them, for I was entranced by the melody. One February day, while standing in front of the University of Munich during a violent snowstorm, I saw a blackbird on the branch of a tree; he had his beak pointed toward the wind, and, while the snowflakes beat upon his little face, he poured out a stream of the loveliest music in the world.

Many reasons have been given why no one of this supreme quartette can live in the United States; when they are imported, they die. Some say they cannot get the right diet—what nonsense! It has remained for me to discover and to announce the true reason. It is because we have not sufficiently great poets. When a nightingale, who is accustomed to hearing tributes from Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, comes hither and is greeted by American poets, he dies.

Several distinguished men have retroactively joined the Faerie Queene Club. Professor Albert S. Cook, of Yale, finished reading the poem on 21 August 1876, having previously read all the other works by the same poet. Professor Charles G. Osgood, of

AS I LIKE IT

Princeton, whose *Spenser Concordance* of a thousand quarto pages was published in 1915, has an abundant entrance; and Professor Charles H. Whitman, of Rutgers, whose *Subject-Index to Spenser*, which Professor Cook calls "the readiest clew through the maze of the Faerie Queene," must not be forgotten.

Miss Susanna A. Matteson, of Auburn, Rhode Island, read the poem in preparation for a college thesis on the Spenserian stanza, which metrical form she does not admire, perhaps because of the enforced work. She writes: "Another poem that I read on the same occasion, 'The Revolt of Islam,' I would offer for the Ignoble Prize if I had any idea that it was eligible. [It is.] I am not very fond of the Spenserian stanza, anyway; it gives me the disconcerted feeling of one who, thinking he has reached the top of the staircase, finds he has still another step to go."

I welcome in the membership list of the Asolo Club, Mrs. Georgiana Lacy Spalding, of Santa Barbara, who writes, "It is the only hill town."

In a recent issue of *Scribner's*, I said that Browning was assigned to take Anne Thackeray *out* to dinner. Henry Alfred Todd, only a few days before his death, wrote me from the Century Club: "A hundred to one that Lady Ritchie said '*in* to dinner.' I never in my life heard an English man or woman say *out* to dinner—nor, for the matter of that, have I ever heard an American man or woman say '*in* to

AS I LIKE IT

dinner.' Try it on with your American and English friends."

This is interesting, and I respectfully refer it to H. L. Mencken. Oscar Wilde said that, after all, America and England were very much alike, "except, of course, the language."

The death of William Archer is a loss to the world of thought and letters, and a personal grief to me, for we had been friends many years. The last night I was in England, 29 September 1924, I dined with him at the Reform Club, and we had good talk. Throughout his career as a dramatic critic, he devoted his scholarship and persuasive powers toward the elevation of the drama. To him, more than to any other man, is due the English and American recognition of Ibsen; he endured an endless amount of ridicule and obloquy, surviving even Max Beer-bohm's terrible cartoon. Americans ought to remember Archer with affection, for I do not think any British writer has taken a more cordial attitude toward the United States. He loved Americans, loved the American theatre, and loved even our furnace-heated houses. He was a Scotsman, and proud of it; but his extensive travels and long sojourns in remote corners of the earth had made him a citizen of the world. Incidentally, I never heard any man or woman speak the English language with more precision or with a more excellent enunciation.

The recent elevation of Lord Jellicoe in the ranks of British nobility reminds me of the time, just after

AS I LIKE IT

the war, when I sat down to a late supper in a New York club with him and with that distinguished American, Charles M. Schwab. When I was told that I was to have the honour of a place at the small table, I supposed that I should see two men whose faces would bear the marks of the prodigious responsibilities and ceaseless labours forced upon them by the Great War. I do not see how any one could have borne a heavier burden than Admiral Jellicoe, who was in supreme command of the Grand Fleet; and everybody knows what Mr. Schwab carried through. To my amazement, both men looked to be in absolutely perfect condition. Admiral Jellicoe was the very model of a healthy old salt, laughing and telling stories as though he had never had a worry in his life; and Mr. Schwab was the incarnation of geniality. The physical capacity of certain men is fully as amazing to me as their supply of cerebration.

Among the new books, let me recommend *Memoirs of an Editor; Fifty Years of American Journalism*, by Edward P. Mitchell, formerly editor-in-chief of the New York *Sun*. There are over four hundred pages, and not one of them is dull. I am glad that Mr. Mitchell has stepped out from the cover of journalistic anonymity into the full light of authorship; for a man who can write such English as this ought not to fail of recognition. I see now why I, and every one else, used to read *The Sun*, whether we agreed with it or not; that editorial page, in Dana's and Mitchell's régime, was the most interesting in America. I remember one editorial, at the

AS I LIKE IT

time of President Cleveland's pronouncements on Venezuela, where in the first phrase, two birds were killed with one shot: "The New York *Evening Post*, which differed from President Cleveland on the only occasion when he happened to be right," etc. In Mr. Mitchell's book, American Presidents, from Lincoln to Coolidge, are passed in review, and interesting anecdotes told about them; many letters, from distinguished authors, are printed for the first time; and a complete portrait is made of Charles A. Dana. The book is packed with common sense, shrewd observation on public men, on manners, and on life; it is pervaded throughout with a love of humanity and faith in life. It might be used as a text-book on the art of living.

When I was a young man, I wrote an editorial for the New York *Sun*, sent it through the post, and was pleased to see it appear on the second day. So I can claim to be one of the anonymous authors of that editorial page. Incidentally, my article had the honour of receiving special comment in the United States Senate by Senator Hoar. Perhaps I ought to add that the comment was unfavourable.

John Masefield, whose skill in narrative-verse composition has been abundantly proved, has written a thriller-novel, *Sard Harker*. There are many lyrical passages in this prose, but the reader will not be able to linger over them and enjoy them, because the story is so exciting that one simply must find out what happens next. I am grateful to the author for so much entertainment; on a rainy day I

AS I LIKE IT

gave the novel to the famous golfer, Mr. Travis, and he told me it had saved his life.

The difficulty of sequel-writing is once more illustrated by the Frenchman, André Maurois, chiefly famous as the author of *Ariel*. His novel about Colonel Bramble was, I think, the most humorous book produced by the war; it had quality. Now he has endeavoured to carry on in a story called *Les Discours du Docteur O'Grady*, where the endeavour is more conspicuous than the result. It is a dull and worthless book.

I admire the American-Scandinavian Foundation for many things, and especially for the recent publication of *America of the Fifties: Letters of Fredrika Bremer*. These have been selected from the original voluminous collection, which appeared in 1853. I congratulate the editor, Adolph B. Benson, on his skill in selection and condensation, for I do not know when I have read a foreigner's impressions of America with more enjoyment. Fredrika Bremer was a famous Swedish writer, who at about the age of fifty travelled widely in the United States and wrote letters home to her sister. She is, of course, universally known in Sweden, where she has a place among standard authors; it is my hope that the republication of these letters in this volume will give her renewed vogue in America. The editor's comment is just and truthful: "We may safely assert that Miss Bremer's greatest claim to immortality abroad is based on her letters of travel. These are classics of their kind, as fresh and charming as on the day they were written, and the wealth of their in-

AS I LIKE IT

formation is enhanced by the sympathetic personality of the recorder as well as by their humorous, compelling style." I do not know of any traveller in America who spent time to better advantage. She seems to have seen everything worth seeing, to have heard everything worth hearing, to have met everybody worth knowing. She had many conversations with Emerson, which she reports in detail; she heard Daniel Webster make a great speech in the Senate; she made a pencil sketch of Washington Irving, she talked with those radicals, Phillips, Garrison, Sumner, and Theodore Parker; she dined with Longfellow, and liked the American wine; Whittier called on her; Charles Sumner read aloud to her a "poem in prose" called *The Great Stone Face*, by a writer named Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose latest work, *The Scarlet Letter*, "is making a great sensation, and is eulogized as a work of genius." She heard in church "one of the best extempore Christian discourses that I have ever heard in any country." The preacher was a young man out of the West, Henry Ward Beecher.

Possibly her literary skill was heightened by sympathy. At a time when there was more than a certain condescension in foreigners, this is what she wrote:

I cannot tell whether I rightly know the American character, but of this I am certain; that what I do know of it is more beautiful and more worthy to be loved than any other. Their hospitality and warm-heartedness, when their hearts are once warmed, are really overflowing and know

AS I LIKE IT

no bounds. And since so many travellers see and make a great ado about their failings, it is well that there should be some one who, before anything else, becomes acquainted with their virtues. And these national failings, so far as I can yet see them, may all be attributed to the youthful life of the people. In many cases I recognize precisely the faults of my own youth—the asking questions, want of reflection, want of observation of themselves and others, a boastful spirit, and so on. And how free from these failings and how critically alive to them are the best people in this country!

At this moment I am writing in Augusta, Georgia; the newspapers here are rejoicing in the fact that the Savannah River is to be reopened for navigation, and a fleet of steel steamers built; some of the most interesting pages by Miss Bremer deal with her voyage on a steamboat up this very stream.

John Galsworthy's reminiscences of Conrad, published in the January issue of *Scribner's*, make the best article on the subject that I have seen. It is not necessary that one famous novelist should write a literary criticism of the works of another; but it is his duty, at the appropriate time, to give the world the benefit of his intimate knowledge of his friend's character and personality. No man is so well qualified to perform this service for Conrad and for his readers as Galsworthy; his manner in performing it is in striking contrast to that of some others who have crowded the mourners. If only some Elizabethan had written a similar essay on Shakespeare!

AS I LIKE IT

It would have been worth tons of scholarly commentaries.

When Goethe died, his contemporaries were certain of the curiosity of posterity and fortunately did everything possible to satisfy it. But although Ben Jonson was fully aware of the immortal genius of his friend, and ranked his plays above all the works of Greece and Rome, he could not foresee the intense interest that people in the twentieth century would have in his personality, character, temperament, habits, and opinions.

One of the most important books of the year 1925 is the second volume in David Alec Wilson's huge biography of Carlyle, which takes us to the publication of *The French Revolution*. Mr. Wilson has a way of making every detail interesting. It is probably the most valuable biographical work of our time, and when it is finished, we shall know Carlyle as Boswell made us know Johnson. I can think of no other *Life* with which this can fitly be compared. Although Carlyle was a great writer, he himself was more interesting than anything he wrote. Much new light is thrown on Jeffrey, and one sees plainly why Carlyle, after criticising Jeffrey's political attitude with severity, wrote, "Yet, on the whole, he is about *the best man I ever saw.*"

I take pains in these pages to recommend only those novels which I feel sure discriminating readers will enjoy. Let me say then that *The Three Host-*

AS I LIKE IT

ages, by John Buchan, is so captivating a story, takes and holds such a clutch on one's attention, that any one who does not enjoy it ought to consult a physician.

I nominate for the Ignoble Prize, Trial by Jury. More than forty years ago I heard that distinguished jurist, Edward J. Phelps, say in a public lecture, "Trial by Jury is a good thing which has outlived its usefulness." To-day it looks like a bad thing which continues to demonstrate its uselessness.

IX

WE are living, as every one ought to know, in the greatest creative period of dramatic literature that the world has ever seen. I do not mean that any one to-day is writing better plays than *Antigone*, *Alcestis*, *King Lear*; I mean there has never been a time when the whole world showed such activity in the theatre as during the last fifty years. During this half-century, the foremost writers in nearly every country have been dramatists. In Norway, Ibsen and Björnson; in Sweden, Strindberg; in Russia, Tolstoi, Chekhov, Gorki, Andreev; in Germany and Austria, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Schnitzler, Bahr, Wedekind, Hofmannsthal; in France, Rostand; in Belgium, Maeterlinck and Verhaeren; in Hungary, Molnar; in Italy, D'Annunzio; in Spain, Echegaray and Benavente; in Great Britain and Ireland, Shaw, Barrie, Galsworthy, Wilde, Pinero, Jones, Granville-Barker, Dunsany, Synge, Yeats, Ervine, while Hardy began publishing dramas over twenty years ago; in America, O'Neill stands among our foremost original writers, and has begun to make an impression on Europe. There is surely no historical parallel to this. There are giants in our days.

Such an unprecedented amount of creative activity has caused a flood of books about the drama, works of criticism, anthologies, yearly records, and so on; I, a college professor whose speciality for thirty years has been contemporary literature, find it quite impossible to keep abreast of this one particular

AS I LIKE IT

stream. For the benefit of Scribnerians, however, I shall mention from time to time certain books that seem to me useful and important.

Thus, one of the best that I have seen is called, properly enough, *A Study of Modern Drama*, and is by Barrett H. Clark, whose previous publications have made him an authority. On the title-page, this work is described as "A Handbook for the Study and Appreciation of the Best Plays, European, English, and American, of the Last Half-Century." The book contains 527 pages, deals with over sixty dramatists, gives biographical details, a complete and dated list of works, an analysis and provocative criticism of every play, with questions thereupon, a list of critical books on every author; the bibliography at the end fills sixty-three pages, and the index thirty-eight. Mr. Clark is an excellent guide; his knowledge, increased by foreign travel and interviews, is remarkably extensive, his industry is enormous, and he seems to be free from fads and prejudices. This book ought to be invaluable to reading-clubs.

I am glad to see that Clayton Hamilton, who, a few years ago, issued a Library Edition of the plays of Pinero, has now performed the same service for Henry Arthur Jones. He has selected twenty characteristic works, and issued them in four handsome volumes, with biographical and critical details. I shall never forget the night when, in company with my friend (now my colleague) Professor George P. Baker, of Harvard, I attended the first performance of one of Jones's plays. First, we went up to the dramatist's rooms in the Hotel Marie Antoinette,

AS I LIKE IT

New York. Did we find there the works of his contemporaries? We did not. We found that his travelling library consisted of Aristotle and other classic authorities. We sat down to dinner, and although Mr. Jones had some fifty times passed through the harrowing first-night ordeal, he was horribly nervous. He explained that he had not been able to sleep; Baker comforted him by telling him that wouldn't hurt him any, if he didn't worry about it.

We went to the theatre, and sat in a box. Baker and I, so far as our place would permit, looked at the stage. Jones never regarded the actors; he looked steadily at the *audience*, as a man on trial for murder would look at the jury. It was a painful evening, and I decided I would never accompany an author again on the occasion of a first night. I admire Mr. Jones, and I very much liked that particular play. It failed.

But in the next Sunday edition of the *New York Sun*, Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, who was soon to be expelled from that paper, wrote a magnificent review of the piece, which should have comforted the dramatist not a little. I was glad to see in Mr. Percy Hammond's corner of the *Herald Tribune* the other day that Mr. Eaton is his favourite dramatic critic. He has long been mine.

Later I had the pleasure of accompanying Mr. Jones to another first night, which was a triumph for the playwright. I mean the play was.

Mr. Upton Sinclair has just launched a violent attack on Yale University as a fortress of convention-

AS I LIKE IT

ality and plutocracy. But in one respect he is in error. He says: "This New England plutocracy selects with meticulous care the professors who train the young. These trainers are required to be gentlemen of the most extreme conventionality . . . they wear their neckties exactly right." How ardently I wish this accusation in my own case were true! Although I give some personal attention to the matter every morning before breakfast, I make a shocking failure of it. There is soon a horrible hiatus between the collar of my soft shirt and necktie. I look on the undergraduates who come into my classroom, and every man has his necktie snugly fitted into the isosceles triangle. How in the world do they accomplish this? Mine is in a scandalous condition, and I cannot persuade it to stand up to its work. I assure my friend Mr. Sinclair that if the professors at Yale were really chosen for the way they wear their neckties, I should have been dismissed long ago.

I am writing in Augusta, Georgia, the home of Tyrus Raymond Cobb. I have the honour—but only on the first tee—of playing golf frequently with Walter Travis. We have in the hotel a morning Conversation Club at which Mr. Travis presides, and where both celestial and terrestrial matters are thoroughly discussed. Last Wednesday we were joined by Mr. John Montgomery Ward, whose reminiscences we listened to with eager attention. He was pitcher for the Providence baseball club when that organisation was a member of the National League; and contemporary moundsmen, who think

AS I LIKE IT

they are overworked when forced to pitch twice a week, would be shocked to know that in the year 1879 Mr. Ward pitched sixty-six consecutive games. I asked him about Radbourn, one of the greatest of all players, and Mr. Ward told me an interesting story of how Radbourn came to enter a major league. The Providence nine took a day off in the West, and played a fast young team in Dubuque, Iowa; they expected an easy victory, but were held scoreless inning after inning by the young Dubuque pitcher, whose name was Radbourn. Only with the greatest difficulty did Providence win the game. As Mr. Ward was a professional pitcher, he watched his young and inexperienced opponent with considerable interest; the next year he made enquiries about him, and found that he had gone to another city, had not pitched very well, and it was thought that he would renounce baseball, as for a whole season he had done nothing. The year following, when the Providence magnates were looking around for an understudy to Ward, the latter remembered both the excellence of the Dubuque boy's work and his name; he recommended the management to secure him; they did so. In 1884, and almost entirely through the skill of Radbourn, Providence won the national championship. He might never have been heard of if it had not been for the chance of Ward's seeing him in Dubuque.

Radbourn is dead, but not forgotten. He was the greatest pitcher I ever saw, and no bishop ever conducted himself with more dignity.

Mr. Ward told me an amusing story of one of my Yale pupils, the famous "Dutch" Carter. After

AS I LIKE IT

Ward had left Providence, he became the manager of the New York Giants, and when Carter was a freshman, the Yale team came to the metropolis to have a game with the professionals. Ordinarily a college team is no match for the leaguers, and the latter do not take their learned antagonists seriously. But Carter had such blinding speed that the New York batsmen did not dare to stand up to the plate. Ward remonstrated with them: "You can't hit him if you draw away like that." They answered that they had no desire to be killed. After the game, Carter repaired to the Giants' dressing-room, and was having his arm rubbed by the trainer. "What's the matter?" asked Mr. Ward. "Is your arm lame?" "It is awfully sore and lame," said the Yale freshman. Whereupon the New York players burst into roars of laughter. "Don't you believe me?" asked Carter. "Oh, we were just wondering how much speed you have when you are not suffering with a lame arm," was the reply.

It will be remembered that, after his retirement from baseball, Mr. Ward became a professional lawyer and one of the most expert amateur golf-players in America. He must be nearly seventy now, but what chiefly impressed me—apart from the interest of his conversation—was the extraordinary clarity of his eyes. They are as bright and unblemished as a child's. I have never seen such brilliance in old eyes except in those of sea-captains and of others who have lived in the open air.

After I had sent in this manuscript and before I

AS I LIKE IT

had received the proofs, Mr. Ward died here in the hospital after a very brief illness—pneumonia. His death was a terrible shock to us, and, though I had had only one morning's talk with him, I felt I had lost a friend, for whom I had affection and respect.

The men are not the only good talkers in this hotel. Mrs. Cabot Morse, of Boston, made a *mot* worthy of an eighteenth-century French salon. Said she: "I shall call you not professor, but doctor; for you can tell a doctor everything, and you can't tell a professor anything."

Mr. John M. Shedd, of New York, suggests the coinage of a new word, "vidience," to designate an "assemblage of persons who look at a moving picture or an art exhibition." I should think "spectators" might answer, but it is not so collective as "vidience," and, anyhow, I like to see the English language, which is poor in synonyms, enriched by so good an addition. It is, I think, unfortunate from the moral point of view that the words "audience" and "spectators" apply so accurately to those who witness respectively a ball game and a play in the theatre. Let us use *vidience* whenever we feel like it.

It is not often that I recommend a dictionary for general reading, except to cross-word lunatics; although the boy Browning, when he determined to become a poet, read from beginning to end Johnson's Dictionary, and Professor Beers used to teach a college course in Webster's Unabridged. But I am certain that all intelligent people will find the recently

AS I LIKE IT

published *A Concise Etymological Dictionary of Modern English*, by Ernest Weekley, despite the author's name, excellent daily reading. It is a fascinating book, and very difficult to lay down; the history of every word is briefly given, and often is so dramatic that one is forced to keep reading until one has forgotten why he opened the book. I am sorry to find no mention of the word *kilter*, because, while a thing can be out of kilter, it apparently can never be in it. How then did it get out?

Two fine books that will interest lovers of the sea are *The Tale of Our Merchant Ships*, by Charles E. Cartwright, with illustrations by the author, and *Magellan*, by Arthur Hildebrand, whose *Blue Water* I praised in these columns some months ago. Mr. Cartwright's stirring story of sailing ships makes me mourn their extinction and the loss of the glory they brought to the United States of America. He states many facts quite new to me. It seems that the big, full-rigged American ships of the fifties, which had to sail the seven seas with enormous cargoes, made faster time than has ever been achieved by the modern sailing yacht, which is built only for speed. Did you know that? Again: "*The Romance of the Seas*, the last McKay vessel of this class, carried skysails and royal studdingsails clear across the Pacific from San Francisco to Hong Kong on one of her voyages in this year (1854), never once shortening sail during the entire passage." A great Liverpool firm, wishing to employ for the Australian trade the finest ships in the world, sent to McKay in Boston to have them built, and on her maiden run from Boston to

AS I LIKE IT

Liverpool the *Lightning* "covered in one day's sailing the amazing distance of four hundred and thirty-six miles, the greatest single day's performance ever made under canvas." It was twenty-three years before any *steamship* equalled the speed of the *Lightning*.

Those Yankee skippers, carrying skysails and going seventeen knots, would jeer as they passed foreign ships under double-reefed topsails, as well they might. An example of the gusto of our author's style may be seen in this paragraph:

These noble American ships were all built of wood, and were painted black, sometimes with a gold or crimson stripe about the hull. The lower masts were usually painted white up to the tops, with the lower yards and bowsprits black. To an impressive air of power and speed they added a trim and yacht-like beauty, quite different from the iron sailing-ships of later years. They are gone, with the men who sailed them, but the vision of the lordly clipper, her high-tiered sky-sails and wide-winged stuns'ls against the background of the long gray seas, sweeping round Cape Horn with the sea-birds squalling in her wake, still dwells in the mind, an inspiring memory to those who love ships and the ocean.

There is a pall of tragedy over young Mr. Hildebrand's last book, *Magellan*. I fear he did not live to see its publication. I knew that he had gone up into arctic seas with a small boat and a few men as adventurous as himself, and as nothing had been heard from this mad expedition, I wrote his publishers, and received the following letter from Mr. Harrison Smith:

AS I LIKE IT

I am sorry to say that with the rest of the crew of the *Leif Ericson* he seems to be lost, and even the most optimistic are now inclined to give up the faint hope that remained. He was last heard of on September 8th, when the yacht was reported leaving Greenland. Since then there has been no news of any sort, although a government vessel has been up North and fishermen and traders of the Newfoundland coast have been warned. The Hudson Bay Company has been given a fund raised by Hildebrand's yachting friends to send an expedition, but I am afraid that it is pretty hopeless. It is particularly dreadful for me not only as an old friend of "Hilly's," but also one who has watched his work and believed that he was at last on the threshold of success as a literary man. He had the toughest sort of struggle trying to get to the point where his writing was important, and it seems rather pitiable that he should disappear just when his latest book was published.

Arthur Hildebrand ought not to be forgotten, for he was a devildare seaman with the soul of a poet. His *Blue Water* and *Magellan* are too good for oblivion.

My friend Clarence Day, Jr., sends me a copy of *The Sewanee Review* for January-March 1924, in which a young woman named Frances Theresa Russell, of the Leland Stanford Junior University, attempts to add to the prestige of Browning by proving that he was a pessimist. Mr. Day comments shrewdly: "Doesn't it just show that in a great author every one finds what they want?" It does. But the interesting thing to me is that pessimism should add to any one's intellectual reputation. There is of course a certain percentage of healthy

AS I LIKE IT

pessimism in every great mind; but pessimism itself is no more a sign of cerebration than optimism. The world is divided into two classes: those who wish to be feared and those who wish to be loved. The former are the real egotists.

Speaking of Clarence Day, Jr., he was an undergraduate pupil of mine when I gave a course in modern novels in the academic year 1895-1896. This course was regarded as revolutionary, and made such a rumpus that it was gravely condemned in an editorial in the London *Daily Telegraph* and delightfully parodied in *Punch*, where the tutor told the undergraduate he must not waste his time reading Euripides until he had faithfully prepared his lesson in Mrs. Humphry Ward. At the end of my year's experiment, I found it advisable, even necessary, not to repeat it. However, the dean of the college told me that if the course had been a failure, there would have been no objection to its continuance.

At the semiannual examination, Clarence Day, Jr. handed in a paper in which I could detect no inaccuracy. In those days, if an examination paper was absolutely correct, the writer of it did not receive a perfect mark—the perfect mark being regarded as an unattainable ideal. Mr. Day's paper, however, was not only perfect in its facts, it showed such originality, imagination, and wit that I determined to give it the perfect mark. I showed it to the dean, and he said: "You cannot avoid marking such a paper perfect." Then I told Clarence that if I lived long enough, I should be reading books with his name on

AS I LIKE IT

the title-page. This prophecy has been abundantly fulfilled.

Every teacher worth his salt hopes that he will be surpassed by his pupils.

One of the most thrilling plays of the season is available only in book form. This is *The Dark Hours*, by Don Marquis. It may seem strange that the author of the farce-comedy, *The Old Soak*, should write a profound, reverent tragedy on the death of Jesus Christ; but it will seem strange only to those who know little about human nature. *The Dark Hours* is a contemporary passion play, written by a true poet and dramatist; it is deeply impressive. I like almost as well as the play itself the author's note at the end, which is reverent and sensible. There are many things in this present time to discourage those who believe in morality and religion; but surely, our age, with all its sins, is nearer the Founder of Christianity than any other epoch. Never was there a time when He received the homage of so many different minds.

It is interesting and gratifying to observe that all classes of people who take any interest in idealism are contributing to the building of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Which reminds me of an interesting discussion I had twenty years ago with a member of the faculty of an Eastern university. We were talking of this same cathedral, and he said: "It will never be finished." I asked him if he meant they could not raise the necessary funds. "Oh, no," said

AS I LIKE IT

he, "but during the time necessary to raise the money Christianity will become extinct." How many individuals, now extinct, have made similar predictions!

One of the most interesting men I have met in the last sixty years is William J. Matheson, of Long Island and Coconut Grove. I had many good talks with him during my visit to Florida last December. If he would only accede to my request, and write an autobiography, he would produce one of the most interesting books of our time. The story of his life is amazingly dramatic. Instead of sitting down, as he ought to have done, and writing Chapter I, he advised me to read P. W. Wilson's *Life of Robert C. Ogden*, called *An Unofficial Statesman*. I am ashamed to say that I had never heard of Ogden, but I now recommend the book to all who are interested in the romance of business, and who wish to become acquainted with the career of a man who combined success in selling goods with unselfish devotion to national ideals.

Two of the most important books of the year are Amy Lowell's *Life of Keats* and Professor Tinker's *Letters of Boswell*. It is a pleasure to me to find in Miss Lowell's preface that she would not have written this mighty work if I had not invited her to Yale to deliver a lecture on the Francis Bergen Memorial Foundation, on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Keats. (Francis Bergen was a brilliant Yale graduate who lost his life in the World War. I remember her lecture very well, and the excitement of the students at the Elizabethan

AS I LIKE IT

Club when Miss Lowell pronounced emphatically her opinion of Rabindranath Tagore.)

The chief value of this monumental biography lies in its new material. To all students of Keats the work is and will remain indispensable. Even if Miss Lowell had done no creative writing in verse, she would still have achieved a life's labour in this book alone. She has been able to correct many errors in previous biographies, and to supply an immense amount of new information. Her criticisms are full of valuable suggestions. The only defect of the work is in its style; in her absorption with her material, and in her hatred of mushy sentimentality, she is sometimes over-minute and sometimes careless.

Keats is the most astonishing of the world's poets; never has any other individual written so much supremely beautiful verse in so short a time. He died at the age of twenty-five. The shortness of his life came home to me when I invited Miss Lowell to deliver this lecture. For when I had for some years been a member of the Yale faculty, I delivered a lecture commemorating the hundredth anniversary of Keat's *birth*. And you are right in saying, comparing the brevity of the life of such a man and the longevity of another, who is of no importance,

But you were living before that,
And also you are living after!

Well, I can't help it. I would fain die if I could bring Keats back; but as I can't, I am fain to live as long as possible. I wrote that sentence to illustrate two correct uses of the word *fain*, a word so commonly used incorrectly.

AS I LIKE IT

Miss Lowell's *Life of Keats* fills two portly volumes of over six hundred pages each; there is an abundance of valuable illustrations; the appendix will be of great value to scholars; and the analytical index covers more than fifty pages. Despite the great length of the work, it is steadily interesting, because of the vivid personality of the man, and the vivid personality of the woman. Such a biography is a credit to American scholarship.

The death of Keats was the greatest loss English literature ever sustained. He had the Shakespearian felicity of language, and the intellectual advance displayed in his letters is so remarkable that I believe he would have become the second poet in British history had he reached the age of fifty. Genius was never more mysterious, never more independent of heredity; in his father's stable John found the only horse not there—Pegasus.

Professor Tinker's edition of the *Letters of Boswell* has been reviewed both in England and in America not only with enthusiasm but in a manner that ought to give the editor every reason for justifiable pride. Schopenhauer said that letters revealed an individual more intimately and accurately than conversation; Boswell has completely given himself away. The universal interest in both Johnson and Boswell—universal, I mean, among English-speaking peoples—has never been so great as now. It is not easy to explain, but the answer lies somewhere in *das weite Land*, Personality. Ben Jonson and others have said that in order to stand high in creative literature, one must be a good man. It is not

AS I LIKE IT

true. One might be a murderer, a traitor, a coward, or an ass, and yet be a literary genius. Imagine what the Literary Club would have thought if some one had maintained that Boswell was a greater writer than Doctor Johnson! Yet such is the fact.

Both Boswell and Johnson are interesting chiefly to English-speaking people. The Russians, Germans, Austrians, Italians, and French care little about them. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is one of the supreme works of art in English prose; but it has had comparatively little effect on foreign literature. The reason, I suppose, is that Johnson was one hundred per cent British, and his talk appeals mainly to Anglo-Saxons. Goethe's *Conversations with Eckermann* appeals to every intelligent person, no matter of what nationality. Delightful as the best of all English biographies is, if I had to choose, I would take Eckermann. Johnson is interesting partly because of his faults—his insularity, obstinacy, and prejudices; Goethe is interesting because he had "the most spacious mind since Aristotle," because he illuminated everything he touched except mathematics, and because he was so far ahead of his time that he is more modern than we.

It is often said that high-grade college professors can be divided into two classes, those who are good teachers and those who excel in original research. Professor Tinker proves that it is possible to achieve eminence in both. His work on Boswell is an addition to English scholarship, and I have never seen in any classroom a better teacher.

X

SINCLAIR LEWIS resembles Tamburlaine: he is the Scourge of God. He can point with pride to a mountain of American skulls, his unaided achievement. Of the three Sinclairs, Upton has slain his hundreds, May her thousands, and Lewis his ten thousands. The announcement of a new book by Lewis sets the storm signals flying; nothing will survive except what is well built on a sound foundation. Joseph Conrad, comparing himself with one of the most famous of his contemporaries, told me: "He hates humanity, but thinks he can improve it; I love humanity, but think it is unimprovable."

Arrowsmith is Lewis's best book. It is not so encyclopædic as *Main Street*, and it is not probable that *Arrowsmith* will become a generic name like *Babbitt*, but the book contains heights and depths not to be found in the two previous novels. Even if the reader does not believe what is said of doctors in general or of the foundations for medical research, the whole book is worth reading for the sake of one character—Leora. I insist that *Main Street* and *Babbitt* are nearer caricature than realism; but Leora is a living, breathing, extraordinarily lovable woman, the greatest of her author's creations.

And there is a good reason for this. The scientific part of the book is, as the author manfully confesses, "worked up"; he does not know much more about science than I, and he could not possibly know less. In order to set up the framework for his novel, he

AS I LIKE IT

must have worked harder than many a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. While all these formulæ are second-hand and used by a man who has learned how to use any material necessary for the structure of a novel, *Leora* is as natural as an exhalation, as inevitable as a sunrise.

Which proves, if any one had doubted it—I have never doubted it since the year 1906—that Sinclair Lewis is a literary artist.

With a sure instinct for what is contemporary, he chose for hero a physician. In 1888 it was natural enough that Mrs. Humphry Ward should have selected a clergyman; but during the last fifteen years the doctor is the winning card. People so different as Mary Roberts Rinehart and Arthur Schnitzler knew what they were about when they wrote *K* and *Doctor Bernhardt*. The majority of readers are composed of women, many of whom have turned from the priest to the doctor. The Deity universally worshipped to-day is neither God nor Mammon. He is Hygiene.

The mystery of the priest and the glamour of the soldier unite in the modern surgeon; and Lewis, who knows what the world is thinking and talking about, made no mistake in choosing Arrowsmith.

I do not need to recommend *Arrowsmith*; you will read it anyhow. I read it with enjoyment and with renewed and increased admiration for its author's astonishing gift of mimicry.

After reading this brilliant novel, close the book and your eyes, and think how many country physicians are on their rounds healing the sick and cheer-

AS I LIKE IT

ing the faint-hearted. Thank God for the surgeons, the practitioners, and the specialists! And you, who delight in seeing the medicos satirised, you yourself will perhaps to-morrow . . .

A curious coincidence is the simultaneous publication of *Arrowsmith* or *Martin Arrowsmith*, as it is irritatingly named in the English edition, and *The Painted Veil*, by Somerset Maugham. Both novels have as hero one who is an M.D. and a bacteriologist; in both novels he goes to a town where the inhabitants are dying like flies, fights the disease, and makes valuable experiments.

This is the only similarity I have observed between Maugham and Lewis, the ultra-sophisticated Englishman and the primitive American. Lewis hates convention. You will remember that his men are always trying to escape. The Main Street doctor rebels by taking his boots off, Babbitt by going fishing and rejoicing in vulgarity, Arrowsmith by a laboratory in a forest.

Yet I believe that one can be as virile in New York as in Montana, and as masculine in evening clothes as in overalls.

I suppose not a day passes that I do not think of Goethe. This morning as I was shaving with a new and particularly bad Gillette blade, something sharper than the razor entered my head. Why is it that Goethe's opinions and ideas are so much more interesting than his sins? The average man is more attentive to a recital of the sensual indulgences of a literary genius than to his published works; indeed,

AS I LIKE IT

many of our younger critics had a quite new interest in Wordsworth when it was discovered that he had an illegitimate child. But it is never so with Goethe. The history of his girls is nothing like so thrilling as the history of his ideas. It is one more example of the triumph of mind over matter.

Mr. Frank Bergen, of Newark, a distinguished lawyer and publicist, writes me:

You inquire why so many people wake up suddenly at 2:45 A. M., and are struck with the swiftness and unexpectedness of a blow by some worry, etc. I think the reason is that one's strength of mind comes and goes or is able to function *pari passu* with his vitality; and as a person's vitality is at the lowest ebb about 3 A. M. that would probably account for the fact that those who wake up at 2:45 A. M. are a yielding prey to their miseries. The body, in my opinion, is merely a tool of a spark of mind, or as Herbert Spencer prefers to say, of "that infinite and eternal Energy from which all things proceed"—and can only exhibit or express itself according to the condition of its tool. *Sana mens in sano corpore, et vice versa.*

As the remark of Hugo—"Jesus wept: Voltaire smiled"—seems, in some way unaccountable to me, to have kept outside the range of your reading until recently, perhaps the *Chicago Tribune* didn't tell you where it may be found. It is from an address by Victor Hugo on the centenary of the death of Voltaire, May 30, 1878. The address contains other striking expressions. At the beginning, as I remember, Hugo said: "One hundred years ago today a man died. He died immortal."

I once read a book which I found so full of information and so well written that I wonder why it is so little known. This is *Vanished Arizona*, by Mrs.

AS I LIKE IT

Summerhayes. Let me advise all who can get their hands on a copy to read it. I have just received a letter from Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, of New York, asking for information about the author. My copy of this work I lent to a young man, *and he returned it.*

As librarians are not omniscient and infallible, the same is true even of *Scribner's Magazine*. For Mr. Clark Alberti, of San Diego, calls my attention to the following typographical error in the February issue:

One of the first things I glimpsed was the date "Bagnio, P. I." on page 61 of "What Do You Think About It," and I have been wondering if the proofreader still survives after letting such a "howler" go through such an eminently proper publication as *Scribner's*. And what will be the emotions of the fashionable set of the famous summer resort of Baguio, Island of Luzon, which of course is included within *Scribner's* far-reaching circulation?

I have never been in Luzon; but if the fashionable set there are what some of our novelists say they are elsewhere, I think they would believe that the proofreader simply called a spade by its name.

One of the most interesting Americans in Europe is Hudson R. Hawley, of the United Press. I renewed my acquaintance with him in Paris last October, where he is as witty in French as in his native tongue. After the "atrocities" began in 1914, he contributed to F. P. A.'s column the following conundrum, illustrating the antithesis between Great Britain and Germany: "Well, Britannia rules the

AS I LIKE IT

waves"—of course you guess the answer. "Boz" Hawley, as he is affectionately known, must some day give us in book form his impressions of Europe.

Professor A. E. Richards, of the University of New Hampshire, nominates for the Ignoble Prize the phrase "along this line."

To my mind it is a combination of words which for sheer throttling power in respect to vocabulary growth is unbeatable. . . . The clergyman, the barber, the flapper, the college president, the drummer, the chauffeur, and the private secretary get hung up "along this line," both in their daily speech and in their recently published autobiographies.

It is indeed one of the most irritating of all hand-me-downs. Harry Thurston Peck used to declaim against it, only he put it in the plural, "along these lines." But even in the plural, it is singularly offensive.

My remarks on toothpicks have drawn a variety of interesting information. Miss Kathryn E. Ritchie, of Chicago:

Have you ever read Giovanni Della Casa's "Galateo" written back in the middle fifteen hundreds in Italy? [I have not.] . . . It is quite evident that the toothpick "damned its manipulator" even then, as now. The author has this to say: "Neither is it gentleman like to carry a sticke in your mouth from the table when you rise, like a bird that builds her a nest: or put it behind your eare, for that is a Barbar's trick. And to weare a Tooth-picke about your neck: of all fashions, that is the worst. For besides

AS I LIKE IT

that it is a bauld jewell for a gentleman to pull forth of his bosome, and putteth men in mind of those Tooth-drawers, that sit one their benche in the streates: it makes men also to thinke that the man loves his belly full well, and is provided for it. And I see no reason, why they should not as well carry a spoone, about their neckes, as a tooth-picke."

Miss Mary Johnston, of the Woman's College, Jacksonville, Illinois:

Please do not call Robert Ferrars a highly polished gentleman! It is in the sixth chapter of Part Two of *Sense and Sensibility* that he buys his toothpick-case. He stares impertinently at Elinor and Marianne, and is described as having "a person and face of strong, natural sterling insignificance, though adorned in first style of fashion." In the next sentence Jane Austen refers to the "puppyism of his manner," and he leaves the shop "with a happy air of real conceit and affected indifference." I think his is the only toothpick in her novels—and that, perhaps, goes to show what she thought of them and of those who used them.

Here is another example of the poverty of the English language, brought to my attention by Howard Austin Snyder, of Bermuda.

You will no doubt remember that at one time pupils were taught that our word "Yes" could be used either in reply to an inquiry or in response to a positive or a negative proposition, signifying assent or agreement—such as, "It is colder than yesterday"—"Yes." "It is not so cold as yesterday?" "Yes"—meaning, "I agree with you." This distinction seems to have been lost, so that to the last form we answer "No" signifying agreement as the Yes formerly did. The French very wisely use the word "oui" for assent to a positive statement, and "si" for agreement

AS I LIKE IT

with a negative statement. If there is enough regard for exactness remaining among the people, should we not devise a word corresponding to "*si*"?

There isn't; but we should. The difference between *si* and *oui* is useful; many years ago, when I was trying to learn to speak French, it maddened me when I instinctively said *oui*, thinking of *si* too late. But one day in St. Petersburg, while standing near the Hermitage, a Frenchman approached me and said: "I suppose the Hermitage is not yet open?" and I said: "*Si!*" I felt happy all day. It gives me a glow of self-satisfaction even now.

"Yes?" interrogatively, except over the telephone, should be used only ironically, as for example: "I won first prize at last night's bridge." "Yes?"—meaning, did you really, and if so, what of it?

The Germans have an interrogative of quotidian and prodigious usefulness, which we might well borrow. I remember how helpful I once found it. We were on a Rhine steamer, I was talking with a grizzled German, and as we passed Bonn, we saw a building with an enormous sign, indicating that it was a hospital for women. My German acquaintance remarked unemphatically, "My first wife died there." Now what to say? I could not say, "How unfortunate!" for his second wife was present. Nor could I shout, "Hurrah!" as the occasion hardly seemed to call for hilarity. Suddenly I remembered the blessed word, and with an expression of well-feigned interest, I said, "*So?*"

A Polish student once drew for me a distinction

AS I LIKE IT

between the superficial manners of the French and of the Germans. He said: If you tell a colossal falsehood to a German he will shout brutally, "Nicht möglich!" Tell the same story to a Frenchman, and although he has no faith either in you or in your story, he will say politely, "Très intéressant, Monsieur."

Yet I found more kindness in southern Germany than anywhere in France. My experience does not lead to any generalisations, for if one behaves oneself, one can get along anywhere. Yet Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry expressed it rather well when he said that in Paris you feel as if you were surrounded by polite foes.

I believe all national generalisations are false. I care nothing for a man's nationality; only for his individuality. For example: even before the war we were told that Prussian military officers were insufferable; no doubt this was and is true of some of them. But the only Prussian lieutenants whom I knew intimately abroad, Schiemann and Remmets, were as modest, kindly, and considerate as any of my American friends.

I had an amusing time with Lieutenant Remmets. We were in Paris together in 1903. At that time he could not talk English, I could not talk German, and we were both learning to talk French. We used to go to the theatre together, and on the street-cars that carried us thither we conversed in such horrible French that our fellow passengers gave us the closest attention, punctuated with roars of laughter. I suppose they wondered why on earth

AS I LIKE IT

we did not talk our own language; but we couldn't. We drew groups of excited listeners wherever we went—his French with a German accent, and mine with an American, was a speech not to be tolerated by gods or men. Yet I understood his French better than that spoken by Parisians, and he had the same experience with mine.

Here are some good books for summer reading, and by summer reading I mean exactly what I mean by winter, autumn, or spring reading. *Reminiscences*, by the Reverend Professor A. H. Sayce, shows that the life of an archæologist may be as adventurous, variegated, and dangerous as that of a soldier. In the year 1889 I had a talk with Professor Mahaffy, of Dublin, who by the way is frequently mentioned in this book, and after expressing his affection for Sayce, he said: "But the poor fellow is dying; his lungs are gone." Had the jovial and robust Mahaffy been told that Sayce would outlive him, he would not have believed it; but Mahaffy departed some years ago, and Sayce is yet alive. His book of reminiscences is to me a joy and delight, for he has spent his eighty years doing just two things: recovering from fatal illnesses (including snake bite) and making new discoveries. His eyes gave out entirely in his early youth, so he has been reading cuneiform inscriptions and Greek manuscripts all his days and nights. Mortally and chronically ill with tuberculosis, he has eaten, drunk, and slept on land and sea, where the normal athlete would have died of exposure or indigestion or heart

AS I LIKE IT

failure. I have no doubt that his intellectual curiosity has kept his frail body alive, for he has not yet had time to die. Life is too interesting.

Another book of reminiscences, extremely animated, is *A Soldier's Memories*, by Major-General Sir George Younghusband; this is a revised version of a work that appeared originally about ten years ago. Here is the typical British soldier, fearless, delighting in battle, never questioning either the justice of God or that of the British Empire, fully persuaded that it is better for brown men to be slain by British bullets than to survive without British supervision, doing the day's work in exactly the manner prescribed as perfect by Rudyard Kipling. He loves fighting, food, and conversation; has no nerves and no doubts. A man of action.

An even more diverting book of memories is *Adventures in Peru*, by C. H. Prodgers. Prodgers must have been one of the best fellows in the world, and I hope to meet him in heaven, where he will be easily recognisable by his size—on earth he weighed two hundred and eighty pounds. His vast bulk was driven by so powerful a motor of curiosity and vitality that, in the language of the Irishman, he was always visiting places where the hand of man had never set foot. Perhaps you will buy his book when I tell you that he was a combination of Hotspur and Falstaff. He had a passionate love of danger, and his enormous frame was shaken every day by Garгантuan mirth. Furthermore, if you have any hopeless disease, read this book, and then visit the bath

AS I LIKE IT

in South America which he recommends; you will be cured in two weeks. Good old Prodgers!

Among the new novels, *The Constant Nymph*, by Margaret Kennedy, is especially notable. The jaded reader will get a new sensation. What an extraordinary menagerie was Sanger's circus! Great musical composers are so abnormal that compared with ordinary citizens they are downright mad. Sanger and his pupil, like some other musicians, cared only for music; they cared nothing whatever for the effect of music on civilisation, society, humanity, or individuals, *but only for music*. This is why, I suppose, neither England nor America has ever produced a composer of the first rank. Alas, we have too much common sense.

A novel that has been fulsomely praised during the last year, I find dull—E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*. It must interest those who have been in India and those who are interested in the colonial policies of the British Empire; but its enormous sale in the United States rather surprises me. I made one brave attempt to read it, and got stuck in the underbrush. I like much better his imaginative and charming book, *The Celestial Omnibus*; but I like best of all *A Room with a View*.

An admirable and thrilling mystery novel is *The House of the Arrow*, by A. E. W. Mason. You can't let it alone if you read the first chapter. Furthermore it takes me back to Dijon, where as I en-

AS I LIKE IT

tered my name on the hotel register in 1890, I found above it that of Phillips Brooks. "What, is he here?" I asked idiotically. "Yes," said the clerk, "and he is accompanied by his two daughters."

I did not suppose, although Arnold Bennett can be occasionally both platitudinous and commonplace, that he could be actually dull. But if *The Bright Island* is not a dull play, I never read one. And it is clear that the success of John Galsworthy's *Old English* is owing chiefly to the acting. I found it unreadable.

A brilliant novel is Laurence Meynell's *Mockbeggar*. During the opening chapters, I thought he was what Owen Wister's cowboy called Browning, a "smarty"; but I revised this hasty and false estimate. It is a fine book, where the froth and foam on the surface of the style rise from depths of thought.

Two young men who deserve encouragement and applause are George Shively, whose first novel, *Initiation*, is full of promise, and Robert McClure, author of *The Dominant Blood*, a good story with living characters. Both books should be read as a counterweight to *The Plastic Age*. Students know one another better than any member of the faculty can possibly know them.

Although to many of his readers the late John Morley seemed somewhat cold, I read with avidity everything by and about him. Therefore to those of similar mind, I vigorously recommend *John Viscount Morley*, by John H. Morgan. The intimate

AS I LIKE IT

biography of a pacifist by a soldier is in itself somewhat noteworthy; in this case it affords one more proof of the immense esteem and affection felt for Honest John by those who knew him well. And no one, in late years, knew him better than Mr. Morgan. It is a tantalising as well as a fascinating book; for the author tells us of all sorts of material about Morley "which will never be printed."

I saw Morley from afar off, and how I wish I could have heard him speak! But on that July day of 1900 when I sat in the gallery of the House of Commons and heard a red-hot debate on the South African War, Morley, sitting on the front bench of the Opposition, contented himself by listening to Balfour and Chamberlain with an ironical smile.

Seventy-five years ago this month (March) the greatest speech ever heard in the United States Senate was delivered by Daniel Webster. So far as I know, it is the only famous address called after its date. Every sentence in it is important to-day, and every idea applicable to present emergencies. Abraham Lincoln, the political heir of Webster, must have known that speech by heart.

Twice Thirty is selling like sixty. And the reason is not to be found in the vast and well-deserved success of the former book, *The Americanization of Edward Bok*. The author, a born *raconteur*, had his wits sharpened by journalism, and knows exactly how to tell a story. He purposely omitted some of the best from his earlier work, and here we

AS I LIKE IT

may enjoy them. The conversations with Wilson and Roosevelt are thrilling; the story of Vladimir de Pachmann is the best anecdote of that bizarre genius that I have seen.

The resignation of Dean L. B. R. Briggs from Harvard is a matter of national importance, for his friends—and I never saw any one who knew him who was not his friend—are in every section of the United States. Professor Briggs is one of the greatest productive scholars in America—he has produced so much goodness and usefulness and honesty in the minds of thousands of young men. His acts of kindness are innumerable, of which I will mention one. After I had been a graduate student at Harvard for a few months, Professor Briggs asked me if I wanted a fellowship, to which question he received a natural answer. It was a bitter winter day, the sidewalks covered with snow and slush, and Professor Briggs in his chronically bad health; he spent the entire afternoon visiting various professors—there were no telephones—urging them to support me for a fellowship. After I came to know him better, I found that kindness and unselfishness had become with him his only besetting sins. As he looks back over fifty years of service, he ought to be both proud and happy; but while he may be happy, he could not be proud, for he is quite unaware of his sainthood. Yet in the hearts of thousands he is already canonised.

The sensationally sudden death of Walter Camp

AS I LIKE IT

was a terrible shock not only to his friends, but to the American public. No one has had a better influence on sport, because while he loved to have his teams win, he always put honour and health above victory. In his later years he became not merely an authority on sport, but a kind of household physician, with several million patients. He devoted his energies not to making athletes, but to keeping the middle-aged and the venerable in working health. There was another side to him, which the public was not altogether aware of; Walter Camp was exceedingly well-read in good literature, and his conversation was not only delightful but intellectually stimulating.

The eternal quarrel between the older and the younger generation is once more illustrated in a new book by W. B. Trites, called *Ask the Young*. It deals with Gibraltar, marriage, and birth control, and is provocatively original in manner and style. About twenty-five years ago there appeared in Germany (I saw it) a play called *Jugend von Heute*—"Young People of To-day"—in which the youths were ridiculed for their contempt of classics like Schiller, for their general irreverence, for their ignorance and conceit. The comedy had an enormous vogue. Some three hundred years ago, George Chapman wrote a play in which occurs the phrase, "Young men think old men are fools, but old men *know* young men are fools." Yesterday I received a contribution to this immortal theme from Thomas

AS I LIKE IT

Sergeant Perry: "The old know a little about the past but nothing about the future; the young know nothing about the past, but everything about the future."

XI

*"Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there!"*

So wrote Robert Browning in Italy; so spoke Ethel Barrymore in New York. But neither of them was in Augusta, Georgia; if they had been, they would have been content with their environment. Here we have April's laughter without her tears. The sun shines emphatically every day. The birds sing gloriously, and even the crows talk with a soft Southern accent, quite unlike the raucous crows of Yankeeland.

It is mid April, and I have been in one hotel since the second day of January, the longest stay I have made in any hostelry in the world. There is the best small string orchestra, under the direction of Harry Rudolph, that I have heard anywhere away from concert-halls; they play everything well except jazz. One Sunday night Mr. Rudolph and the pianist gave an admirable performance of Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata"; and in listening to it, I marvelled again that so mighty a creative genius as Tolstoi should have written such rubbish about this masterpiece.

There have been a larger number of interesting men here than I have met on other pilgrimages; every morning for three months the Conversation Club, consisting of some five and twenty, conversed on divine, human, and diabolical topics from 9:13 to 10:59. When some went North, others arrived; for

AS I LIKE IT

three months there was no cessation of good talk. We were definitely organised; we had no President, but we had a King, that royal golfer Walter J. Travis. The Prime Minister was Sir Robert Borden, of Canada; Secretary of State, Nicholas Murray Butler, of New York; Treasurer, the Honourable Charles F. Brooker, of Ansonia. Then we had the four Georges; George Crocker, the Iron Man and hole-in-one specialist; George Clapp, of Boston; George M. Gray, of New York, crossword fiend, and George the Fourth was George Ade, who is still with us. The Manager was Daniel Frohman, who made a permanent impression not only on the Club, but on the city of Augusta, because he produced three plays here in Augusta's Little Theatre Guild. We were not without funds; we possessed two golden Louis: Cheney, of Connecticut, and Coolidge, of Massachusetts. Frank W. Hubbard, perhaps the youngest presidential elector, was here in March. Baseball was represented by Judge Landis, and peaceful revolution by Harvey Firestone. Cabot Morse, the son of the distinguished historian and biographer, John T. Morse, was with us three months, and his departure left an unfillable cavity. Ex-Governor Durbin of Indiana contributed conversation and cigars; John V. Farwell, of the Yale Corporation, and Frank L. Babbott, president of the Brooklyn Institute, were among our most intellectual associates; lawyers were here in Sidney Miller and George J. Peet; bankers in James A. Blair and Jacob Farrand; railroads in Patrick Crowlay; the trustees of the University of Pittsburgh were represented by David Gil-

AS I LIKE IT

lespie; critics by Clayton Hamilton; McGill University, of Montreal, had a good exhibit in J. T. McCall; the courts of Ohio in Judge Henderson of Columbus; among the great athletes were Joshua Crane, of Massachusetts; Wesley Oler, Senior, of Connecticut; the Duke of Lancaster, from the Copley Plaza; Mr. Justice Thompson of Philadelphia, and W. A. Watts of New Haven. One of the most interesting members was Major Black, eighty-four years old, a Confederate veteran; and thereby hangs a tale.

One morning Major Black—who is the finest of Southern gentlemen—was asked if during the war he penetrated as far as Ohio. He remarked that he did get into Ohio, and became the guest of the federal government, which escorted him to a prison on Johnson's Island, at Sandusky. This drew an exclamation from Daniel Frohman. He and his brother Charles were born in Sandusky, and when Daniel was a small boy, he used to go near Johnson's Island, and there shout derisively at the Rebel prisoners. At that time he met Major Black and now met him again in the Conversation Club after an interval of sixty years!

Our King, Walter J. Travis, was as interesting off the links as on the greens; my own game is a Travisty on his.

I have seen extraordinary weather here. During February and March there were practically no rain and no wind. One stilly cloudless day after another. But in January we had five days' continuous rain, which brought the Savannah River to the almost un-

AS I LIKE IT

precedented height of thirty-seven feet. Hundreds flocked to the bridge every day to see the mad flood. And had it not been for the efforts of one man, who sits at the table next to mine in the hotel, the city would have been under water, and the loss of property gone into millions. This gentleman is ex-Mayor Barrett, who, in the year 1912, persuaded the citizens, and only with the greatest difficulty, to erect a levee, to save the town from possible future floods. In that year they began the levee, and in four years it was completed, reaching the height of fifty feet.

Naturally enough, during this river-elevation of 1925, Mr. Barrett became a hero. A statue is to be erected in his honour, though he says he cares for no memorial except the levee.

Among the large number of distinguished men who have been guests at this hotel in 1925, it has been my privilege to become acquainted with two philanthropists, Nathan Straus and Adolph Lewisoohn, both of whom are so genial and so full of ideas that one thinks primarily not of their good deeds but of their personalities. As is well known, Mr. Straus has for many years given his wealth, his time, and himself to the pasteurization of milk, thereby saving the lives of thousands of children. Only a few weeks ago I found the following tribute to him in a French newspaper; after speaking of the appalling results of carelessness and ignorance, the writer goes on to say

Ce que cette infirmière a fait par négligence, bien des jeunes mères le font par ignorance. On ne saurait trop répéter que la mortalité infantile qui dépeuple notre pays

AS I LIKE IT

baisserait dans d'énormes proportions si la pasteurisation (employée sur une grande échelle dans beaucoup de pays d'Europe et aux Etats-Unis, où M. Nathan Straus, le grand philanthrope, l'a introduit malgré certaines résistances tenaces) était enfin répandue jusque dans les hameaux les plus écartés.

One day the all-star cast of *The Rivals* came to Augusta, and various members of the Conversation Club met them at a luncheon before the matinée, where speeches were made by Mrs. Fiske, Thomas A. Wise, Chauncey Olcott, James T. Powers, Daniel Frohman, and others; all being the guests of the Little Theatre Guild of Augusta. We went to the matinée, and saw an excellent performance, which took me back to the year 1896, when I last saw this ever-living play produced by a group of stars. Those who are interested in the theatre may like to look over the two casts.

	NEW HAVEN MAY 8, 1896	AUGUSTA APRIL 1, 1925
Sir Anthony Absolute	William H. Crane	Thomas A. Wise
Captain Absolute.....	Robert Taber....	Kenneth Thomson
Faulkland.....	Joseph Holland..	Fred Eric
Acres.....	Joseph Jefferson.	James T. Powers
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.	Nat Goodwin....	Chauncey Olcott
Fag.....	E. M. Holland....	Gerald Rogers
David.....	Francis Wilson..	George Tawde
Mrs. Malaprop.....	Mrs. John Drew..	Mrs. Fiske
Lydia Languish.....	Julia Marlowe...	Lola Fisher
Lucy.....	Fanny Rice.....	Marie Carroll
Thomas.....		Herbert Belmore
Julia Melville.....		Lotus Robb

AS I LIKE IT

The beautiful Lola Fisher was unable to appear at the luncheon; so I went behind the scenes after the first act, and she gave me two photographs of her wonderful cat, which has a face like a Cimabue madonna. I was glad to find that Miss Fisher is, as all intelligent people should be, a devout Cattist.

My remarks on William A. White's *Life of Woodrow Wilson* brought the following interesting contribution from a gentleman in New England, whose testimony is accurate.

Your reference to President Wilson in *Scribner's* for March suggests that you may be amused by the following incident, which strikes me as characteristic of the man.

After he had begun to be talked about as a probable candidate for the democratic nomination, I met him at a banquet of the Civic League of St. Louis and had a conversation with him lasting five or ten minutes. He was very affable.

After his nomination, I happened to meet him again, this time at a dinner of the Commercial Club of Davenport, Iowa, where he was, of course, the guest of honor. Again I had a short talk with him and again he was affable.

Shortly following his election, I was crossing on the ferry from Jersey City to New York. The day was chilly. It was drizzling. Most of the passengers were in the cabin, but I was on the forward deck, where I noticed a man standing near the cabin door in the angle sheltered from the rain and reading a newspaper so held as to hide his face. After a while he lowered the paper and remained motionless gazing into infinity. It was Wilson. I approached, recalled the previous conversations, very briefly, and expressed my pleasure at the result of the election. He said, "I am engaged. I do not want to have

AS I LIKE IT

to shake hands with a lot of people whom I shall never see again." He then raised his paper, spread out to full size, like a shield in front of him. I turned aside, making a mental record of the second snub direct of my life, and wondered what the effect of the habit of disregard of courteous forms would probably be upon his future political history. It seemed to me beyond question to be a *Habit* and not an intentional snub *ad hominem*.

When Pope wrote a satire against Addison, and, instead of drawing an accurate picture of his antagonist, succeeded only in making a perfect portrait of himself, he was the unconscious forerunner of Woodrow Wilson, who wrote the following paragraph about Jefferson Davis:

He had the pride, the spirit of initiation, the capacity in business which qualify men for leadership, and lacked nothing of indomitable will and imperious purpose, to make his leadership effective. What he did lack was wisdom in dealing with men, willingness to take the judgment of others in critical matters of business, the instinct which recognizes ability in others and trusts it to the utmost to play its independent part.

He too much loved to rule, had too overweening a confidence in himself, and took leave to act as if he understood better than those did who were in actual command what should be done in the field.

He sought to control too many things with too feminine a jealousy of any rivalry in authority.

I have been reading three biographical works, which represent the range of human personality; and I cannot tell which of the three I enjoyed the most. I heartily recommend them all. They are *The Roar of the Crowd*, by James J. Corbett; the

AS I LIKE IT

Autobiography of John Stuart Mill; *Weber and Fields*, by Felix Isman. The first is the autobiography of a prize-fighter; the second, of the nearest approach to pure intellect this crazy world has known; the third is the history of two superclowns.

Mr. Corbett is perhaps the only prize-fighter clever enough to write a literary masterpiece; I call this a masterpiece because its prose style is precisely fitted to accomplish its purpose. It is interesting from beginning to end, revealing its hero's faults as well as his virtues. I saw Corbett twice. Shortly after his victory over Sullivan in 1892, he gave an exhibition in New Haven, and I should not have believed such dexterity of hand, such precision of eye, and such speed in footwork possible, had I not beheld them. He was slender, agile, graceful, and intelligent; not at all like the old-fashioned conception of a slugger. About fifteen years ago, as I was dining in the Hotel Grunewald, New Orleans, Mr. Corbett entered the room, and I remarked to my companion, "That's Jim Corbett!" Immediately the head waiter, who overheard my remark, brought the great man to my table, and I explained that I had merely ejaculated. We talked together a few moments, shook hands, and then, instead of squaring off, we separated.

John Stuart Mill's *Autobiography* I read in my childhood; but within a few months, two new editions have appeared; one, printed directly from the manuscript, contains passages hitherto unknown to the public; the other, with an introduction by Harold Laski, contains some speeches never before printed.

AS I LIKE IT

Carlyle called Mill a logic-chopping engine; it is probable that no other human being lived so exclusively the life of reason. He never seems to have had a frivolous moment. In nobility of aim, altruism, and purity of character, he went to the utmost height attainable without religion; and as every man needs religion, he found it in the worship of Mrs. Taylor, who became his wife. It is interesting to see the tricks love played with the mind of such a man as Mill, a man who hated exaggeration and emotional overstatements. Carlyle told John Morley that Mrs. Taylor "was full of unwise intellect, asking and re-asking stupid questions." Mill says of her in the *Autobiography*, "In general spiritual characteristics, as well as in temperament and organisation, I have often compared her, as she was at this time, to Shelley; but in thought and intellect, Shelley, so far as his powers were developed in his short life, was but a child compared with what she ultimately became."

I stood one day by the double grave at Avignon, where lie the pair; and as I read the inscription on her tomb, which was written by Mill, I marvelled. What would he have said if another man had written that of any human being? It excels all the superlatives I have seen.

When Herbert Spencer was left alone with one who was called an intellectual woman, his friends hoping that he might marry her, for he had expressed a willingness to marry any woman who had a sufficiently great mind, he emerged from the interview with the remark that she would not do at all.

AS I LIKE IT

Instead of having a great mind, she had "a small mind in constant activity."

Perhaps the same description would fit others; but how much better it is to worship a woman than to worship nothing!

Anyhow, *Mill* had a great mind; and the record of his life is one of the great books of the nineteenth century. I do not see how any one can read it without immense respect for the author.

The third book, copiously illustrated, as is Mr. Corbett's, is the story of two of the funniest comedians in our generation. I take my hat off to Felix Isman, who has exhibited extraordinary talent as a biographer. Every one who saw or heard of Weber and Fields will read this history with delight. Here is an example of Mr. Isman's style:

The Bowery then was the Bowery, from the Civil War to the 1890's a sanctuary for the devil and his work, linked in the mouths of sailors with the Barbary Coast of old San Francisco, and with Port Said. New York, after the lapse of a generation, inclines to think of it romantically. The glamour of its defiant diabolism is remembered, its vicious realities forgotten or sentimentalized. Its neighborhood shunned by the better class of trade, rents were cheap in its side streets, and the poor crept in to make a witches' caldron of bitter struggle and prosperous vice.

Out of this sink, and using it as a springboard, came Weber and Fields and other men and women to contribute unvarying decency to the American stage, and the sober honesty of their private lives to American society. The stubborn resistance of orthodox Jewish family life to its environment, the product of two thousand years of oppression, served them better than they knew.

AS I LIKE IT

Following a suggestion that is sent to me by E. Channing Stowell, of Marlboro, New Hampshire, I now organise the Samuel Richardson Club. To become eligible, one must have read every word of Richardson's three novels. I assure my listeners that such a tremendous undertaking pays. I shall never forget what the late Barrett Wendell told me. He attempted to reread *Clarissa*, and was forced to desist, because he burst into tears so frequently that he dared not continue.

Mrs. Elizabeth Case, the literary critic of the *Hartford Courant*, sends a number of suggestions which I am sure will interest readers of these pages:

A few years ago Hot Cross buns were prepared and sold on Good Friday morning; I suppose that that was comparatively new, in this country, as in old days it would probably have been considered a "Popish" custom; at all events they were sold at the proper time, and to people like me, who cherish every remnant of old English ways, they were welcome, even though they weren't shouted through the streets, as in the nursery rhyme. Now Hot Cross buns appear on Ash Wednesday, and are to be had all through Lent, indeed I am not sure that some enterprising bakeries, probably Hebrew bakeries, do not purvey them throughout the year; and there appears to be no general sense of the absurdity. Again, any sort of elaborate, spectacular entertainment, in which a lot of people take part, is called "a Mardi Gras"; I don't believe the man in the street has any idea of what the term really means.

Then there is the maddening misuse of the term bridesmaids, and the tearing to pieces of the real symbolism of their attendance on the bride; the fact that a bride was supposed to be attended by her maidens, in the literal

AS I LIKE IT

sense of the word, is unknown to the present-day girl, in this country—I think they still do the thing properly in England—and a bride is surrounded by young married women, and the whole spirit of the ceremony is lost. The same thing with the bridal veil, either it should be worn over the face, or it should be discarded; the lifting of the bride's veil after the pair were pronounced man and wife was a beautiful piece of symbolism, but, now that the veil is merely worn as an ornamental adjunct, it loses all significance.

Within a few days the newspapers have descanted on the "true American hustle" displayed by the Prince of Wales, in travelling two hundred miles in a day in order to hunt with some favorite pack; this is compared with the enthusiasm of a golfer who readily goes fifteen or twenty miles to play over a favorite course. But how about the "hustle" displayed by those good Victorians, Charles Dickens and Anthony Trollope, the one in the pursuit of his vocation, the other in pursuit of his favorite sport? All things, as we know without help from Mr. Einstein, are relative; fast special trains and high-powered motor cars rush the Prince about in our immediate day, but think of Dickens, well on to one hundred years ago, rushing through the night in a special post-chaise, and transcribing, by the light of an ingeniously contrived lamp, his short-hand notes of political speeches delivered in some provincial town, in order to get them to his London newspaper in the morning. Think of Trollope, some forty or so years after, going twenty miles or more, three days out of the week, and after a strenuous morning at his Post Office work, for the sheer pleasure of a run with the hounds. Everything is relative, seen in proportion; Dickens's galloping post-chaise, and Trollope's short railway journey, are as full of "hustle," good old British determination to win through, as the daily two hundred miles of the Prince of Wales.

I think Trollope's Autobiography is one of the best books ever written; I only wish it were more generally

AS I LIKE IT

known; there isn't a page in it which isn't full of the essential stuff of life. I really love it.

Jean de Reszké died at Nice 3 April 1925. Long editorials appeared in his memory in the *Times*, *Herald Tribune*, and *World*; the musical critics exalted his name, although, as Mr. W. J. Henderson said very wisely, it is impossible to explain the art of Jean de Reszké to those born too late. I myself am often accused of over-enthusiasm for my idols, and of the use of superlatives. On this occasion therefore I will resolutely restrain my feelings. I will merely remark that if I am fortunate enough to get to Heaven, and if the angels there sing with the beauty of tone and with the intelligence and dignity of Jean and Edouard de Reszké, I shall be satisfied.

The death of our beloved American novelist, George W. Cable, reminds me of the worst case of stage-fright I ever witnessed. It was in the early eighties when Cable invaded the North. He was to deliver an address in Unity Hall, Hartford, and on the stage I saw with him Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner, and other notables. Mark Twain made so felicitous an introduction that when Cable stood up to speak, the applause was deafening. But the modest Southerner was smitten with stage-fright to so dreadful a degree that he could not utter one word. He looked at the audience, tried several times to open his mouth, but was like a man paralysed. It was an embarrassing spectacle, and I cannot imagine what would have happened if Mark Twain had not come to the rescue. Perceiving that Cable could not

AS I LIKE IT

talk, and could not *draw*, although he had a black-board at hand, Mark Twain sprang to his feet, seized one of Cable's books that lay on the table, opened it at a certain chapter, thrust it into the lecturer's hand, and said "Read it!"

William E. Barton's huge *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, reminds me by contrast of the composition on this subject written by a New Haven schoolboy. He said, "Lincoln lived to a green old age, and died in 1896. He is as famous in England as in America, Lincoln Cathedral being named after him." Shortly after reading this original contribution to biography, I stood in front of that magnificent cathedral, and it seemed to say, *Before Abraham was, I am.*

Adelaide Margaret Delaney, writing from Philadelphia, and Welles Bosworth, writing from Cannes, disagree with me in my condemnation of *Xmas*; early Christian writings prove that the abbreviation is legitimate. But I am not talking about what was, but what is; and to-day *Xmas* is as jarring as it would be to abbreviate *Job*:

When the a.m. stars sang together.

My saying that F. P. A. was the first person to attack *Xmas* in print drew an editorial from the *Herald* of Pawnee, Colorado; "F. P. A. is the first only if he beat W. L. Thorndyke, who in the *Love-land* (Colorado) *Reporter* twenty-five years ago wrote: 'Have enough respect for the Saviour of mankind to write it Christmas.' Thorndyke has

AS I LIKE IT

been gone from Loveland these many years; but there are people there and throughout Colorado who still remember his trenchant writings."

I lay a wreath on his grave.

Lewis C. Grover of Brooklyn is a fellow sufferer in the dark. "With the coming of darkness all my courage disappears, optimism gives way to foreboding, and the least thing to be done on the morrow seems impossible." He thinks this can be explained by heredity, because his mother and her father suffered in like manner. But I think Mark Twain is correct in making it human.

A brilliant *defence* of the dark, of the night, and of black weather comes from Melissa Nash of Harrington, Maine. I envy her such nerves and such a conscience. She closes with a climax. "And for the world to come—, well, to be thoroughly consistent, I should choose the outer darkness. I love dogs." It is really too bad that St. John the Divine excluded dogs, but he was Biblically consistent. The Sanskrit books treated our canicular friend more courteously.

Doctor Horace Hart, of New Haven, sends me a quotation from the late Emerson Hough's "Out of Doors":

Any man who goes into the wild regions ought to know how to use a compass. A study of it will introduce him to the psychology of getting lost. The truth is that we are made up largely of a subconscious survival—a bundle of doubts, fears, superstitions, and terrors handed down to us from the Stone Age. Given certain conditions, we dread

AS I LIKE IT

the dark; we anticipate dinosaurs: and dragons: we cry aloud before the saber-toothed tiger. The subconscious mind governs us. We are indeed as a reed shaken with the wind.

My remarks on bootjacks caused a long and able editorial in the Indianapolis *News* of March 27. The writer thought it incredible that I had never seen a bootjack, seeing that I was born in 1865. My wife says there has been an antique bootjack in my library for fifteen years, but I have not noticed it. It is true that my father wore heavy knee-boots, even in summer, with the trousers over them. But I cannot remember his using a bootjack, though I do remember his language in pulling off his footwear. Father also wore on Sunday *mornings* a full-dress claw-hammer broadcloth coat, and he never owned a soft shirt. When a boy, I often wore leather boots with red tops and brass toes, but I stuck my pants into them.

Men, women, and children are interested in clothes. There has been no greater advance in comfort than in men's garments. I wear low shoes the year round, and, except in formal evening attire, I have not worn a stiff shirt for twenty years. The advance of civilisation is shown mainly in the discarding of superfluous and therefore troublesome garments, by both sexes. And a good thing it is. The human body in the temperate zone is freer than ever before.

Look at the ancestral portraits, the "constipated" portraits, as Stevenson called them, and see how the

AS I LIKE IT

men were wrapped up, with stocks around the neck, and huge boots around the ankle.

The most uncomfortable male attire to-day is worn by American soldiers; high stiff coat-collars and stiff puttees must be the last word in human misery. The English officers look more comfortable with their soft rolling collars.

The best defence of uncut leaves that I have seen comes from Frances Chapman, of Brookline. "To me, a book with uncut leaves always brings a little spirit of adventure, a sense of possession, as if the book were peculiarly my own. But above all is the delightful sense of unhurried leisure. Here is a book that invites me to take my time, and I can lay it aside without book-mark or notation, for I cut as I read." She explains what I felt only subconsciously.

In a recent number of *Scribner's* I called attention to Weekley's *Concise Etymological Dictionary*. Let me also recommend the *Pocket Oxford Dictionary*, a book small enough to be easily carried in the pocket, yet clearly printed, and containing one thousand pages! It is called a dictionary of *Current English*, compiled by F. G. Fowler and H. W. Fowler. It is a marvel of condensation by the editors, and a triumph for the publishers.

The Public Library of the City of Coventry, England, has recently issued a bibliography of works by and about John Galsworthy, under the direction of Charles Nowell, City Librarian. This is a fine and

AS I LIKE IT

useful undertaking, and all who are interested in studying the famous novelist may write to Coventry without being sent there.

Rose Macaulay's *Orphan Island* I found disappointing, as I have found everything she has written since *Potterism*. This is not to say that *Orphan Island* is a bad novel; she set so high a standard of accomplishment in *Potterism* that she has not yet been able to equal it. *Orphan Island* is an attempt at satire, where the effort is too obvious. Should any one doubt the astounding genius of Swift, the doubt would be dispelled by first reading *Orphan Island* and then *Gulliver's Travels*.

I divide all readers into two classes: *those who read to remember, and those who read to forget*. Unfortunately the second class is larger than the first. But there are times when every one must read to forget: on a tedious railway journey, or during convalescence from illness, or under the shadow of grief. Let me therefore recommend three new novels, which are so exciting that I will guarantee to all readers forgetfulness of environment, pain, and what is most difficult to forget, one's own self. These are *A Voice from the Dark*, by Eden Phillpotts; *The Monster*, by "Harrington Hext"; and *Black Cargo*, by J. P. Marquand. The last is much the best of the three, from the point of view of style and characterisation; but all three are veritable thrillers. And there are times in every one's existence when a thriller is the only adequate remedy to prescribe. I am a literary physician; I can diagnose, and I can cure.

AS I LIKE IT

An excellent novel is *The Doom Window*, by Maurice Drake. This is an original and charming story, on a subject that I think has never before been treated in fiction—Stained Glass. I recommend it especially to my friend, General Charles H. Sherrill of New York, who is an authority on cathedral windows.

In *The Rector of Wyck*, May Sinclair has changed her ordinary writing fluid from vitriol to ink; I am grateful for the change. Readers will realise how great is the change when in this book there is actually a happy marriage and a good clergyman.

I congratulate Sister M. Madeleva on her scholarly and delightful book, *Chaucer's Nuns and Other Essays*. She has made a contribution to Chaucerian scholarship; and her treatment of the famous Prioress, professionally equipped as she is, will be of marked assistance to many professors of English Literature. I cannot sufficiently commend the spirit of this little book, which is as beautiful as its criticisms are penetrating. One of the minor essays is devoted to Edna St. Vincent Millay—indicating the range of human interest displayed by Sister Madeleva.

Mrs. Thomas B. Stowell, of Los Angeles, is welcomed into the Faerie Queene Club. How was it possible for her in such a climate to read so long a book? Most of the intellectual work of the world has been accomplished in bad weather.

Mrs. John C. Wyman, of Newtonville, Massachusetts, enters the Faerie Queene Club with the fol-

AS I LIKE IT

lowing confession. "I read it all through in 1880-81. A prominent librarian in the Congressional Library did not exactly dare me to do it, but spoke as though it would be an almost unprecedented feat to accomplish."

Miss Mayone Lewis, of Pasadena, nominates Michael Angelo's "David" for the Ignoble Prize. She agrees with George Wright's opinion, given in the December *Scribner's*, that it is "bunchy." She continues: "Why is it that the man in the street knows this work of Michael Angelo's and only this, and has probably never heard of the entrancing figure of 'Night' on the Medici tomb?" I supposed that the reason "David" was so bunchy and muscle-bound was that old Michael tried to see what he could do with a block of insufficient length.

I have met two dogs in Augusta. One is a huge Newfoundland, Don Hill, of Norwalk, and the other a Pomeranian, Jennie, of Brooklyn. I am not versed in zoology; but is there any other animal of such divergence of size? A Great Dane and a Pom are both dogs. How unlike man! The physical divergence in man is inconsiderable; the Chinese giant, eight feet four inches, was not nearly so far from Barnum's Midgets as the canine range. But when it comes to the consideration of character, it is quite the other way around. No dogs are villains. But think of St. Francis and ———, St. Anthony and ———! Fill the blanks yourself.

AS I LIKE IT

I conclude this essay with a tribute to the marvelous Nurmi, one of the greatest athletes of all time. I do not hesitate to say that, while some of our native runners are best at the American style, Nurmi is best at the Finnish.

XII

YESTERDAY I read a new volume of American poems. It is called *The Home Road* and was written by the late Martha Haskell Clark. She was the wife of the secretary of Dartmouth College, and Professor Curtis Hidden Page, in his introduction, speaks of "her charming, vital, and typically American personality." I envy those who had the privilege of her friendship; she must have been an extraordinary woman. I especially commend the poem called *The Villages*, because such a poem seems to be acutely needed at this moment, to remind us of something eternally and profoundly true in human nature. With reference to the metrical skill displayed in these verses, I cannot do better than quote Professor Page:

They are always strongly lyrical. If any adverse criticism may be made on them, it is that they almost too easily and naturally, for present-day taste in metrics, "sing themselves." But just possibly that may be a criticism not on the poems but on present-day taste, which is certainly for a day, not for all time. Such poems as these have a permanent appeal, to readers that love lilting song for its own sake, to hearts that love at once the open sky and the roofed-in fireside.

I advise those who prefer free verse to rhyme, or squalor to beauty, not to buy this book. They won't like it.

AS I LIKE IT

It is worth remembering that the ten leading living British poets are metrically conservative; they are—well, name them yourself.

Mr. Stark Young, the accomplished dramatic critic, is the author of a book on the theatre called *Glamour*. Even if one does not agree with all of his pronouncements, this work is worth reading for the sheer beauty of its style. There is displayed a command of the resources of the English language which is especially welcome at a time when so much "criticism" in America is written in slang. Mr. Young's long chapter on Duse is a particularly fine appreciation. I wish I could have seen one-tenth as much in her interpretation as he saw; perhaps I could, if my knowledge of Italy, of the Italian language, and of Italian dramatic literature were one-tenth as much as his.

The New York Theatre Guild opened their own building in April 1925, with one of the best of plays—Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. The rise of this Theatre Guild is the most astonishing and the most encouraging thing in American dramatic history. And yet I believe its initial success is owing to luck, to one individual's chance shot. There was a little group (semi-professional, semi-amateur) of actors called The Washington Square Players, who had the usual experience of bankruptcy, though in this instance it is possible that their downfall was one of the innumerable war casualties. In the *New York Sun* for 28 March 1925, Alexander Woolcott,

AS I LIKE IT

in a highly interesting article on their rise from obscurity to fame, says :

When the first Guild meeting was held in 1919, they had \$500 in the bank and access to the Garrick Theatre, which had not had a success in it for so many seasons that it usually stood idle and the superstitious Broadway managers would have none of it.

From that nervous beginning the Guild has so grown that its subscribers—those who at the beginning of each season buy seats for each of the six plays the Guild is pledged each year to give—now number more than 14,000. Its fame has so spread that it is known in Buda Pest and Vienna and Dublin and Paris as no American theatre was ever known before. Its scale of operations has so expanded that besides its new theatre it has four other New York playhouses under at least temporary control. And it has so grown in resourcefulness and skill that the best of American playwrights are beginning to bring their manuscripts to its door.

At first these were offish and suspicious and the Guild was fairly driven to depend on the playwrights of other lands. Indeed the wags insisted that the new theatre should be named either the Hungarrick or the Buda Pesthouse. But all this is changing and I think the day may not be far distant when the very fact that the Guild stands there equipped for (and committed to) disinterested production will inspire the writing of some great plays just as the existence and perfection of the Moscow Art Theatre moved a shabby country doctor named Tchekhov to write the finest plays of his age.

There have been innumerable theatre companies started, whose members have had ability and ambition ; most of them have been regarded by the multitude with indifference. It is just the other way with the New York Theatre Guild in 1925. If this or-

AS I LIKE IT

ganisation selects a play, its choice is in itself a magnificent advertisement. "Theatre Guild Production" means just about the best thing in New York. How did this come about?

The first play put on in 1919 by the Theatre Guild was Benavente's *Bonds of Interest*. It ran three weeks, steadily lost money, and apparently the company was going the way of all flesh. But one day Lawrence Langner was window-shopping on Fifth Avenue. Some years before that he had belonged to a debating team in England of which St. John Ervine was a member. Looking into a window at Brentano's, Mr. Langner saw the book *John Ferguson*, and being attracted by the name of the author on account of his personal acquaintance, he bought the book and recommended it to the Guild. Any manager in New York might have produced it, but no one believed in it. The new Theatre Guild put it on as their second production; it had an enormous success; it gave the Guild prestige, and best of all, it filled the treasury to the brim. It made the company independent; since the first night of *John Ferguson* they have never known either mental or financial depression. They followed it up with John Masefield's *The Faithful*, the performance being one of the worst bores I have ever had the bad luck to witness. But after the success of Ervine's play, they could have mounted even worse things than *The Faithful*, and still been solvent.

Therefore, I take off my hat to the man who picked *John Ferguson*. He performed a great service to modern drama—for if it had not been for

AS I LIKE IT

that one choice—well, here is one of those rare instances where we can all be thankful for what was, rather than for what might have been.

And what a magnificent performance! Not to my dying day shall I forget Dudley Digges, as he revealed all the degradation of talkative cowardice.

If the citizens of other American cities have no opportunity to see good plays, it is their own fault. But better times are coming; to take only one instance out of many, the recent opening of Miss Jessie Bonstelle's Playhouse in Detroit is significant.

Visitors to New York who wish to know what plays to see and what ones to avoid cannot do better than read the "Tips on Amusements" contributed to *The Wall Street Journal* by the veteran critic Metcalfe. His list of plays is *rewritten every Monday noon*, and his prefatory remarks are as sensible and penetrating as his condensed comment on each play.

The English literature of the Restoration (1660-1700) has always seemed un-English in its pornography; historians have explained it as a reaction against Puritan suppression. The dramatic critic, Charles Belmont Davis, in *The Herald Tribune*, calls attention to the disquieting fact that the present season, 1924-25, has rivalled the filth of Restoration drama, and also hints that we may be in for a restoration of Restoration plays. If this is true, I hope we may be honest enough, as Mr. Davis is, to state the reason for this sudden interest in historical revivals. It is cant to talk about their wit and

AS I LIKE IT

charm; there is more wit and cerebration in one play of Shaw's than in the entire Restoration drama.

Furthermore, it is assumed, and probably correctly, that any play which is denounced as immoral and comes near to being suppressed without quite achieving it, will instantly become popular. Who are the men and women who prove the truth of this assumption? Why should people, who care nothing about a play until it is branded as immoral, then flock to see it? They are really Peeping Toms, who are delighted to find that they can peep legally at five dollars and fifty cents a peep.

That acute interpreter of American life, Ring W. Lardner, has risen from the ranks of the fun-makers to the deserved dignity of a Collected Edition of his Works. And although some of the earlier pieces are surprisingly unequal in merit, there is an abundance of good things in every volume.

Edith Wharton's new novel, *The Mother's Repose*, has for the basis of its plot the same material used by Guy de Maupassant in *Fort Comme La Mort*, and by Maurice Donnay in *L'Autre Danger*. A man wishes to marry the daughter of his former mistress. This is a situation that occurs with such infrequency in New Haven, that I cannot judge it with confidence. Mrs. Wharton's book, while not so good as her masterpiece, *The Age of Innocence*, is valuable for its pictures of New York and especially for its analysis of the mother's state of mind. In *A Son at the Front* a father was the protagonist; here it is a mother. Some may find this prolonged analysis

AS I LIKE IT

too minute for their taste; to me, everything Mrs. Wharton writes is sufficiently rewarding.

Thomas Boyd's collection of war stories, *Points of Honor*, confirms my first opinion of him, formed when I read *Through the Wheat*. No books take me closer to the ranks of our fighting men. No one writes more honestly, or with more impartiality. He has chosen to omit the humour which is characteristic even of war, perhaps because he found war a serious business. But although there is no humour, there is an undertone of irony, which is perhaps best displayed in the tale *A Long Shot*.

Scott Fitzgerald shows more potentialities in *The Great Gatsby* than in any of his preceding books. It is not a completely satisfactory story, but there is uncanny insight. He might easily have become a caterer; he is an artist.

Sheila Kaye-Smith proceeds on her triumphant way with *The George and the Crown*. I know of no living novelist, except Thomas Hardy, who mingles nature and human nature into so perfect an amalgam. The remarkable thing is that she is as successful in the Channel Islands as she is in her beloved Sussex. The island idyl is a beautiful interlude. She displays extraordinary skill in fashioning her hero. He is a non-heroic hero who carries our sympathy from beginning to end.

The Clutch of the Corsican, by Alfred H. Bill, is a first novel, and shows decided promise. It is a romance of the last days of Napoleon but quite different from the manufactured conventional type.

The Cruise of the Cachalot, by F. T. Bullen, re-

AS I LIKE IT

cently reprinted, is on the whole the best account of a whaling voyage I ever read. It is prefaced by a superlative compliment from Rudyard Kipling; but his enthusiasm for the book will be shared by all who love stories of the sea. Its fidelity to fact increases its value without decreasing its charm; and it has none of the tiresome metaphysics of Herman Melville.

To those who love to travel in remote and dangerous places vicariously, let me recommend Rockwell Kent's astonishing narrative, *Voyaging Southward from the Strait of Magellan*. I have sailed around the Horn many times in books, and in like fashion have I often proceeded through the Straits. I have always vaguely imagined what the *land* was like between the Straits and the tip of the Horn, and wondered why brave fellows who love perilous adventures had never gone there. Manifestly the same idea had occurred to Rockwell Kent, only he turned the dream into reality. This is a thrilling story, and the numerous illustrations from the author's hand add to its piquancy.

The Life of John L. Sullivan, by R. L. Dibble, handles this hero as Lytton Strachey manhandled Manning. It is a highly amusing biography of the most popular pugilist of all time. John L. was a fighter who loved to fight. To-day it takes more diplomacy to get two heavy-weights into the ring than to organise a League of Nations.

Mr. Dibble's book entertained me prodigiously; perhaps it is lucky for him that Sullivan is dead. I wish in enumerating the various battles of the Strong

AS I LIKE IT

Boy of Boston, the author had given him a little more credit for the greatest victory he ever achieved, the conquest of his thirst.

Another very diverting book is *Twenty Years on Broadway*, by George M. Cohan, written in Broadway dialect. *Speed! Speed! and then More Speed!* has been the chief characteristic of Mr. Cohan's work as a dramatist. Well, that is also the ground quality of this autobiography. It is a headlong, breathless dash from obscurity to fame; written by one from whom no secret of success is hid. Years ago I saw Mr. Cohan in an American-flag-song-and-dance-show called *The Yankee Prince*. I found it a bore. However, the house was jammed to the last inch, and apparently the audience or vidience loved it. I rejoiced when Mr. Cohan raised his game from his heels to his head—I have never enjoyed any American play more than *The Tavern*. I cannot yet see why the critics attacked that piece so savagely. It seems to me one of the most original, one of the most brilliant, one of the most humorous of our native dramas. In addition to its outrageous mirth, it has an atmosphere of poetry and romance and wonder and mystery. I would go a long way to see it again.

Those who share my opinion that Louis Tracy's *The Wings of the Morning* is the most exciting novel ever written, will be glad to know that a sumptuous quarto edition has just been published, embellished with coloured illustrations.

Several questions of good usage are brought to

AS I LIKE IT

the front by my correspondents. S. K. Ratcliffe, the accomplished English critic, wonders if "like I do" is a recent vulgarism, and uncommon in America. No, to both queries; but I hate it. Mr. Ratcliffe continues: "Certainly in England 'like' is getting everywhere; the so-called educated do it. Harold Laski sounds it in his lectures with aggressive force! . . . Well, anyhow, vile as it is, it isn't so villainous as 'different than,' which is now universal in America. When, I wonder, did it begin? You and a few others, if you will enlist the colyumnists . . . ought to be able to abolish it. But perhaps not. Think of F. P. A.'s lifelong war upon *whom is he?* And, by the bye, why don't you stop your countrymen from writing, always, 'his ilk'? . . . what has it to do with him and his class or kind?"

A professor of English writes: "If you abominate 'angle,' in the sense—unknown till these later years, and I believe not yet known to the dictionaries—of *point de vue*, or *Standpunkt*, I wonder if you couldn't make a good paragraph of it for one of your *Scribner* articles."

Alas, I may have, among my numerous errors, been guilty of this one. But it is an error, and henceforth—

1925 marks the four hundredth anniversary of the first printing of the English Bible by Tyndale, and the two hundred and fiftieth of the first Oxford Bible. The best way for every American to celebrate the occasion is forthwith to buy an Authorised Version IN BIG TYPE. One reason adults leave

AS I LIKE IT

off reading the Bible is because they do not know that it is possible to buy an English Bible in a volume no bigger than many a novel, and yet with enormous black type, as big as that in pulpit tomes. The ordinary flexibly bound Bible, with tissue-paper, and small, thin, pale type, is a discouragement and even a danger to eyes that have looked on the world more than thirty years.

With reference to the word *vidience*, which, at the suggestion of Mr. John M. Shedd, I advocated in a recent number of this magazine, I am surprised to learn from the *Chicago News* of April 29 that "the word *optience* for a movie assemblage is already in general use, in the Middle West at least." I have never heard or seen this word until now, but I give it a hearty welcome into the English language.

R. H. Pitt, editor of *The Religious Herald*, Richmond, Va., claims priority over Mr. John M. Shedd for the coinage of the word *vidience*.

About five years ago I called attention in *The Religious Herald* to the fact that we did not have a word corresponding to audience which would describe a company of people who were gathered to see, as audience describes a company who were gathered to hear. This provoked quite an entertaining correspondence and Dr. E. W. Winfrey, a Baptist minister of Culpeper, nominated *vidience* to fill the vacancy.

Score one more triumph for the Baptists!

I am pleased to get this genial note from the Virginia paper, because in my youth there was a Con-

AS I LIKE IT

gregationalist journal of the same name, in Hartford. I used to set type (outside of school hours) in the office. The paper became famous for its howling typographical errors and misplacement of paragraphs. On day, in the column *Ministers and Churches* there appeared in the proof sent to the editor, "Lillian Russell will wear tights this winter." How it got in there no one knew. As this was the climax of a long series of misfortunes, the editor was so disgusted that he crossed out the line, and wrote on the margin, "Such is life." When the paper appeared, it contained among the news of the clergy, the item about Miss Russell, followed by the editorial comment, "Such is life." Such indeed, it was—and is.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hugh de Boyedon not only enter the Fano Club in a veritable blaze of glory, but they give to members, future members, and Scribnerians the following valuable information. Let me urge club members and prospective voyagers to Italy to write to Professor Mabellini. Mrs. de Boyedon writes from Perugia:

I want you to know about our most interesting visit of several hours to the magnificent Biblioteca Federicia at Fano: it is smaller in size but equal in interest to the Mazarin Library in The Institute in Paris. The collection of priceless books, rare manuscripts, gorgeous bindings, and old documents is wonderful beyond anything I can express and we owe the greatest debt of gratitude to the director and curator, Professor Cavaliere Adolfo Mabellini. He went to the greatest pains to show us everything of interest and to explain the countless treasures of the

AS I LIKE IT

great library (for there are more than a hundred thousand volumes). Among the great treasures are all the household files of the Malatesta family, the autographs of nearly every Pope since the sixth century, thousands of letters from the great cardinals of the church, and many gorgeously illuminated manuscripts. Professor Mabellini had never heard of the Fano Club, nor *Scribner's*, and he was intensely interested when we told him about both and especially about your interest in Fano. He begged me to ask you and other American professors to get in touch with him and said anyone interested in the great library in Fano would receive a warm welcome there and be given every facility to examine or study the books and manuscripts. This charming and intellectual Italian gentleman has devoted twenty-eight years of his life to cataloguing and looking after the library and nearly lost his life when the old part gave way and he was caught in the falling walls. He is so full of information, so gentle and kind and courteous and seemed so touched that we stayed so long and evinced such interest. I do hope other Americans will go to see him and the magnificent collections he so gladly shows to interested visitors. Would you (if possible) send him a list of members of the Fano Club and some of your own writings and have some of our big libraries get in touch with him? I should think the Biblioteca Federicia would be priceless to students of all history pertaining to the early and Middle Ages in history: and may I ask all members of the Fano Club to send Professor Mabellini a word of greeting and encouragement, for his is a lonely life devoted only to his precious books, and the greetings of my young country to this lonely man would cheer him greatly?

Mr. William A. Watts, regretting that the idea did not occur to him in time for the Bok prize competition, suggests as the best means of preventing war, a union of all the owners of Ford cars. "Nothing

AS I LIKE IT

else is so truly and universally American. They are everywhere and where one Ford lays down its bones two Fords grow. It is rumoured in California that the astronomers on Mount Wilson have discovered a Ford in the spectrum of Betelgeuse. . . . No combination of munition-makers, Wall Street bankers, or other worshippers of Mars could successfully combat the sentiment and dictum of the Embattled Ford Owners of America." *Fords, unite!*

The *Ohio State Journal* nominates for the Ignoble Prize the Slouchy Sock.

In the long list of ugly features that come into view when men grow careless in their attire, slouchy socks seem to have a commanding lead over all others. No other bit of untidiness seems to upset so completely all harmony or to be more wholly inexcusable. . . . It seems to have a perfect right to first place. Just why men grow careless in that way is not easy to understand. Skillful artisans have fashioned many conveniences for preventing that display and they are for sale on all hands at modest prices.

Just now some unthinking promoter of style is seeking to induce young men to adopt slouchy socks, deliberately cast aside the ready-to-wear garters, or the safety-pin, that comfort bachelors know and appreciate, and let their socks hang loose, wrinkled above their shoes, the perfect picture of slouchiness. And, more's the pity, there are young men willing to adopt the change and call it style. It's the newest thing, so it must be adopted, by those who prefer change to harmony and slouchiness to order and arrangement. The young men still insist on faultless linen, trousers creased to perfection, hats folded and wrinkled to meet the extreme test, neckwear that is art or near art, then spoil the picture and ruin the appearance with slouchy socks. And this development comes at an unfortunate

AS I LIKE IT

time, as all custodial institutions the state has are crowded to the limit.

I am in hearty accord with the Ohio editor on this question. I am not a hidebound conservative, but we want no new wrinkles of this kind.

Remember when you are in England, never ask for garters; ask for sock suspenders.

Miss Reba White, of Villa Park, Illinois, nominates for the Ignoble Prize

Expensive, hand-decorated greeting-cards. They cost a lot of money and you hate to throw them away . . . there's no more room in the table drawer—you have a cleaning-out fit on, anyhow . . . they are not suitable for framing . . . they are too conspicuous for grocery-lists . . . you can't palm them off on poor relations for the sender's name is usually engraved or hand-lettered prominently . . . they are too stiff for the children to cut out on a rainy day. . . . The plumber is calling "A piece of cardboard for gaskets?" "Sure, take these!"

Henry T. Praed, of Yankton College, South Dakota, nominates for the Ignoble Prize "the fellow who works the crossword puzzles in the news sheets while the rest are waiting for the paper." This should be a capital offence.

Miss Beulah Strong of Florence, has the hardihood—she is a long distance away—to nominate for the Ignoble Prize Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Well, well! One of the greatest individual benefits derived from the establishment of the Ignoble Prize is the relief when some one releases a thought that has been for years gnawing at the vitals—if a lady may

AS I LIKE IT

be said to possess something so material. She continues: "And when you suggest pictures of still life as candidates, would you not be willing to restrict these to 'those no gentleman's dining-room should be without'? and the equally offensive groups of flowers in high detail for the same gentleman's drawing-room? I think you must wish to exclude Chardin from this category; and some of our modern painters—Vollon, Chase, Emil Carlsen; to name but a few—have done their best work in decorative composition and in expression of tactile values in the form of still life."

My colleague, Royal Cortissoz, should answer this question; as for me, I never saw a picture of still life that I cared for.

Edmund Roberts, of Johns Hopkins, nominates for the Ignoble Prize "all librarians who talk out loud in libraries, including even the somewhat more thoughtful ones who confine their chattering to the anterooms." I never met a librarian who had a loud voice, but perhaps it was because he didn't get a chance.

My remarks on the English blackbird have drawn responses from many sections of our country. *The Ohio State Journal* declares the English blackbird to be a thrush. I don't care a thrush what you call him; by any other name his song would be as sweet. Mrs. C. W. Twining, of Oswego, Oregon, insists that our red-wing blackbird deserves more credit than I assigned "His tones are like those given out by the oboe stop of a pipe-organ." J. S. Prout, of

Fishkill, sends me an interesting and valuable article that he contributed to *Forest and Stream* on 24 December 1884, called "Acclimation of Foreign Birds," in which he insists, reasonably enough, it seems to me, that in importing birds like the nightingale and the skylark, we should turn them loose in our Southern States, instead of exposing them to the fatal rigours of a Northern climate. On 9 September 1910, Mr. Prout returned to this theme in a letter to the *New York Times*; it is now a pleasure to give him and his excellent suggestion the opportunity of speaking to the most select and cultivated audience in the world. With all my heart I hope that some one or some organisation will adopt Mr. Prout's plan, and then perhaps we can in America enjoy the greatest natural singers in Europe, just as we have long had at the Metropolitan Opera House the pick of the cultivated ones.

I wish also to add a word of commendation to Mr. Prout himself. He is ninety-one years old, and is still eager to see this experiment tried. "So far as I know, I have as yet made no convert," he writes me. Well, here is one.

October 3, 4, 1926, will be the seventh centenary of the death of Saint Francis; and the blessed town of Assisi, where I spent a memorable day in April 1912 will be filled with pilgrims. Foster Stearns, of Boston, writes me a letter on this subject that is of such general interest that I wish to present it to Scribnerians.

AS I LIKE IT

Mr. Johannes Joergensen, the Danish man of letters, who is now a resident of Assisi, has started betimes (in 1923) with the organization of a "Comitato Religioso per le onoranze a S. Francesco d'Assisi nel VII centenario della sua Morte." The latest number of the Committee's very characterful little periodical, "Frate Francesco," brings the happy announcement that at a joint meeting held on March 14, it was voted to unite the Religious committee and the Civil committee organized by the Sindaco, under the presidency of the head of the former, Professor Pennacchi. The Sindaco made an excellent speech, "ricordando come il giungere al Centenario divisi avrebbe segnato di per se l'insuccesso e la vanità d'ogni celebrazione, la quale, per il suo carattere eminentemente spirituale, deve ispirarsi alle idealità del Santo di Assisi."

Now one of the leading points in the program of the Committee is this: to prevent, if possible, any scheme for a new "memorial" of any sort in the city, and to expend any funds raised in the restoration of the existing monuments; and along with this, to inspire the citizens of Assisi to give their cooperation by the restoration of their houses so far as possible to their mediæval aspect, so that the whole town may recall to the devout (or otherwise) pilgrim as much as may be of its appearance in St. Francis's day.

They are fighting a new hotel scheme, I believe—fighting, that is, its inclusion within the old walls; and they are planning a hostel where cheap lodging may be provided for pilgrims—but this also "fuori le mura." They have suggested that the existing international (and inter-confessional) Society for Franciscan Studies might well be augmented by a Society for the Preservation of the Monuments of Assisi, and they invite subscriptions, however small, from artists and art-lovers of all nations for that purpose.

Thomas Hardy celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on June 2. Inasmuch as he prefers to be known

AS I LIKE IT

as a poet rather than a novelist, it is interesting to remember that whereas out of the eighty-five years of his life, only twenty-five have been devoted to prose, about thirty have been given to poetry. I wish that he had continued the practice, begun in 1898, of illustrating his verses with drawings by his own hand.

Objections are still raised to the improbability of the plot of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, where a man sold his wife. An accomplished scholar, Frederick A. Pottle, M.A., sends me the following from *The British Magazine* (1767), page 331.

About three weeks ago a bricklayer's labourer at Marybone sold a woman, whom he had cohabited with for several years, to a fellow-workman for a quarter guinea and a gallon of beer. The workman went off with the purchase, and she has since had the good fortune to have a legacy of £200 and some plate, left her by a deceased uncle in Devonshire. The parties were married last Friday.

In the preface to the novel, Mr. Hardy said he followed a fact.

The death of Amy Lowell on 12 May 1925, was a sacrifice on the altar of scholarship. There is no doubt that the continuous work for a thousand midnights which she devoted to the biography of Keats was too great a drain on even her splendid vitality. She had the satisfaction that comes from the completion of a long task; and I had the satisfaction of receiving a letter from her in which she expressed

AS I LIKE IT

her pleasure at what I had said of her book in the *May Scribner's*.

Patriotism is an all but universal emotion; but the things that stimulate it vary enormously with various individuals. Just as the same sermon will produce religious conviction in one mind, scepticism in another, and disgust in yet another, so the patriotic appeal will not always reach every one in the same fashion. When I hear a flamboyant oration on Americanism, I feel as the boys felt in *Stalky and Co.* when the visitor addressed them on the English flag. But when I was in Paris at the time of Whistler's death, and read an authoritative article in *La Revue Bleue*, which called him the greatest painter of the nineteenth century, the temperature of my patriotism rose.

The death of John Singer Sargent on 15 April is likewise a decisive defeat of the most formidable of all foes—oblivion. He was the greatest portrait-painter of modern times; and if any prophecy about anything can safely be made, he will remain forever among the artists. He seems to belong with Van Dyck, Velasquez, Reynolds; and he had in his lifetime no rival. It is pleasant to think that genius does not have to appear in archaic garments; but that a man of our time, dressed in a plain business suit, and living at an American hotel, may have the divine gift. It stirs my patriotism to think that both Whistler and Sargent were Americans.

On 3 May 1924, I had an interesting conversation with Mr. Sargent in his room at the Copley Plaza,

AS I LIKE IT

Boston. He was absolutely natural, simple, without the slightest affectation or mannerism. Raymond Crosby's sketch of him, reproduced in many newspapers, is an admirable likeness.

XIII

DOCTOR J. LESLIE HOTSON, of Harvard, has made a sensational contribution to Elizabethan literary history by his discovery of the facts concerning the death of Marlowe. In a slender and exquisitely printed volume called *The Death of Christopher Marlowe*, he gives an accurate and thrilling description of the poet's last day on earth, the circumstances of his taking-off, and the name of the man who stabbed him. Not only has he discovered the truth of what for more than three hundred years has been a romantic legend, he has arranged his material in a manner to delight both lawyers and dramatists. I salute young Doctor Hotson, for he is envied by every English scholar in the world.

The personality of Kit Marlowe is as romantic as his plays; he has frequently been made the protagonist of tragedy. Perhaps the best of all such biographical dramas is *The Death of Marlowe* (1837), written by Richard Hengist Horne. Take it out of the library, and see for yourself.

A play that is bound to excite comment is Channing Pollock's *The Enemy*. This had its world première in New Haven on the night of the 1st of June. It is a good play and a good sermon—it is quite possible to be at once both. The driving idea is more needed in the world than any other, and it is fortunate that the excellence of its presentation

AS I LIKE IT

seems to guarantee performances in every European capital.

Meanwhile the Little Theatres of our country pursue their admirable course, converting the blossoms of promise into the fruits of performance. To take a single instance: the Hedgerow Theatre, near Philadelphia, produced in one month Ibsen's *Pillars of Society*, Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion*, O'Neill's *Diff'rent*, and Milne's *The Romantic Age*.

To those who had rather read good long books than bad short ones, let me recommend three, both interesting and valuable, in the order of their length. *The Life of Edward Everett*, by Frothingham, is more entertaining than its hero. To a large extent it gives the social, political, and academic history of America from 1800 to 1865; and not the least diverting pages are concerned with the years in England when Everett was our representative. In commenting on the old-fashioned but genuine oratory of this statesman, Mr. Frank Bergen writes me: "I think Everett's contrasting of Blenheim Castle and Marlborough with Mount Vernon and Washington, in his oration on Washington, is the most splendid piece of prose in the English language—at least I have never found anything else so completely admirable."

To go from the sublime to the ridiculous, here is a question that will literally set many by the ears. Everett says that one night while dining in England, the British minister of agriculture declared that he could not remember whether a cow's ears were in

AS I LIKE IT

front of or behind her horns. The first six persons—one of them was a milkmaid—whom I asked had no better memory than the agricultural chief. Few people notice anything.

The second big book is *The Public Life*, in two stately volumes, written by one of the most accomplished and high-minded journalists in the world—J. A. Spender. The author describes the inwardness of parliamentary government in England, pointing out its profound difference from representative government in the United States. His sketches of recent and present British statesmen are done with extraordinary skill; his comments on Conservatism, Liberalism, Socialism, War, International Morality, and many other burning questions show cool wisdom. The last chapter rises to an elevation of thought and language that reminds me of the solemn splendour of the closing words in Raleigh's *History of the World*.

The third and longest is the biography of Sir William Osler, by Doctor Harvey Cushing. When Cushing was an undergraduate, he was known for his excellence in playing baseball. To-day he is perhaps the best brain surgeon in the world, and how he found time to write this monumental work, so completely and minutely documented, will forever remain mysterious. It is a medical history of the nineteenth century, and, coming from such an authority as Doctor Cushing, it is of commanding importance. The reader follows Osler from birth to death, and discovers that, although the Regius professor at Oxford was at the top of his profession, he was even

AS I LIKE IT

more remarkable as a human being. He lived abundantly. The power and wealth of his personality impressed even casual acquaintances; on patients and on colleagues he left an ineffaceable memory. I had the pleasure of meeting him on a visit he made to New Haven in 1913; his conversation at dinner was worthy of the best days of the eighteenth century, when table-talk was a fine art. Then he came to the Elizabethan Club, and read us an affectionate essay on Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. During this performance, we were clock-unconscious. Finally he modestly enquired how long he might talk, and I told him we could sit as long as he could stand.

A good book on religion and one that can be read through in half an hour is *Everlasting Life. A Creed and a Speculation*, by William W. Keen, M.D. Doctor Keen is nearly ninety years old, is an active physician and surgeon, and his mind is described by his name.

Lincoln MacVeagh, the accomplished publisher, has just compiled and published an attractive volume, called *Poetry from the Bible*. With the exception of three passages from the Gospel of Luke, all the selections are made from the Old Testament. Don't try to read any modern poetry until the next day.

In a previous issue, writing about the national game, I was careless enough to speak of a "bush league team" in Dubuque, Iowa. I shall never do so again, but I am glad I sinned, for it drew from

AS I LIKE IT

the City of Mexico the following letter from our able American ambassador, James R. Sheffield:

I quite agree with what you say of John M. Ward and Radbourn. But when you speak of a "bush league team" in Dubuque, Iowa, you are using your brilliant talents to injure the good name and fame of the greatest town in our Middle West—the one that has been big enough to outlive the fact that I was born there.

You may praise Browning, hit Upton Sinclair, put the Mayor of Augusta in rôle of high priest of Morality, admire Amy Lowell for taking 1200 pages to tell about Keats with 50 additional pages for index, put in Dutch Carter to make us swallow all that Keats, add a well deserved tribute to Tinker and to Clarence Day, and speak of a lawyer as a "*professional lawyer*" (p. 547), very bad expression, and no one who knows you but would forgive it all. But when you speak slightly of Dubuque, Iowa, you display qualities I fain would have you lose.

I, too, will call you Doctor rather than Professor, not for the reasons your friend Mrs. Morse of Boston gave, but because you might excuse such ignorance of Dubuque in a man whose map is the human frame, but not in a Professor who is supposed to both read and travel.

Two young American poets who will bear watching are Hervey Allen, whose recent *Earth Moods* contains a high percentage of genuine poetry, and Archibald MacLeish, whose volume *The Pot of Earth* is tenuous in physique but weighty in cerebration. It is necessary to read the book through twice, but it is worth it.

When I was an editor of *The Yale Literary Magazine*, thirty-nine years ago, I wrote a review of a new volume of lyrics, called *Cap and Bells*, by Samuel Minturn Peck. Last week was published a fresh

AS I LIKE IT

volume of verse by the same author, who is enjoying life in Tuskaloosa, Alabama. The melody, optimism, and faith that attracted me in the earlier work are characteristic of this. I wonder if J. M. Barrie is right in thinking that people never change?

Mr. Ernest Boyd remarks in *Harper's Magazine*, "The spectacle of a person of mature taste encountering Dickens for the first time would have about it an air of incongruity as unbecoming as the sight of a man of forty stuffing himself with cream-puffs." It certainly would, because no person of mature taste encounters Dickens for the first time. Persons of taste have had their taste matured by reading him. Men of forty of mature taste have in their childhood read Dickens with delight, in their middle age with enthusiasm, and in their later years will read him with wonder at the miracle of such stupendous genius.

Van Wyck Brooks has written an illuminating and penetrating work in literary criticism, called *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*. To read this book, in combination with the prefaces that the novelist contributed to the New York edition of his works, is to get as near to the heart of the mystery as is perhaps possible.

Mr. Roland Holt has produced a useful little book called *A List of Music for Plays and Pageants. With Practical Suggestions*. Those who are inter-

AS I LIKE IT

ested in the presentation of open-air pageants will find this a valuable guide.

An admirable work of criticism on short stories and their authors is by Alfred C. Ward, called *Aspects of the Modern Short Story, English and American*. The brief essays are lively and pungent, and the work is embellished with twenty-two portraits. I think here is the only picture of Ambrose Bierce that I have seen. Mr. Ward's qualifications as a critic are proved by his first sentence. "The greatest creator of short stories in world-literature was the greatest figure in world-history—Jesus of Nazareth."

I am pleased to see that there has recently been published an *Anthology of American Mystical Verse*, by Irene Hunter, with a preface by Zona Gale, who writes: "Miss Hunter died on her birthday anniversary, July 1, 1924, on the day on which the letter was dated accepting for publication her collection." For most of the two years preceding her death Miss Hunter was confined to her bed by illness; her windows were open toward the mountains of California. Looking toward the glory of this world and the mystery of the next, she selected these poems from authors in both places. Every person who thinks he has a soul should own a copy of this book.

Miss Betsy Ireland Shoup, of Louisville, nominates for the Ignoble Prize the Sistine Madonna and *Silas Marner*. She confesses she has never seen the

AS I LIKE IT

original painting, which I think explains her dislike of it. As for *Silas*, I wonder if it was part of her enforced school-reading? It is not even a paradox that what we are taught we often hate. She is a woman of good taste, for she loves cats.

Mrs. Elizabeth Case, of Hartford, nominates "all numbered and lettered streets," thinking that every street and avenue should have the dignity of a name. The post-office at New York must have difficulty in deciphering addresses. I observed a statement in the newspapers yesterday that ought to please Mrs. Case. As every one knows, railway employees do not call trains by their names, "The Twentieth Century Limited," but by their number. Now the Pennsylvania Railroad has recently decided to *name* even the freight trains, believing that in this manner the crews will take more interest. This is another instance of the right kind of Soloism.

Doctor J. D. Logan, Associate Dominion Archivist, writes me from Halifax that he is the first to use the word "vidience" in motion-picture criticism in Canada. In an article in *The Evening Mail* he shows that although *vidience* is formed on a bad analogy (audience), and strictly should be spelled *vidence*, it is better to use the form vidience. There are indeed plenty of bad English spellings that come from false analogies. Our word *tongue* ought to be philologically spelled *tung*, but it followed falsely after *langue*. I heartily welcome so good a scholar as Doctor Logan into the circle of those who have adopted the word vidience.

AS I LIKE IT

Mrs. Elizabeth Zeilitz Shapleigh, of Williamsville, N. Y., writes:

You will be interested in another aspect of the word *si*. In Swedish we have two words—*ja*, which corresponds to *oui*, and *jo*, which corresponds to *si*. Well, in Stockholm the populace have taken to using the *jo* form, only doubled *jo jo*—which is indescribably odd to a Swede not of the younger Stockholm generation. We have another form that English needs, a common gender reflexive—"Each child must learn *his* lesson"—but half of them are girls! In Swedish we use *sig*, *sin*, *sitt*, *sina*, which are absolutely without gender implications and very convenient. . . . A feminist friend also points out that English has no word for human being, of purely English origin. She referred to the German *Mensch* for comparison.

Commenting upon my remark that Clyde Fitch was unable to control his characters, the Reverend R. F. Dixon, of Wolfville, Nova Scotia, sends me the following pat quotation from Thackeray's *De Finibus*:

I wonder do other novel writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seemed as if an Occult Power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, how the dickens did he come to think of that? Every man has remarked in dreams, the vast dramatic power that is sometimes evinced.

Thomas Sergeant Perry writes that if I will say nothing about it, he is eligible to membership in the Faerie Queene Club. *Mettons que je n'aie rien dit.*

Mrs. Martha Summerhayes, the author of *Van-*

AS I LIKE IT

ished Arizona, is now living in Nantucket, and I fervently hope that her book may soon be reprinted, as at present it resembles the territory it describes.

The Reverend Alfred J. Barnard, of Elgin, Ill., has been talking with some English ladies, and

They could not quite agree with your selection of the four best songsters of English life and literature. They felt that the thrush came before the cuckoo. His song is sweeter; and the cuckoo's reputation militates against his musical ability. He is the laziest bird of all English birds; he will not build his own nest; he eats other birds' eggs; and he clears his throat and keeps it in condition by the juices of such a diet. They held too that the literature of the land gave a far more important place to the thrush than to the cuckoo.

But surely the character of the cuckoo has nothing to do with the excellence of his singing. Not every operatic tenor is a pattern of the domestic virtues.

Sometimes, though, a great prima donna is as fine in character as in voice. Emma Eames is not the only one who reads the Bible. Talking with Louise Homer recently, I was pleased to discover that she is an ardent student of Holy Writ. The Bible is a good foundation for success in any art.

That President Angell of Yale is familiar with the Bible is indicated by the fact that when I was golfing with him and two others, and we all drove into the water, I remarked, "The waters of the pool are troubled," he immediately replied, "and an angel has just troubled them."

AS I LIKE IT

As so many modern biographical critics prefer the spice of fiction to the sincere milk of the word, here is a contribution to English literature made by a college student in New Hampshire: "The sadness in Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale* was caused by the fact that he was living with his wife and three children next door to a girl of seventeen with whom he was desperately in love."

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Mahan, and their son Dulany, are going to erect a monument to Mark Twain in Hannibal, Mo. On a suitable pedestal will stand in bronze the two boys, Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. The monument is designed by Frederick C. Hibbard, and the Hannibal *Courier-Post* of 27 May gives a large picture of it, which reveals a work of art of such beauty that some day I hope to see the original. The paper says that this monument is "believed to be the first of its kind to be erected to a literary character in the history of the United States."

Prohibition is still the favourite subject of conversation. I cannot get excited over the fact that I am unable to get a drink or that I am apparently the only one so estopped.

How the world would improve if legislative bodies would emphasise the second half of the word governmental!

When I hear a man say, "I am in favour of peace, but——" then I know he is in favour of war.

XIV

ON the title-page of his last novel, *The Brothers Karamazov*, Dostoevski placed a text from the Gospel of St. John, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

The law of sacrifice is as efficient in literature as in religion and morality; if it is true that human character cannot develop except by frustration and pain, and that the sacrifice of the few makes for the welfare of the many, it is equally true that poetry and music which give salvation to millions, have often come from the grief and anguish of creative artists. But we can go even further. If it is expedient that one man should die for the people, it is true that some young men of the greatest promise have accomplished more by dying than they could have done by a long and fruitful career. The death of young Nathan Hale has been and will be more productive of character than anything conceivable had he lived long and successfully; two brilliant young Cambridge undergraduates, Edward King and Arthur Hallam, accomplished more for literature by dying than they could have done by years of service.

Arthur Henry Hallam and Alfred Tennyson were undergraduates at Cambridge, and belonged to the same secret society. They were, in every sense of the word, intellectual kinsmen, and their bond of friendship was stronger than the average family tie.

AS I LIKE IT

Hallam had a powerful and original mind, and if there had been votes then as there are to-day in American colleges, he would have been elected by his classmates as "the man most likely to succeed." During the summer vacation of 1833 he died.

Tennyson lived to be eighty-three; the death of Hallam was the most severe loss he ever sustained. I used to think that the way Tennyson spoke of his friend in the poem was the naturally exaggerated language of grief; that he overestimated Hallam's ability and character, Hallam having died too young to leave any important "remains." I used to think so, until, somewhere in the nineties of the last century, I read an article contributed to *The Youth's Companion* by Gladstone, in which he wrote that Hallam was *the most remarkable man he had ever known*. No superlative of Tennyson can surpass such a tribute.

When we remember that Gladstone was over eighty when he wrote those words, that during his long life he had met practically everybody in Europe and nearly everybody in America who had achieved prominence, and that, looking back over his amazing career and passing in review statesmen, military heroes, poets, novelists, scientists, and philosophers, he put young Hallam first, we can form some idea of the impression this college youth made on his contemporaries.

There is a curious and interesting literary and chronological parallel between *In Memoriam* and Milton's *Lycidas*. Almost exactly two hundred years before Hallam's death, Edward King, Milton's

AS I LIKE IT

undergraduate friend at Cambridge, was drowned during the summer vacation. In American colleges to-day, if a student dies during vacation, his classmates meet at the opening of the term, appoint a committee, and resolutions expressing regret are published in the college paper and forwarded to the family. But in the seventeenth century, there were no college dailies; if a student died, those of his friends who imagined themselves capable of writing poetry wrote poems in his honour; the "efforts" were collected in a pamphlet, and a few copies printed. So when Edward King was lost, some Cambridge men, among them John Milton, issued a little booklet, containing their memorial verses. This is an extremely rare volume to-day, and as I was looking over the original in the Yale Library, I was impressed anew by the fact, that no matter what the occasion, Milton always did his best. It gives one a strange sensation to read through that small collection of poetical tributes, where effort is so much more perceptible than talent, and come to the immortal strains of *Lycidas*. Milton did not know that he was writing one of the great poems of all time; it was his duty to contribute something to the memory of his dead friend, and he did his best.

However important existence may be to an individual, the world gains more by one great work of art than by the active life of even the exceptional man.

Some years ago there was an amusing and yet instructive article in an English magazine, which took the form of a dialogue in the Elysian fields between

AS I LIKE IT

King and Hallam. One congratulated the other upon the fact that although neither had lived long enough to accomplish anything, they were both saved from oblivion by having for an intimate friend an immortal poet; and incidentally, remarked the speaker, I think I am even more fortunate than you. This was denied; and a long debate took place.

Yet it is vain to compare these masterpieces. *Lycidas* is vertical, *In Memoriam* horizontal. *Lycidas* attains a height of poetry unreachable by Tennyson; *In Memoriam* is far more extensive in its appeal. Nearly every house in the world containing cultivated English-speaking people, contains also a copy of *In Memoriam*; it has comforted and stimulated millions. *Lycidas* rises above the earth, and dwells in thinner air. *In Memoriam* is in the atmosphere of humanity. *Lycidas* makes an irresistible appeal to the poet and the critic; *In Memoriam* makes an irresistible appeal to the average man. What is the cause of its instant and lasting popularity?

Tennyson's father was a clergyman of the Church of England, and his mother pious. At an early age Alfred was afflicted with scepticism, like so many college undergraduates everywhere, and while still at Cambridge he wrote a poem with the defensive title, *Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind*, which deals with the torture of doubt. Later he became ashamed of the diction of this piece, and suppressed it; after nearly fifty years, it was found by a religious periodical, which announced that in its next issue would appear an early and forgotten poem

AS I LIKE IT

on religion by the great Laureate. Tennyson wrote to the paper, threatening legal prosecution if the poem appeared; so they did not print it—or did, I've forgotten which.

This rather crude poem shows how early in his career Tennyson was absorbed by the current problems of religion and theology. A few years later he wrote *The Two Voices*, in which, unlike the earlier poem, faith triumphs over scepticism. Then in 1850 appeared *In Memoriam*.

It is a curious fact that the death of one who is nearest and dearest should increase rather than diminish the survivor's faith in God; but it is so. Many people enter the Christian Church by the way of thorns. The death of Hallam was a shattering blow to Tennyson; but after he emerged from the lethargy of grief, he began an examination of the grounds for Christian faith. His general attitude is stated in the Prologue, which was written after the main part of the poem had been finished. This prologue is not only interesting because of its ideas, but because Tennyson so happily combined the classical Invocation to the Muse with the Christian habit of prefacing every great undertaking with prayer. Artistic creation has always been assumed to be on a higher level than industrious construction. Poets and musicians seem inspired, while mechanical labourers must depend upon themselves. When a classical poet set out to write an epic, he began by invoking the Muse, feeling that he must look for divine inspiration.

Now when Milton wrote *Paradise Lost*, he wished

AS I LIKE IT

to write a Christian poem on a Pagan model; he combined the classical form of invocation with the Christian habit of prayer—he accomplished this by appealing first to the *heavenly* Muse, and then to the Holy Spirit.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe, . . .
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Orab, or of Sinai, didst inspire. . . .
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou knowest:

It would have been ridiculous for Tennyson to have begun *In Memoriam* with an invocation to the Muse; it would have given to his poem an intolerable air of artificiality. So, taking the framework merely of the classical invocation, we see him at the beginning of his great undertaking, kneeling in prayer to the Son of God.

Adverse critics have said that there is not enough of personal grief in the poem; that it is epical rather than lyrical. These critics misunderstand its purpose and scope. Tennyson is not weeping at the grave of his friend; he is erecting a mausoleum over his remains. There is a difference between attending a funeral and visiting the tomb of Napoleon. When we enter the tomb of Napoleon, we do not burst into tears because Bonaparte is dead. We are rather in a state of awe and wonder at the sublimity of the funeral architecture, we wander hither and thither, admiring details. So in opening *In Memoriam*, it is

AS I LIKE IT

not so much the bitterness of loss that affects us, as the beauty of the poetical architecture. We read through a century of cantos, where everyone will find something appealing.

One of the chief functions of a great poet is to reflect as in a mirror the thought of his time. Certainly in *In Memoriam* we find more accuracy in reflexion than originality of thought. As in a mirror we see the ideas of 1850; as by an echo, we hear the voices of that epoch.

It was a confused, stormy, and revolutionary time, a war of Titans. Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer represented the advance of science; John Stuart Mill the principle of Utilitarianism as distinguished from religious altruism; Carlyle was a reincarnation of Elijah plus a sense of humour; Dickens and Thackeray revealed with satire nearly every phase of English social life; Kingsley and Newman debated Protestantism and Catholicism, and while the majority sympathised with Kingsley, they saw that in this contest Newman defeated his antagonist. Many hoped, and many feared, that Christianity would not outlive the century.

Out of the noise of argument came a clear singing voice—the voice of Tennyson, who harmonised these discords into a masterpiece.

From the death of Edward King sprang a poem that rises like an austere peak on the skyline of literature; from the ashes of Arthur Hallam came an epic that made universal grief articulate.

Among the new books, I have read with sustained

AS I LIKE IT

interest *William Graham Sumner*, by Harris E. Starr. Of course I have, because I was a pupil and later a colleague of Sumner. It is not easy to predict just what effect this biography will have on those who never knew the man; but Allan Nevins, in the *New York World*, wrote an excellent column review that was impressive to me, not merely because of its excellence, but because it seemed to prove that Mr. Starr had succeeded in his undertaking. The personality of Sumner stood out in rugged beauty, and Mr. Nevins saw him as he really was.

Force, force to the uttermost—such was the effect produced by this famous teacher on his pupils, and on all who heard him, and on all who read his books. The time was out of joint, and he revelled in the fact that he was born to set it right. Curiously enough, with all his fierce dogmatism, hatred of sentimentality, and aggressive attitude, he never to his students seemed conceited. No one is quicker to smell conceit than an undergraduate; perhaps because to no one is conceit more offensive. No, it was almost the opposite of conceit; it was the complete absorption of the man in his subject, his innate conviction of the importance of what he was teaching, and his ruthless delight in battle. For although he loved to discover, reveal, and explain the truth, there was one thing he loved much more—to fight error. “Billy was in great form this morning!”

He was the arch foe of romanticism and sentimentalism; and I, who am incurable, found his teaching an excellent antiseptic.

Immediately after finishing the *Life of Sumner*,

AS I LIKE IT

I began reading *John Henry Newman as a Man of Letters*, by Doctor Joseph J. Reilly. Both Sumner and Newman studied theology at Oxford. From that point, their careers were like the two arms of a hyperbola, travelling off into space. The farther they travelled, the farther apart they became. The possibilities of divergence of view could hardly be better illustrated. Both had a high grade intellect, both loved the truth, both tried honestly to follow it, both were skilled in dialectic and debate, both finally lived in mental states so far apart that if they had dwelt in different planets, they could not have had less in common. What is truth?

Perhaps they know now. One is reminded of Rossetti's sonnet on Shelley who finds the truth only beyond this life. "Was the Truth *thy* Truth, Shelley?— Hush! All-Hail, past doubt, thou gav'st it."

Doctor Reilly's book on Newman has been much needed. It is not controversial, it is not propaganda; it is an attempt to interpret Newman as a literary artist, and frankly to induce this present generation to read his best prose with enjoyment. The author's enthusiasm for his hero and his sympathy with his attitude make him well qualified. The best criticism is born of sympathy and enthusiasm.

It is interesting to reflect that although Newman spent his energies in persuasive prose, in the endeavour to make others see the truth as he saw it, and that both from the literary and from the theological points of view he had more success than he could have expected—one tiny poem that he wrote in his

AS I LIKE IT

youth will outlast the rest of his work. I think if a secret and universal ballot were taken, "Lead, Kindly Light!" would be voted the best of all hymns.

It resembles the Lord's Prayer in its universal quality, for without any creed or dogma, it voices human aspiration.

As just before a total eclipse observers can sometimes see the black shadow approaching along the earth, so any reader of M. Paléologue's *An Ambassador's Memoirs* can plainly feel the coming shadow of the Russian Revolution. He was French Ambassador to Russia during the war; and the second volume of his memoirs (now available in English) is to me like a prologue to the swelling act. This volume covers the period from 3 June 1915 to 18 August 1916—the comments in his diary show that shrewd insight and sense of fact so frequently characteristic of Frenchmen. I have read many books on this period; but I seem in this diary to breathe the air of Petrograd, to feel the crisis coming. If——

Just as I was feeling at peace with all the world, and free from national prejudices, I happened to read in *The Living Age* an article taken from (of all periodicals) the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* (now if it had been *The Morning Post* or *The Saturday Review*) called *Dignity and Impudence*, by A. R. This Englishman compares Englishmen quite favourably with Americans and with Frenchmen; the English are democratic, yes, but not impudent and pushful like Americans; they have not the appalling bad

AS I LIKE IT

manners of Americans; they would rather die than be like the Americans. On the other hand, while the English have a certain innate and noble dignity, they are not slaves to the caste system like the French people. The English aristocrats do not have to think of their dignity, as the French must do. The English have that combination of aristocracy and democracy which neither the French nor the Americans can understand, but which makes every Englishman an example to the human race. *St. Luke, XVIII.11.*

Well, after all, it is only an individual relieving his mind; and it comforts me to think how much more angry John Galsworthy must have been when he read that article than any American can possibly be.

Furthermore, if American pride is really hurt by A. R., let us remember that Dean Inge published in an English newspaper his opinion that Americans were in most respects far in advance of the English. So the matter remains as it was, is, and ever will be; there are many excellent people born in England, France, America, and other countries. I have always believed, for example, that everyone who loves music has something good in him; which is also true of everyone who does not.

Clement F. Robinson, of Portland, Maine, is admitted to the Faerie Queene Club, having read the poem when an undergraduate at Bowdoin over twenty years ago. He found it profitable reading, as he won the prize in a contest for which this task seemed a prerequisite. It is interesting that Bowdoin

AS I LIKE IT

College in the first twenty-five years of its existence, made more important contributions to American Literature than Yale accomplished in two hundred and twenty-five.

Miss Marie Bowen of Cambridge, Mass., enters the club, having received her first impulse to read the poem from an appendix in Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*. And Miss M. E. Blatchford, a citizen of the same city, is admitted not only to this, but to the Samuel Richardson Club.

Frank A. Manny of Boxford, Mass., read the poem through when an undergraduate at the University of Michigan, because he wanted to, only a portion being required. Another valuable new member is William Morton Halpin, of London, Ontario.

Otto H. Kahn has been misquoted in European Journals. It should comfort him to remember that no one is misquoted unless he is worth quoting.

Mr. W. S. Davenport, formerly Instructor in Chemistry at Boston Tech, writes, "How about horn-rim spectacles . . . and ice-cream cones for the Ignoble Prize?"

Ah, but what would the circus and ball-games be without the ice-cream cone? I went to the circus last June to see if I could recapture my lost youth, and I discovered that I had never lost it.

The first pair of horn-rim spectacles I saw on a young nose appeared on that of Alfred Hamill, of Chicago, an undergraduate in my classes in 1905. He was a good student, and did not need them to im-

AS I LIKE IT

press the teacher; but his example was speedily and almost universally followed, first by boys, and then by girls. Fashions are queer, and their significance changes. Such spectacles in the nineteenth century were the sign of an old "greasy grind," and in the twentieth the sign of the opposite; even as long hair, which used to connote book-wormishness, cf. the expression "long-haired grind," became for a few years toward the close of the nineteenth century, the hallmark of a football player. At about the same period, high-water trousers, formerly the infallible sign of the rustic, were worn by macaronies.

A gentleman writing from the Cosmos Club, Washington, and signing himself "A Princeton Phi Beta Kappa Man," nominates these articles for the Ignoble Prize, saying he does not like "a self-advertising punster." Neither do I; but in order to be eligible for the Ignoble Prize, the thing must be a generally acknowledged classic, which is not yet true of my works. Let me assure my brother in Phi Beta Kappa, that he is in good company. I used to subscribe many years ago to a press-clipping bureau, until I found in *Life* the following dialogue: "Papa, what is a press-clipping bureau?" "My son, you pay five dollars, and receive one hundred insults." It occurred to me that I could obtain them cheaper.

Speaking of Princeton, I meant to have called attention last year to what seems to me a splendid example of inter-collegiate chivalry and courtesy. The New York Princeton Club founded a scholarship at *Yale*, which is given annually to a Yale undergrad-

AS I LIKE IT

uate. For many years Princeton has had the respect, admiration and affection of Yale students, and this generous gift should make such sentiments permanent.

I am sorry to see Roman numerals attacked, as they make dignified chapter-headings. One of the many crusades to which I have devoted my life is the elision of the *period*. I have already nearly outlived it, though it used to be all but universal, except on clock-faces. They used to write "King Henry VIII. died in 1547," breaking the sentence with a superfluous punctuation point. Now they don't.

An excellent quip was made by H. I. Phillips, the merry columnist of the *New York Sun*; commenting on Michael Arlen's complaint that in America he could not get his boots blacked. H. I. P. correctly surmised that he had no difficulty in getting them licked.

I wish the heroines of novels would stop wailing, even though it is always in the past tense. From Edith Wharton to the limit, it is "Why did you go? she wailed."

The conception of beauty not only changes from age to age, witness eighteenth-century and Victorian architecture, but from individual to individual. To me there are few uglier blots on a landscape than oil wells; but I suppose to those who own them they

AS I LIKE IT

look beautiful. During the war there was an immense munition factory that ran all night. On a neighbouring street, those who owned no stock in it were kept awake, and suffered in health; whereas the others were never disturbed.

Why should statements of no importance, and emanating from persons of no authority, be given columns in newspapers? Anyone may obtain free space merely by predicting the date of the end of the world. And the shorter the interval, the longer the space.

I wonder if it is really harder nowadays to acquire a permanent literary reputation than it used to be. Daniel Webster remarked that there was always plenty of room at the top; to which someone replied, that there were so many blockheads at the bottom, the road was choked. Does the fact that everyone now writes books make immortality easier or more difficult? Take, for example, the case of the seventeenth century poet, Sir John Suckling. Only two or three of his lyrics survive, yet he is unquestionably an immortal poet. I wonder why. It would seem that in beauty, wit, grace, and finesse, there were plenty of our living poets who write as well as Suckling at his best. Yet they are doomed to oblivion. It is harder for a minor poet to gain immortality than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Why should all these clever fellows be forgotten, and Suckling (for example) remain?

Or is it indeed that in saying "The devil take her!"

AS I LIKE IT

Suckling put a common attitude in an unimprovable phrase? I hope that three hundred years from now students of English literature will be familiar with Joyce Kilmer's poem on Trees; will they? This poem will certainly outlast many now flourishing maples; how about the sequoias?

If I had to name to-day the most civilised country in the world, I should name Sweden. Not only because of the way Sweden manages national and municipal affairs, and education, and hygiene; not only because it has not had a war for one hundred years, but because it permitted the separation of Norway without blood. Is there any other country that could have shown such statesmanship, such wisdom, such understanding, such conciliation? Good sense was displayed both by Sweden and Norway. That magnificent old lion, Björnstjerne Björnson, who had fought for Norwegian independence for so many years, sent to his government during the final negotiations this telegram: "Tell me anything that I can do to help." He received the answer, "Hold your tongue." The cause of civilisation is sometimes served not by violence, but by serenity.

Sweden set the world an example of the peaceful adjustment of something that even our most conciliatory statesmen think is beyond the possibility of arbitration—national honour. She gained honour by concession.

XV

Is it possible that there is any connexion between the United States "crime wave" and the flood of detective novels? There is certainly a tidal wave of crime. An admirable editorial in the *New York World* for 4 August is headed *Had your little murder to-day?* and ends *what to do, and do it?*

As it seems probable that the third decade of the twentieth century in America will be memorable for its daily list of murders, so I cannot remember a time when current fiction was more heavily spiced with crook novels. The proof that these are works of fiction is not in their strangeness, but that in every instance the criminal is caught and properly dealt with; whereas in actuality he is not often apprehended, less often convicted, and conviction may mean little or nothing. I daresay an insurance company would be mathematically justified in taking on anyone who was under sentence of death.

Here is a list of novels published within the last few months, that I will guarantee as thrillers; there must be thrice as many that I have not read. In addition to *The Three Hostages*, *The House of the Arrow*, *The Locked Book*, *The Monster*, *A Voice from the Dark*, *Thus Far*, there are *The Mystery of the Singing Walls*, by W. A. Stowell, *A Midsummer Mystery*, by Gordon Gerould, *Darkened Windows*, by Cornelia Kane Rathbone, *The Red Lamp*, by Mary Roberts Rinehart, *The Black Magician*, by R.

AS I LIKE IT

T. M. Scott. In addition there is a stirring tale by a new author, Rufus King, called *North Star*, wherein the detective is a dog—and those who love both excitement and dogs will have a feast.

Of the list just given, *The Red Lamp*, by the well-beloved Mrs. Rinehart, is perhaps the most ingenious, she being a specialist in ingenuity; it is if anything too complicated, for I stopped occasionally to look back and reassure myself on identities, as one constantly does in reading an Elizabethan play. In addition to crime, Mrs. Rinehart gives us spiritism and ghosts. I never saw a ghost, but many intelligent people have believed in them, William De Morgan, for example.

I enjoy reading sleuth-books, though I have not read so many as G. K. Chesterton or Count Ilya Tolstoi, both of whom, I believe, always carry one in the pocket.

To turn from the pursuit of crime to the pursuit of something yet more elusive, Truth, let me recommend a small volume called *Can a man be a Christian to-day?* by William Louis Poteat. The author is a botanist and President of Wake Forest College. I wish I might study both botany and religion under his direction, as he has the gift of lucid exposition. This is a talking book, consisting of three lectures which Doctor Poteat was invited to deliver at the University of North Carolina. The three lectures are called respectively, *To-day*, *Baggage*, *Peace*.

The real advance in Christian thought to-day consists in going back—going back through the accumulated baggage of theology, dogmas, creeds, and rit-

AS I LIKE IT

uals, to the Founder of Christianity. It has never been easy to be a Christian; Browning thanked God that it was very hard. Doctor Poteat does not ask if it is easy or hard; he asks if it is possible? And after a candid examination of both scientific and spiritual truth, he answers in the affirmative. There are hundreds and thousands of honest young people who are in great perplexity, and who would like to have an intellectually respectable religion. They will find illumination in this little book.

It is commonly said that the youth of to-day are indifferent to religion; but my observation seems to indicate that they are more indifferent to science. How many of them, unless they are forced to do so, read through a scientific book? In general conversation is it science or is it religion which is the more frequent topic?

Those who admired Doctor Frank Crane's popular confession of faith, *Why I am a Christian*, will enjoy Bruce Barton's *The Man Nobody Knows*, which is also written in colloquial language. It is an attempt, by an expert in this field of business, to advertise the manly virtues and the "psychology" of Our Lord in his dealings with men. It affords one more illustration of the range of appeal made by the most interesting personality in history. I imagine that Mr. Barton, who is an able, energetic, successful man of business, cannot patiently endure the common spectacle of seeing the most interesting of all persons the subject of so many dry sermons. Ministers have the most appealing thing in the world, and they often advertise it clumsily. He will show them not

AS I LIKE IT

only how to do it, but will show them how He did it.

It will not hurt any minister to read this book; and there are no persons who are more willing and eager to learn than ministers of the gospel. It is strange that their enemies represent them as opposed to knowledge, whereas the members of no other calling or profession make such sacrifices to give their children an unhampered education.

Still another presentation of the central truth in the Christian religion is to be found in A. S. M. Hutchinson's new novel, *One Increasing Purpose*. Instead of making religious people dull and disgusting, he actually makes them attractive. He will never be forgiven for this. It will delight the public because it is first of all, an interesting story; because its characters, especially the three brothers, are impressively real; because it comes from a personality so rich in humour, sympathy, loving-kindness and ideality, that one is often reminded of De Morgan and Dickens. The youngest of the three brothers in this novel is a kind of Greatheart, leading pilgrims toward the Celestial City; in his capacity to understand sinners and to unshackle them he recalls the author's Mark Sabre, and the youngest of the three Karamazov brothers.

In Mr. Hutchinson's preceding novel, *This Freedom*, the story came to grief through a temporary eclipse of the author's sense of humour, which here emerges brighter than ever. I feel sure that either Mr. Wells or Mr. Bennett would have been glad to write the chapters about Stupendity.

AS I LIKE IT

Everyone knows how difficult it is to persuade a good man to become a candidate for political office; naturally enough, he does not like to leave a congenial occupation and the happiness of the domestic circle, to become a target for abuse and slander and ridicule. Something has recently happened in England which is going to make able and virtuous citizens even more reluctant. If there was one man in the nineteenth century whose private life seemed to be above suspicion, it was Gladstone. But now, after he has been in his grave nearly thirty years, a book appears (see *Time*) in which Gladstone is accused of being a sensualist. If a man of Gladstone's character is not safe from posthumous attack, what is going to be the fate of ordinary citizens?

J. A. Spender, in his admirable work, *The Public Life*, said, "Nothing served Gladstone better with the mass of his supporters than the well-founded belief that he lived seriously in private as in public." Gladstone made so many enemies, especially after 1886, that if it had been possible to find a stain on his private character, his foes would have published it—how they hated him! In 1889 I was talking with Professor J. P. Mahaffy, of Dublin. I thought it strange in Great Britain that political animosity should destroy personal friendship. "Why," he replied, "Gladstone and I used to be the best of friends, we had hours and hours of intimate conversation. But if I saw him on the street to-day, I would not greet him or notice him." And he gave as his only reason Gladstone's attitude on Home Rule. If he had known anything against the private character of

AS I LIKE IT

the great statesman, he would have mentioned it, for he spoke with fury. Furthermore, in the same conversation, he said that Parnell's irregularities with women were well known, and this was before the public scandal.

In the anonymous book, *Uncensored Recollections*, Gladstone is treated with respect; if there had been any irregularity, it would surely have been set down. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attempted to save many of those wretched women who are so sentimentally called daughters of joy. Gladstone never hesitated to risk his reputation if he could do any one of these creatures any good; and his wife not only knew of his efforts, and approved of them, but shared them. In one of the few idealistic pages in his cynical autobiography, the author of *Uncensored Recollections* writes:

But speaking of the Prince of Wales [later Edward VII] and his tender sympathy and care for all who were in sorrow and his exquisite tact in expressing that sympathy, leads one naturally to think of the incident of his stooping and reverently kissing the hand of Mrs. Gladstone as she stood in her great sorrow by the grave of her illustrious husband at the funeral in Westminster Abbey. I think that there can be no doubt that Mrs. Gladstone—"Aunt Pussy," as she was lovingly called by her near relations—may safely be taken as the most perfect type of an English lady that the nineteenth century can show us. . . . She was beautiful when I knew her—beautiful in the late autumn of her life; but that was as nothing compared to her charm of manner, delightfulness of disposition, and the noble qualities of her tender heart. I have heard, from persons well acquainted with the fact, of this sweet refined lady dressing herself shabbily and going out at

AS I LIKE IT

night to talk to, and help (never, of course, in a patronizing way) the poor girls walking Piccadilly: cheering them, sympathizing with them in their utter desolation, made all the more pitiful by the powder, paint and smiles with which they strove to hide it. I could tell many tales of the almost countless acts of Christian love performed by stealth (and in many cases even unknown to the Grand Old Man) by this—in the highest and best sense of the term—*grande dame*; but as they did not come within my personal knowledge and as they are almost too sacred to find place in a book of gossip, I will say nothing. But I repeat that as a perfect type of sweet, pure, tender, refined, loving English womanhood, Mrs. Gladstone stands unrivalled; and it was knowing this, that the Prince so reverently kissed her hand in the Abbey.

Attacks on Gladstone's private character could do no harm if it were not for the lamentable fact that so many human beings eagerly swallow slander. The two modern statesmen who should be in this regard as safe from insult as nuns—W. E. Gladstone and Woodrow Wilson—have now both suffered defamation. It is strange that those who are sceptical about so many things should in this respect show such credulity. But there are people who love to spit on statues.

The words of Stephen Phillips on Gladstone would also apply to Wilson.

Yet not for all thy breathing charm remote,
Nor breach tremendous in the forts of Hell,
Not for these things we praise thee, though these things
Are much; but more, because thou didst discern
In temporal policy the eternal will;
Thou gav'st to party strife the epic note,
And to debate the thunder of the Lord;
To meanest issues fire of the Most High.

AS I LIKE IT

To Americans generally and to the inhabitants of New York particularly, I recommend an autobiography by John Raymond Howard, called *Remembrance of Things Past*. Mr. Howard is eighty-eight years old, and having spent most of his life in the publishing business, has an accurate sense of what contemporary slang calls "news value." It is curious to read of his conversations with Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who died in Florence sixty-four years ago, with Abraham Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, and other famous folk. His two heroes are John C. Frémont and Henry Ward Beecher; the reader will become intimately acquainted with both. (I remember that I thought Frémont almost prehistoric, when I saw him in 1884. Mr. Blaine made a short speech in New Haven, and then introduced the first candidate of the Republican party.)

Mr. Howard's fourscore-and-more years have not been labour and sorrow, but labour and happiness. I fear he is an incurable optimist. He is a fine representative American citizen; one who knows the world of business, one who has travelled abroad, one who loves art, music, and letters, one who loves his wife and family, one who goes to church, reads his Bible, prays every day, and says grace at meals. He is the kind of man of whom Robert Benchley spoke so approvingly and affectionately in his excellent dramatic criticisms in *Life*—the kind he saw all around him at a Gilbert and Sullivan revival.

Students of human nature will find it instructive to turn from the record of a sturdy, alert, sound-hearted man like Mr. Howard, to the Boswellian rec-

AS I LIKE IT

ords written down by J. J. Brousson, called *Anatole France Himself*, where everything that Mr. Howard admires is laughed at by the French academician, and where everything Mr. Howard would find detestable is held up to admiration. Brousson has not only written down his records, he has written down his hero, who appears, with all his wit, as a rather slimy old lecher. It is entertaining to read in the translator's preface, that the publication of this book in France has had a "beneficial effect" on the great man's reputation.

I should like to see the expression on the faces of the awarders of the Nobel Prize while they peruse this vivacious volume.

I greet with cheers a scholarly work that has been awaited eagerly by every student of English Literature—the Oxford Jonson. This complete critical edition will appear in ten volumes, of which the first two reached me yesterday. The editors are C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson, and these two volumes are perhaps the most interesting. They are called *The Man and His Work*, and consist of a biography of old Ben, some hitherto unpublished letters, the Conversations with Drummond, many gossipy fragments, legal and official documents, a list of books in Jonson's library, and Introductions to all the plays and separate works. In the preface I observe no mention of the long series of separate plays, edited under the direction of Professor Albert S. Cook of Yale, and which have added more to our knowledge of Jonson's work than anything since the Gifford edition of 1816; but I suppose these will receive due

AS I LIKE IT

credit when the dramas appear in the next eight volumes and they are mentioned here in footnotes. Everyone interested in Elizabethan literature should become familiar with these Oxford editions. There have already appeared in complete form, Thomas Kyd, edited by F. S. Boas, John Lyly, edited by Warwick Bond, Robert Greene, edited by the late Churton Collins; and Tucker Brooke is hard at work on the Marlowe.

It would be difficult to find in the annals of the drama a more interesting personality than Ben Jonson, and less interesting plays. With the exception of about four of his comedies, his dramatic works are appallingly tedious.

The most inspiring lecturer on literature I ever heard was R. G. Moulton, for many years professor at the University of Chicago. When he first came to this country from England, he selected three of the worst of Jonson's plays, and delivered a lecture on them that held the audience breathless with attention. I thought if he could create a soul under those ribs of death, what would he do with an enlivening theme? Well, he gave sufficient evidence in later years, when he lectured on the Bible, William Shakespeare, and Robert Browning.

In the year 1911, when a story called *The Prodigal Judge* appeared, the publishers offered a prize for the best published review, and I was selected as one of the three judges. The other two voted for the New York *Evening Post* reviewer; I voted for a journalist named H. L. Mencken, whose critique of the novel in the Baltimore *Sun* seemed to me the

AS I LIKE IT

best. To-day I am glad to say that of all the reviews of Harvey Cushing's biography of Sir William Osler, the best I have seen is by the same H. L. Mencken, in *The American Mercury* for August. It is an admirable, appreciative, discriminating essay.

Those who imagine that only trashy books are best-sellers should observe that Dr. Cushing's biography of Osler, a huge, expensive work in two volumes, has gone to a third printing of five thousand copies, within a few weeks of publication, while in Great Britain it is also selling swiftly. Upon my congratulating Dr. Cushing on his book, on its sale, and on Mr. Mencken's review, he wrote me

I am not at all proud; I am merely surprised; and as W. O. would say "I am wearing the same sized hat"—even though I have just heard today from the Oxford Press that they are getting ready for a third five thousand. My real business is to take brain tumours out of people's heads, and my next, which you will not care to review, will be published this fall, on a Classification of the Gliomata. . . . After all, what is a good biography? I wish you or Strachey or someone would discuss the matter. Certainly it was no time or place for me to attempt what is called an interpretive sketch of W. O., though that is the kind of thing people seem to expect in these days. But don't you think it astounding that a fat chronological story such as I perpetrated, hoping that it might reach a few medical students, should without any previous advertising, have gone into a second impression of five thousand inside of six weeks? With my possible readers in mind, I have felt that it was better to let the story gradually develop, if they were really to get at Osler, than merely to touch on some of the high points which would have left no special impression; in other words that people who wanted really to get at Osler would have to

AS I LIKE IT

give a little time and do a little work themselves rather than leave it all to the biographer. It is astonishing to me that so many people in these busy days would be willing to give the time necessary to read such a big and somewhat old fashioned kind of biography. All of which shows that there are more people in the country who read than I had supposed.

From the tiny republic of Andorra three college professors send me the following poem, accompanied on the reverse side of the card by the only picture of Andorra I have ever seen.

Three budding professors out for a
Long tramp through the realm of Andorra,
From this marvellous hilly
Landscape send to Billy
Their best from the Hotel de Torra.

Signed by A. R. Bellinger, R. S. Bartlett, C. W. Mendell, the last-named being Dean-elect of Yale College. How I wish I might now found an Andorra Club! But unfortunately no club can be founded in this department unless I am President of it; and I cannot even belong unless I have visited the place clubably immortalised. I will say, however, that this marvellous poem from three jolly troubadours will turn the eyes of one hundred thousand intelligent people toward the Pyrenees.

Miss Beulah Strong qualifies for membership in the Asolo Club by sending me a postcard picture of Duse's tomb; from the granite slab there is a marvellous view. (Not far away reposes "Pen" Browning. Every day someone places fresh flowers in

AS I LIKE IT

tribute to the famous actress.) Other new additions to the Asolo Club are Eric Foederer; also Mrs. Robert Carmen-Ryles, of Philadelphia.

Miss Hortense Metzger of New Haven, joins the Asolo Club with the following postcard ditty:

Asolo—that place of magic!
Not to have seen it would be tragic.

She informs me that the Grand Hotel Eleonora Duse has not yet begun to materialise.

The Fano Club is also enriched by Henry T. Rowell, a Punditical member of the Senior class at Yale, and by two of Father McCune's New York parishioners, Constance A. Jones and Helena Paul Jones, who commemorate the fact that they have followed their rector and Professor Tinker thither, in these stirring lines:

To be in Italy and not see Fano?
McCune and Tinker once cried "Ah, no!"
So what could good Ignatians do
But follow in their footsteps too?
And following, as you will see,
Our minds are filled with poesy.
And if the merest mortal dare
Her own poor efforts to compare,
We think we sing a better tune
Than either Tinker or McCune!

From a remote part of the world, namely, Stevenson's grave on the mountain-top at Samoa, comes a picture postcard from Paul Fenimore Cooper, great-grandson of the novelist. It is a graceful return for

AS I LIKE IT

the homage done Cooper by Stevenson in his prefatory poem to *Treasure Island*. Mr. Cooper writes, "I think this club should rival your Fano Club. I had the good fortune to be at the grave during a most glorious sunset. It is a beautiful spot." I wish I were eligible, for in these days when both Stevenson's character and ability are attacked, I am a more ardent Stevensonian than ever. The strange thing is that every person who attacks announces that he is displaying both courage and originality; whereas the stones are flying so thickly from all quarters that we may yet have to change R. L. S. to St. Steven. Meanwhile millions of readers, who care nothing for the envy and malice of less successful authors, continue to read the stories, essays, letters, and verses of the great magician.

James R. Bettis, of Webster Groves, Mo. (beautiful St. Louis suburb, he says) nominates for the Ignoble Prize the word *coworkers*.

Probably it is my fault, but I cannot see it in print as anything but cow-orkers. It appears to my eye to divide naturally that way. Could any word be more abhorrent to ear and eye, or more entirely without meaning? I am not sure that it is worthy of a place in your limbo, for to my mind—I have just got to say it—"it's not worth hell-room!"

Well, the famous seventeenth-century divine, Dr. South, used the expression "coworkers with God," which I am sure did not refer to the sincere milk of the word. Did you know that South accused the Dean of St. Paul's of tritheism?

AS I LIKE IT

George M. Payne, the accomplished literary critic of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, nominates for "Bishop" Phelps's Ignoble Prize:

Slogan of the defeated: "We are just beginning to fight."
The reviewer who says, "Whether you agree with him in all respects," . . .

All first novels which have to be "let down" carefully.
Machine-made detective stories.

Caricatures of authors.

Books with uncut leaves.

The author who writes a "humorous" account of his life, doings, and appearance.

There are two oft-reported historical events the accuracy of which I have never been able to discover. I cannot find out whether Paul Jones announced he had or had not begun to fight, though I feel sure his adversary had no doubts on the matter. The other refers to Sir Philip Sidney. Was it wine or water he passed along to the rookie, with the famous "necessity" comment? On this highly important question, the history-books split about even.

From that delightful intellectual haven, the Faculty Club of Berkeley, California, where I spent many happy hours in 1908, Clay MacCauley writes me with reference to *vidience*.

A talk I had some years ago with friends in Japan. We wished to help our Japanese friends in getting hold of really expressive English terms in their appropriation of our language, and among other things this "movie picture" problem was talked over. We did not think of *vidience* or *optience* as a satisfying invention; but we did talk

AS I LIKE IT

quite favorably of some derivative from the verb *spectare* "to look at"; and proposed to offer *spectance* or *spectar-ence* as the name for a group of spectators or auditors. There, then, are three good words with which to meet an evident need—*vidience*, *optience*, *spectance*.

Here is British comment. The *Liverpool Post and Mercury* for 4 August, after saying that a word like *vidience* or *optience* is needed, and that for many years the English have been resorting to "all sorts of odd dodges to get over the difficulty," adds

But Americans are different. Over there, when they see a hole in the language they fill it up. In the Eastern States they have begun to use *vidience* to describe a gathering which has collected to see something; and in the Middle West the word *optience* for a movie assemblage is already in currency. Professor W. Lyon Phelps, of Yale, . . . is, of course, at liberty to draft any word he likes into his own vocabulary, but he must not, as he does in *Scribner's* this month, give it "a hearty welcome into the English language." Who gave the English language into the custody of Professor Phelps? Who has ever sanctioned its being opened for new admissions with a Yale key?

I took the English language into my custody, because I found in the new books so many arresting phrases. I give to that excellent journal, the *Liverpool Post and Mercury*, a hearty welcome into the list of supporters of *vidience* and a hearty welcome into the English language its pun on Yale.

I am writing in my summer home at Huron City, Michigan, situated on the thumbnail of the state, on

AS I LIKE IT

the shore of Lake Huron. This was once a crowded, turbulent lumber town, of the kind so often described by Stewart Edward White. The forest fires of 1871 and 1881 transformed the countryside from a timber to an agricultural district. To-day Huron City consists of a half-dozen farmers' houses, one store, one disused skating rink, one schoolhouse, one community house, one church. We have no railway, no postoffice, no telegraph, no gas, no electricity, and in my house there is happily no telephone. I could live in contentment without once stepping outside of house, garden, and the links at my front door. I have heard that another Baptist, John D. Rockefeller, is the only other American who owns a links. Well, if you take his money and my money, and put them together, it makes a very large amount.

In the Methodist church here adjoining my garden I preach every summer Sunday afternoon to the finest of all audiences—the farmers and their families who drive hither from miles around, and the “resorters” who come from Pointe-aux-Barques (seven miles) and Harbor Beach (seventeen miles). Edgar Guest is at the Pointe, and Henry Ford at Harbor Beach, but I have not seen the latter among my flock. Our church realises the dream of unity. Last week in the congregation were five Methodist ministers, while among the lay brothers and sisters were Fundamentalists, advanced Modernists, Latter Day Saints, Christian Scientists, Presbyterians, High Church Episcopalians, a few Jewish folks, a famous Swedenborgian, a redhot Unitarian; at the organ, playing Evangelical Methodist hymns, was a staunch

AS I LIKE IT

Roman Catholic. We are all fighters, but we are not such fools as to fight each other.

In recent issues of this otherwise excellent magazine, I have shocked some worthy souls by puns. The fatal tendency I inherited. When I was a child, there was a certain man of God who used to shout in the pulpit and emphasise the shouts with athletic gestures. One day he banged the Bible so fiercely as to tear off both covers. "The word of God is not bound," quoted my father.

XVI

I HAVE known opera singers to be overcome by a sore throat, by sickness of the body, by acute nervousness, by stage-fright, so that in each and all of these instances the voice refused to obey the will, and the performance was a failure. But I have never known of any singer who was overcome by *emotion*—a fact that has puzzled me for many years, and for which I can find no explanation. All of us who are sensitive to beauty are physically shaken by it. There are many passages in poetry that I cannot possibly read aloud—the sound of the words touches some nerve, my voice breaks, and although I despise myself for this lack of self-control, it makes no difference—I can't go on. So far from being proud of this, I regard it as an affliction; but it is not an uncommon experience. We know that Doctor Johnson could not read in the *Dies Ira*

Quaerens me sedisti lassus;
Redemisti crucem passus;

without crying. We know that when Nathaniel Hawthorne tried to read the minister's dying confession in *The Scarlet Letter*, his voice rose and fell, as entirely beyond his control as the waves of the sea. Once I was sitting in the audience when John Masefield was reading from his poems; he asked if there was anything in particular that we should like to hear, and a lady asked him to read *August, 1914*.

AS I LIKE IT

He repeated four or five stanzas with ever increasing difficulty, then broke down, apologised, and said he would have to read something else.

The transporting power of music is so powerful that I am often overcome. I read in the *Song of Solomon*,

my soul failed when he spake,

and I read in the poet Waller:

While I listen to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my life decay.

Neither of these verbs exaggerates my emotion. Now if I am so melted by hearing music, and if there is so much poetry that I cannot read aloud, why is it that the ballad and opera singers can sing the most ravishing music with absolute voice control? It is fortunate both for them and for me that they are able to accomplish this; for how distressing it would be if an artist appearing as Elsa were so overcome by the melody and passion of the music that she could not go on!

So far as I know, such a misfortune has never happened. But why not? If she sings it mechanically, overcoming her own feelings by thinking of something else, the result will be ineffective; no, the passion and emotion and beauty must be fully expressed, and at the same time with technical correctness. She must feel it intensely, and yet the feeling must not make her inarticulate.

Does this control come through innumerable re-

AS I LIKE IT

hearsals and repetitions? If so, why does not repeated re-reading of certain passages of poetry give the same immunity? And it does not. Is it because it is a matter of art, and the artist must learn to give and produce full measure of emotion, while remaining coolly in control of it? I wonder.

Is it just possible that among the thousands who try for success without attaining it, there are a few who have the requisite voice, correctness of ear, intelligence, and health—and yet fail because they feel too deeply? I wonder.

I have asked several prima donnas about this and never received a satisfactory reply.

When I was six years old, we celebrated Christmas at school by giving each other presents. An anonymous gift came to my desk, and I gazed at it in silence. The other children were venting vociferations of delight. The teacher was stupid enough to chide me—"Why, Willie, don't you like it?"—when I was really so overcome with surprise and pleasure that I could not have uttered a word.

In a few minutes a tough Irish lad sitting near me spoke with derision of the gift I received, and as he exhibited his own, he tauntingly declared how much better his was. Not to this day does he know that I had given it to him.

In the autobiography of J. G. Swift MacNeill, professor of law and Irish member of Parliament, called *What I Have Seen and Heard*, there are many good stories of politics and law-courts, and many sketches of prominent men: Gladstone, Balfour,

AS I LIKE IT

Parnell, Healy, Chamberlain, Campbell-Bannerman, etc. Like Oscar Wilde, Mr. MacNeill studied at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Oxford, taking honours in classics at both places. He seems to have the blessed Irish geniality without its hair-trigger sensitiveness; he has come along through the hell of the twentieth century with his cheerfulness, optimism, and good will to man unimpaired. He proves, although he does not say so, that it is possible to love one's enemies. He is a fresh-hearted man, and although he is now nearly eighty, he will die young.

He supplies a new explanation why men who are to be hanged in the morning prepare for the ordeal by a good night's rest. I had always supposed that, in the words of Donne, they practised dying by a little sleep; but MacNeill says:

Another shunted queen's counsel, when the conversation turned on the strange circumstance of criminals sleeping soundly on the eve of their execution, which was explained by several recondite theories, said that he did not think it remarkable that persons should sleep well in such circumstances. "They know," he said, "that they will be called in time in the morning."

It is possible that they sleep well because they have a good conscience; by a good conscience I mean one that never gives its owner any trouble. Ibsen called it a robust conscience.

An entertaining book of travel and observation is *From Melbourne to Moscow*, by G. C. Dixon. He has the eye and the sense of emphasis characteristic of the born journalist. What impressed him in

AS I LIKE IT

Java was the contrast; "at one moment entranced by something peculiar to the East, at another coming with delight upon a proof of the universality of things—more especially the films." The first poster he saw was

Vanaf Zaterdag 14 Juni
HAROLD LLOYD
In Zijn Nieuwste Lachsucces
GROOTMOEDER'S JONGEN

Jackie Coogan is a household word among the natives. When I returned from Europe a year ago, it so happened that Rudolph Valentino and Jackie Coogan were on the same ship. It was interesting one night to see a motion picture with Jackie as hero, while Jackie himself sat in the front row gazing at his counterfeit presentment. The boy is as healthy as he looks. Never have I seen boy or man with a more insatiable appetite for games—he was an expert at shuffleboard.

Who shall delimit the range of books? Mr. Dixon says that while walking around a squalid inland town in Java "on a shabby street stall I noticed Galsworthy's *To Let*, such signs of civilisation as *Tarzan van de Apen*, and (of course) *Als de Winter Komt*."

Frank Scudamore's *A Sheaf of Memories* is a stirring account of his dangerous and adventurous life as a war correspondent. Scudie must be a marvellous raconteur, and I would fain hear him talk some more in a second volume. He has outlived his profession; the old-fashioned war correspond-

AS I LIKE IT

ent can never again appear. I am glad therefore that here we have the record of the life he lived in Turkey, Egypt, the Balkans, and other peace-hating localities. Next to his brains and courage, his greatest asset has been his tiny frame; had he been of average size, he would have been killed long ago. Low visibility saved his life.

Eric Parker's *Life of Hesketh Prichard* is, on the other hand, the story of a man six feet and a half high, who was hunter, explorer, naturalist, cricketer, author, soldier, and all the time a splendid example of the English gentleman. He was a sniper in the Great War, where he acquired an "obscure form of blood-poisoning," which after several years of agony, during which he submitted to fourteen operations, killed him. But more terrible than his bodily suffering was his wounded spirit. In reading this graphic account of his life, which up to 1914 is a record of daily happiness, I feel certain that what ruined his health was the memory of the German sharpshooters whom he was forced to kill. It was his duty as a soldier, and instead of shrinking from it, he did it as effectively as possible. But it is one thing to shoot and stab in hot blood and indiscriminately, and quite another to calculate mathematically, then deliberately to kill individuals, and watch their death agony. This he had to do—if he could only have lost his memory! All's foul in war.

Among the new novels, one of the best is *The Virtuous Husband*, by Freeman Tilden. Without abandoning Sinclair Lewis, I wish both Americans and foreigners would read this. It is an excellent

AS I LIKE IT

plea for and not against Main Street people; a defence of healthy life in the village as compared with the fever-called-living in New York; an exposition of the joys of editing a country newspaper as compared with the excitement of metropolitan journalism; above all, it is the glorification of the country madonna as contrasted with the citified, sophisticated, hard-as-nails-panetela-shaped young female who is trying to express herself.

To Americans, the most interesting pages in *A Prime Minister and His Son*, containing the correspondence of the Earl of Bute with General Sir Charles Stuart, edited by the Honourable Mrs. E. Stuart Wortley, are those that deal with the American War of the Revolution. Young Stuart fought here as a British officer, and although he served his king like a gallant gentleman, his letters to his father show why the British failed. He was one of the soldiers who invaded Connecticut, and he was amazed at the courage, resolution, and dignity of the colonists. In fact, it is clear that contact with the Connecticut inhabitants, short as it was, was long enough to give him at the core of his heart the chill of ultimate defeat. He wrote:

This expedition may nearly paint for you the power the Americans have in case you mean to force them by arms. Our General must make his movements with great expedition and caution, for if he makes the least *faux pas*, Great Britain, with the most strenuous exertions, can not be sure of finishing this war in two years.

And when that happy time comes we have to hope that

AS I LIKE IT

accommodating differences, or rather, forming a Constitution for this Country may not be left to the present Heads, but for the honour of England that people of very superior ability may be sent to establish a mode of Government which may *firmly attach* the Americans to the Crown, both from inclination and dependence.

How hopeless to imagine that statesmen and diplomats will ever give up the old game, though, to the eternal credit of human nature, the old game always fails.

Twenty-five Years, by Grey of Fallodon, should be attentively read by every man who prides himself on being a citizen of the world. The style is as clear as spring water, and if the orthodox language of diplomatists is intended to conceal thought, here is the exception that proves the rule. In the entire course of the two volumes, I found only one ambiguous sentence, which, on a second reading, seems plain. In fact it means exactly the opposite of what it says: "While one nation arms, other nations cannot tempt it to aggression by remaining defenceless" (I, 89).

The most exciting pages to me are those (II, 134-136) where he discusses Wilson's overtures for peace in 1916—with the conclusion that it *might* have been better for the living as well as the dead if Wilson had succeeded in stopping the war.

The book emanates from a noble and sincere mind; but it is melancholy, even tragic, in its import. There is little indication that the world has learned anything from this disaster, although Grey says that such an assumption is unreasonable. It

AS I LIKE IT

may be unreasonable, but the striking difference between the religion of Christianity and the religion of nationalism is that the former is reasonable and the latter is not. At present the religion of nationalism dominates the world. Thousands profess Christianity who do not practice it; millions profess nationalism, and they are eager to die for it.

I greet with joy a new translation of the essays of Montaigne. This is in four large volumes, attractively printed. The English is by George B. Ives, with Introductions by one of the most sprightly and interesting women in America, Grace Norton, the sister of Charles Eliot Norton. I believe there has been no other English version of Montaigne since Cotton's in 1670; although Florio's splendid Elizabethan work has been reprinted in many forms. Montaigne (died 1592) was one of the most civilised men of whom we have any record; his intellectual curiosity was matched by magnanimity. He hated cruelty, prejudice, violence, and stupidity; his love of life was so great that it illumined every object in the world of sense and in the world of thought. His style was so original that his remarks on little things have outlived thousands of works dealing soberly with portentous ideas. He could write on trivial themes without becoming trivial.

An original and valuable contribution to Elizabethan scholarship has come out of Australia. This is a quarto of nearly 600 pages, called *A Topographical Dictionary to the Works of Shakespeare and His*

AS I LIKE IT

Fellow Dramatists, by Doctor Edward H. Sugden, of Melbourne. Places mentioned in the plays have their geographical location given, followed by an interesting historical sketch, with plenty of illustrative comment. Fabulous places receive recognition; and inns, churches, and other buildings are given as much space as towns. Although this is primarily intended as a reference book, it makes such fascinating reading that it is dangerous to open it. Doctor Sugden was formerly associate at Owens College, Manchester, and this volume is one of the publications of the University of Manchester.

Now that books are so expensive, it is good to observe an increasing fashion of *Collected Works* in one volume. All of John Galsworthy's short stories are available in one tome, called *Caravan*; his selected plays are in a single book; a similar volume of Barrie's plays will shortly appear; Vachel Lindsay's poems, illustrated by the author, are in the same convenient form available. And speaking of reprints, I am glad to see a cheaper edition of Pupin's remarkable autobiography, *From Immigrant to Inventor*.

One thing that distresses me is the reversion to heavy books. Formerly I could tell by lifting it whether a volume was published in England or in America; the English books were so light. Then our American publishers imitated the excellent example. But during the last two years both English and American books are growing heavier and heavier.

AS I LIKE IT

Among the innumerable nonsense-books ostensibly written for children, but, like *Alice*, more appreciated by others, one of the best new ones is *Pegeen and the Potamus; or, The Sly Giraffe*, by Lee Wilson Dodd, illustrated by Clarence Day. This is altogether lovely. Mr. Dodd is a poet, playwright, and novelist; all three sides here appear attractively. As for Clarence Day, his skill, intelligence, and humour are as irrepressible through the crayon as through the typewriter.

One of the greatest undertakings in the history of printing is Everyman's Library. Everyman should certainly have at hand the catalogue. It is well that three of the latest volumes contain works by R. L. S.

With reference to my (quoted) statement that the statue of Huck and Tom "is believed to be the first of its kind erected to a literary character in the United States," Mr. S. R. Spencer, of the good old town of Suffield, Conn., writes: "Brownell Gage and I saw a fine bronze statue to 'The Barefoot Boy' in Ashburnham, Mass., near Cushing Academy," and Mrs. T. R. Elcock, of Princeton, and B. W. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, say there is a statue of Dickens and Little Nell in Clark Park, West Philadelphia.

William A. White, the Man of Emporia, issues the following cruel challenge to me. We are both correspondents of country newspapers, he being on the *Emporia Gazette*, in Kansas, and I on the *Huron County Tribune*, of Bad Axe, Michigan.

AS I LIKE IT

As one country correspondent to another, I greet you. As one country preacher to a better one I salute you. As one picnic visitor to a fellow marauder of fried chicken I kowtow before you and challenge you to a contest of prowess. You may beat me writing, you may beat me preaching, but I will beat you eating fried chicken at any picnic between the Alleghanies and the Rockies north of Thirty-six, for money, marbles, or chalk. Anybody who will take a dare will steal a sheep!

Alas! Although my heart is in the Highlands, my digestion is at the Tour d'Argent in Paris. I left it there last October, and if no one has claimed it, it is there still.

Even as I expected, my citation of the remarks of Edward Everett on cows' ears have awakened the echoes, and the end is not yet. Mr. H. H. Bridgman, of Norfolk, Conn., writes: "If you have occasion to inquire about cows' ears again, couple it with an inquiry as to their *teeth*, if they have any and if so, on both jaws?" How about this? I am sure that if the cows have any devitalised or crowned teeth, there are plenty of dentists who will advise their removal.

Mrs. John A. Collier, of Macdonough Lodge, Vermont, writes: "Since your conundrum about the cow's horns and ears, . . . I have amused myself by noting the guesses here in Vermont. Not one of the dozens has been wrong. . . you see, Vermonters do observe. Now ask—When a cow gets up, does it rise first on its front or hind legs?"

To add to the torment of my readers, I select one of the vulgar errors beloved by old Sir Thomas

AS I LIKE IT

Browne. You can always arouse a company by this question: Has a mole eyes or has it not?

There are plenty of travellers who assert that sharks will never eat human beings, and that wolves will not chase them. There go two legends of the sea and land. Does anybody know anything about anything?

Doctor James Hosmer Penniman, of Philadelphia, scholar, author, and Cattist—his book *The Alley Rabbit*, is an exquisite tribute to cats—has received the following letter from the distinguished playwright and actor, William Gillette, written from his beautiful home, Seven Sisters, in Connecticut.

I have bestowed upon you the highest honor in the repertoire of the Seventh Sister Establishment. I have named a cat after you and it wasn't a gelding either but a fine sturdy Thomas cat. This superb animal has been baptized, not with the name of James alone but with your middle and last names as well. Also we call him Doc for short, and the old boy seems perfectly delighted, throwing his tail about in the air with joyful jerks—which is a darn sight more than you could do. Ever since we have been addressing this cat as Dr. James Hosmer Penniman, he has been leaving carefully selected rats in the Seventh Sister Penniman Memorial Library.

Lord Roberts, the great soldier, had an ungovernable fear of cats. Says Cosmo Hamilton:

He dined once at the country house of a mutual friend, rose in the middle of dinner, ran out into the garden and stood trembling on the lawn because a yellow-eyed Angora kitten had poked an inquisitive head round the door.

AS I LIKE IT

His fear was well-founded; for the next moment the kitten would have leaped on his knee. Cats have a sure instinct for those who fear or dislike them, and they will invariably leap upon them or rub against them, in the endeavour to dispel prejudice.

Miss Elizabeth Kebbe, of Hanover, Mass., and Sidney Miller, the distinguished lawyer, of Detroit, both take issue with me in my hatred of darkness. Miss Kebbe loves the mystery and soothing quality of night, and Mr. Miller calls my attention to the beautiful poem, *Auld Daddy Darkness*, by James Ferguson, which will be found in that magnificent armoury of poetry, "The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks." Darkness is kinder to children than to adults.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Ferry, of New York, are the latest recruits in the Asolo Club; they spent in that hill town an "entrancing afternoon."

Of all the efforts in America to improve conditions in the theatre and to awaken interest in the drama and to give those who love good plays the opportunity to hear them, none is more notable for its ideals and its success in approaching them than the work of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jewett in Boston. In a recent number of *Scribner's*, I regretted that we had in America no genuine Repertory Theatre; but I am happy to say that we are going to have one. "The Repertory Theatre of Boston," under

AS I LIKE IT

the management of the Henry Jewett Company, will live up to its name. When, in former years, the Jewett Company were in control of the Copley Square Theatre, I always went there, when in Boston, in preference to all others. I was sure to see a good play well acted. On my annual pilgrimage from New Haven to speak at Andover and at Exeter on some Sunday morning, I got off the train at the Back Bay station on Saturday afternoon, attended the Jewett matinee in the theatre, almost next door, and took the five plus train north. The list of plays produced in that small theatre is the history of the best things in modern drama. Now at last they are to have a new building, on Huntington Avenue, and on the handsome façade will be these sensational words:

THE REPERTORY THEATRE OF BOSTON

Furthermore, to the eternal honour of Boston, and to the encouragement of American dramatic art, *this theatre is tax-exempt*. The Honorable J. Weston Allen, who has been for years an ardent worker in the good cause, writes me:

The theatre is now being plastered and finished and will open in the late fall. It has been held tax-exempt by the Commonwealth and is the first theatre in this country which has received official recognition as having a place in the educational field and equally entitled with the Art Museum and the Library to exemption from taxation.

Our latest move to make the theatre a power in the

AS I LIKE IT

educational field in direct contact with the public schools is to take a 99-year lease of *The Chronicles of America Photoplays* and establish a permanent, annual course of free Saturday-morning illustrated historical talks for the children of greater Boston.

It is the autumnal equinox, the sun is crossing the line.

Nor Spring nor Summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face.

The cottages in Huron County are being boarded up for the winter, and their migratory inhabitants are flocking and flitting. The whistle of the steam-thresher is heard in the land. I must leave my pleasant library, with its outlook on Lake Huron, and depart for academic activities. One of the innumerable pleasures of the summer at Huron City is my constant association with the American poet, Edgar Guest, whose country home is about eight miles away from mine, a mere trifle for his balloon tyres. Eddie and I have formed an offensive and defensive alliance, and will fight any pair on any links. Eddie's rhythm in the golf-swing is as perfect as the swing of his verse. He also contrives to put a top spin on the ball, so that after a prolonged flight in the air, the moment it touches the ground, it leaps forward like a springbok or hartebeest.

XVII

ON a certain New Year's Day in the twentieth century I entered the city of Munich. The sky was cloudless, the air was crisp, and in the strong sunshine the holiday groups were full of animation, as in the second act of *Faust*. Military bands were playing; indeed, the whole atmosphere seemed full of music and laughter. We drove up the broad Ludwigstrasse, debarked at the Pension Nordland, kept by two charming North German ladies, Frl. Junkers and Frl. Lammers. Our rooms faced the south, and were flooded with sunshine; in the corner stood the ornamental but practical porcelain stove, reaching to the ceiling. I had an indescribable feeling of buoyant happiness; and although Munich and its people were almost unknown to me, I felt like an exile who at long last had returned home.

With a brief Italian interlude, I remained in Munich seven months; the charm of the first impression steadily deepened. Outside of America, it became my favourite town; and if I had not been able to live in the United States I should have chosen Munich over any other place on the globe. Its advantages were many; I will mention a few.

One characteristic remains a mystery. Munich was about the same size as Boston, and yet there were comparatively few people on any street. I never saw the sidewalks crowded. Where were all these hundreds of thousands of people? After dark

AS I LIKE IT

the place was as quiet as a village in Vermont; the cafés and resorts were brilliantly lighted within, but there were no grandiose or flamboyant entrances. My friend and colleague, the late Professor Henry Emery, arrived in Munich in the evening, and after dinner he drove about in a taxi; not seeing any resorts or any people, he thought the driver must be taking him to some remote quarter. He therefore called out: "Take me somewhere." "Isn't that rather indefinite?" "Why, you know what I mean. Take me where there are plenty of lights, lots of noise, and crowds of people." "What you want is the railway station." And indeed that was the only place in the vast city that could fill such a prescription.

Everything in Munich I wanted to see was within walking distance. The Court Theatre, the Residenz Theatre, The Playhouse, the Art Galleries, the English Garden, the University, the State Library, were all within ten minutes on foot. The tennis courts were in the heart of the city; the golf links was ten minutes by trolley.

Munich seemed to be arranged for the convenience of the average person, not for the pleasure of a leisure class. Grand opera, which I attended twice a week, always began at six o'clock; it was usually over at ten; it was a very long opera, like *Meistersinger* or *Götterdämmerung*, that extended toward eleven. Playhouses began their performances at seven or seven-thirty, and concluded not later than nine-thirty. Both opera and theatre were regarded not as luxuries, but as necessities; they were given

AS I LIKE IT

for people who would have to rise at the usual hour on the next morning, and do the regular day's work. The result was that during all the weeks in Munich, I averaged five nights and two matinées at the theatre or opera, and never felt fatigue.

To go to the theatre or opera in England, France, or America, means—apart from its expense in money—a terrible expense in time and energy. Many plays do not begin until nearly nine, one is not out until nearly midnight, and one is a long way from one's cubicle.

Furthermore, at the Munich theatres the playgoer wastes not a moment. The time when the performance will begin is previously announced, the one "long pause" between the acts is advertised, and the time of closing; all three events take place exactly according to schedule. For a trifling expense, the daily *Theater-Anzeiger* is left at one's door every morning. This contains a list of every musical and theatrical event that will take place in the city on that day; with the names of all the actors, and the time of beginning and closing.

Although Bavaria was a kingdom, I have never known a more democratic community; one could go to opera in evening dress or in golf knickers without attracting attention. All the theatres were repertory theatres, with the bill constantly changing; so that one could hear standard and modern plays both native and foreign. The actors were engaged for long terms; one actor in 1904 told me he had just signed a contract engaging his services until 1919! This gave him a chance to have a home, educate his

AS I LIKE IT

children, and perform the duties of citizenship. At afternoon teas and social functions, one met the actors and opera singers as a matter of course; they were as much a part of the social life of the city as were professors or public officials.

The opera opening at six and the theatre at seven had other advantages besides time: one did not attend stuffed with a soggy dinner, but with body and mind alert.

This is the way I spent an average day during my long sojourn. I rose at seven, and after the Continental breakfast, I spent the morning in work, studying, writing, and attending lectures at the university; in the afternoon I played golf, tennis, or went skating in the English Garden, according to the season; at five I had tea, with those delicious sugared rolls called *Schnecken*; at six to the opera, or at seven to the theatre; after the performance to a café, where, in the cheerful, brightly lighted room, we had a hot supper, glorious Munich beer, delightful conversation. By eleven I was in bed. It was thus possible, day after day, to study and work, to have plenty of outdoor exercise, to hear a fine play or great music, to enjoy a convivial supper, and to lead a godly, righteous, and sober life.

The surroundings of Munich, beautiful lakes and noble mountains, made an occasional holiday something to be remembered. One morning thirty of us took the train about twenty-five miles; we came to the river Isar, rolling rapidly, and embarked upon a raft of logs, upon which we joyfully floated back down the rushing stream to the city. It was the

AS I LIKE IT

poetry of motion; no steam, no sails, no oars; a steersman in front and another at the rear; the strong current did the rest; and as we swept past meadows and country houses, we lifted up our voices in song.

The people of Munich were indescribably friendly. I have never known a place where every one seemed so happy and so demonstrative. They had immense enthusiasm for everything, from a ham sandwich to a Bach fugue. All the shopgirls who sold you goods seemed eager to help without being officious; and as they counted out the change, they seemed to stroke and pet every coin with rhythmic and affectionate tenderness—*ein* und *zwanzig*, *zwei* und *zwanzig*, etc.

The professors at the University showed in their teaching a similar enthusiasm. Professor Schick, who taught English literature, wept as he described the death of Chatterton, and doubled his fists with an aggressive attitude when he spoke of Doctor Johnson; his colleague, Professor Sieper, was an idolater of English authors, and did all he could to strengthen friendly relations between England and Germany, a hopeless task, for by the year 1911 "preparedness" had done its fatal work, and there was everywhere in Germany an organised but none the less fanatical hatred of England; the war literally killed Sieper; he died of a broken heart. Professors Muncker, Petersen, and von der Leyen lectured on German literature with enormous gusto; and Doctor Simon, who became one of my most intimate friends,

AS I LIKE IT

and remains so, lectured in French on the classic authors of France.

Life in Munich was cheap financially but rich in the things of the spirit. O Munich, if I forget thee, may my right hand forget her cunning!

I induced many of my fellow countrymen to go there and enrich their souls. One of these happy pilgrims, Doctor Lawrence Mason, wrote me from the Pension Nordland:

"Open my tunic
And you'll find Munich!"

The only unconsciously funny thing in Munich was English as spoken by the natives. Every one apparently thought he could speak English perfectly, and insisted on doing so. It required a strong will to learn German in that city, but I did it, because I informed my acquaintances that if they spoke English to me, I should not answer. I had come there to learn German, and even if I failed in that endeavour, I certainly would not teach English. An excellent example of English as used by Germans may be found in a delightfully unconsciously humorous work called the *New Opera Glass*. It was published in Leipzig, and written in alleged English by a German, apparently for the benefit of Americans who wished to attend the opera and to know in advance something of the plot. Here is the author's English summary of *Romeo and Juliet*:

ROMEO AND JULIA

First act: Palace Capulet. Masquerade. Capulet greet-

AS I LIKE IT

ing his guests. He is introducing his daughter Julia. Romeo, a Montague, seeing Julia, is falling in love to her, which is returning by her without to know another. Romeo hears, that Julia the daughter of Capulet. Tybalt, the nephew of Capulet, is going away with Julia; Romeo crying: "God with you." Tybalt renown Romeo, the enemy of his house; the two are quarrelling, but Capulet smooths the quarrell.

Second Act: Pavillon in Capulets garden. Romeo singing from the love to Julia; Julia going in the garden, singing also from the love to Romeo. Their hearths are finding together and after lovely sweers are going from another.

Third act: Romeo visiting Lorenzo, the monk, begging to help him to be united with Julia; he is ready for that and Romeo and Julia are become man and wife. In the battle with Tybalt he murdered him.

Fourth act: Romeo and Julia are sweet united in the room of Julia; beeing banished from the city he must fly. The dying father of Julia wished to see Julia as wife from the count Paris, but beeing Romeos wife Lorenzo is helping her from the fatal situation.

Fifth Act: Romeo enter; he is seeing his wife Julia in the apparent death. In the meaning of her really death he is thrinking a bottle poison wishing to be united with her also in the death. In the same moment Julia awaked. Willing to fly the death is coming: Romeo falling on the bottom; Julia takes the sword and murdered herself.

It is good news that a handsome, complete edition of Stevenson is at last available at a price that places it within the means of the average book-buyer. Everybody needs Stevenson, and nearly everybody

AS I LIKE IT

wants him. In order to dislike Stevenson, one must be eternally vigilant, one must see to it that the fires of hostility are constantly fed; for if you relax your defence a moment, he will steal inside of your heart.

I wish Hugh Walpole had not written *Portrait of a Man with Red Hair*. Such a book is well enough for a hack writer to turn off; but for the author of *The Green Mirror*, *The Cathedral*, and *The Old Ladies*, it is sorry stuff. The strange thing is that although Mr. Walpole knows it is not an important work, he thinks to disarm criticism by forestalling the charge that it is only "readable"; whereas the fact is that this wild yarn is not only inferior in every way to the author's best work, it is not nearly so readable.

Arnold Bennett used to imagine that he wrote potboilers to please the public, and the *Old Wives' Tale* to please himself and satisfy his conscience. But the public received the *Tale* with such enthusiasm that the previous potboilers finally became profitable. Moral: newspaper publishers, theatre managers, and authors sometimes make a mistake in underestimating public taste.

The average autobiography is not nearly so disappointing as the average novel; and the reason should be evident. Among recent life-histories worth reading, I recommend Herbert Quick's *One Man's Life*, Brand Whitlock's *Forty Years Of It*, J. B. Bishop's *Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years*. It is interesting to observe that Mr. Bishop idolises both E. L. Godkin and Theodore Roosevelt—how those two men hated each other! Godkin was always attack-

AS I LIKE IT

ing Roosevelt, and Roosevelt had far more admiration for the conventional professional political boss than he had for a reformer like Godkin.

Joseph Conrad's last novel, *Suspense*, should not have been published in its unfinished state. It was evidently written by a man both weary and sick; it is heavy, laboured, and tedious.

H. G. Wells has done it again. *Christina Alberta's Father* is a brilliant novel, as full of real people as *Tono-Bungay*. The artist and novelist have triumphed over the preacher and reformer, and we have a book of distinction, filled with observation, wisdom, and humour. He says that a certain Englishman had a *neighing* voice—can't you hear it?

Floyd Dell's *Runaway* is a charming novel, with appealing characters and good conversation. As I was bored by *Mooncalf*, I take unusual pleasure in recommending this fine story.

St. John Ervine has written a polemic and provocative biography of Parnell. Even if he were not the author of *John Ferguson*, one might guess from this work that he was a natural dramatist. He began his book with a feeling of antagonism to his subject, and ended with passionate admiration. Not every one will agree with his final summary, or with his statement of what ought to have happened in Committee Room Number 15. Parnell's career ended in a way most edifying to his religious opponents, and it simply won't do to call them all hypocrites.

I have received a number of candidates for the

AS I LIKE IT

Ignoble Prize. Mr. Dexter Hoyt Teed, of the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, proposes that

the dash as a punctuation mark be stricken from the records of polite grammatical society. It spoils the appearance of a printed page; it is the mark of slovenly punctuation; and other punctuation marks, as the colon and comma, can serve in its place without destroying clearness, emphasis, or meaning.

Perhaps so; but what would have become of Poe's prose style without the dash?

Where I particularly dislike the dash is where it is used as a blank substitute: in the year 19—, in the town of B——; why on earth shouldn't the novelist give a year and a place? In oaths, too, the dash is often more silently profane than the word would be.

Miss Frances E. Otis nominates the

custom of actors appearing at the end of scenes for applause. This certainly is a striking example of soloism, and one which nearly ruins my disposition at every performance I see.

I agree with her. I hate to see a corpse rise and grin appreciatively!

Mr. Walter Phelps Dodge, writing from Victoria, B. C., nominates for the Ignoble Prize

all authors who spell through "thru" and use *st* for *ed*; and all authors who prefer a long word where a short one is better. This is a common American vice; as *location* for place, *donation* for gift, *reservations* for berths or rooms, *transportation* for tickets, *ocean* for sea, and "wept

AS I LIKE IT

copiously" for cried hard. I include, too, those ruffians who spell *surprise* with a *z*, and *defence* with an *s*.

Manifestly, Mr. Dodge prefers English spelling to American spelling, and is opposed to spelling reform, and so am I.

Mrs. Gibson Berry, of Round Mountain, Nevada, writes:

How about the "Mona Lisa" for the Ignoble Prize—the cat! but then you like cats, don't you?

I consider then that "Mona Lisa" is nominated for the Ignoble Prize, but that cats are not.

Miss Hortense Metzger sailed from America to Europe last summer for the express purpose of joining the Asolo and Fano Clubs. In Arezzo she had an extraordinary experience. The Italian guide brought her a photograph of Mrs. Browning which he found in an old pension in that town. Who left it there, and to whom Mrs. Browning originally gave it may forever remain mysteries. On her way home she visited the Louvre, with the result that she nominates for the Ignoble Prize "La Belle Jardinière," Raphael's blond madonna, although this picture is one singled out for special mention by Browning.

Honorable James R. Sheffield, our distinguished ambassador to Mexico, who returned to the United States last summer for the double purpose of receiving an honorary degree from Yale and undergoing a serious operation, and who has returned to his post apparently none the worse for either ex-

AS I LIKE IT

perience, writes me again in relation to my remarks about the town of Dubuque, where he was born :

Your September *Scribner's* reference to me has brought me several letters, one asking for a snappy article detailing the standard of baseball in my day in Dubuque, and other recollections of the game, and permitting me to add, to make it more readable for that cultivated society, some reminiscences of my life.

Thus the fame you thrust upon me has already borne fruit, though I would have preferred simply flowers.

I had to write that my recollection of baseball, as played in my day in Dubuque, was nines consisting of from 3 to 18 on each side, played on any vacant lot, but chiefly behind the Third Ward School. It was played with a lively ball, of all makes and sizes, and a good many had to be provided, because the neighbors were rough about our crawling over the fence to retrieve a home run or foul, especially when it had gone through a window. For this reason, also, we wore padded pants. It was straight-arm, under-hand pitching, nine balls and six strikes being permitted, and in all close decisions the runner was given the preference, or a fight ensued and the game was broken up. In fact, I hardly recollect during the first eleven years of my life any baseball game going nine full innings. The score generally got top-heavy along about the third inning, the half inch stub of the only pencil among the spectators or players being used up in keeping track of the runs, so that I think it is fair to say that, even without the fight, the game was called between the third and fifth innings, and was sometimes interrupted by one of the mothers appearing and withdrawing the chief pitcher or catcher in order to wheel the baby or run to the grocery store, or to come home and have his face and hands, not neglecting his ears, washed before supper, as company was expected.

Gee! But how we did hate those other boys' mothers.

The only other reminiscence worth while, in baseball as

AS I LIKE IT

played in Dubuque in my youth, was one game where we played the "Muckers," and one of them not only stole second base, a flat stone, but picked it up and ran all the way to third base with it, claiming he could not be put out, because he was safe on second anyhow, and had never left the base. We found no rule to cover this act of larceny, and as he was bigger than any of us, he got away with the theft. But my soul still rankles with the injustice of that logic.

Just after copying the above extract from Ambassador Sheffield's letter, I received another one from him written at the City of Mexico, from which it will be seen how *Scribner's* connects in space towns so far apart as Dubuque, Iowa, the City of Mexico, Waterloo, Iowa, and New Haven, Connecticut. Furthermore, it is such a splendid tribute from the distinguished public man to the woman who was his school-teacher in his childhood that the letter should be printed for the encouragement of all primary school-teachers.

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Mexico, October 17, 1925.

Your September *Scribner's* reference to me has brought me one more letter—but this a rare and choice one, like a bit of Dresden china almost forgotten on the top shelf.

A dear old lady, for she must be very rich in years, writes to know if I am the Jamie Sheffield she taught as a little boy in a children's school in Dubuque—and also if I am the original of a photograph she enclosed of said Jamie, in a velvet suit, taken with a little girl "whose first name was Bessie." The extraordinary thing is that I am. The photograph must have been taken at least 55 years

AS I LIKE IT

ago—(My Mother kept one on her table) and this dear old school teacher, reading your *As I Like It*, recalls those far off yesterdays of some old man's boyhood, searches her cherished store of memorabil., and pulls out that particular picture and sends it to me here in the Embassy at Mexico for confirmation. . . . She has not lived in Dubuque, for many years living in Waterloo, Iowa. As I read her letter memory got very busy. Of course, I recalled her school—the little girl was Bessie Moore—almost a half-century forgotten. Who can say just what part of our character and usefulness, if we have any, is due to the kindly guidance, when little children, of a teacher who cared enough for her tiny scholars to keep such a memento through more than fifty years. . . . The work of the Embassy halted and that letter of Miss Mary Page Edgerton had first place in the answering correspondence of the American Ambassador.

Of course there are fairies. I believe in them. Some come in our day dreams, some in our dreams at night, some hover about us at Christmas or birthdays, some come only when we travel back through the years to events that couldn't have been with the fairies left out. . . .

Although I do not like the torso of *Suspense*, its appearance has brought forth unexpected and valuable fruit. Mr. Earle F. Walbridge, librarian of the Harvard Club of New York, has printed in *The Publishers' Weekly* an interesting list of unfinished novels in English literature, twenty-five in all, with appropriate comment on each. The same scholar prints a pamphlet, which may be obtained free from the New York Public Library, *Romans à Clef; a list of Novels in which Characters are Based on Real Persons*. He gives nearly one hundred titles, with notes naming the "real persons." Among these novels are some by Dickens and Thackeray and Steven-

AS I LIKE IT

son, George Moore's *Evelyn Innes*, Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, Edna Ferber's *So Big*, H. G. Wells's *Mr Britling*, and others. Such a list is a valuable contribution to the history of literature, and readers should be grateful. A prefatory note is supplied by Edmund Pearson, of the New York Public Library, himself a writer of distinction, who has made murder attractive.

In the year 1898, the United States deliberately chose to become a world power, annexing, among other parcels of land, the Philippines. Hence we became responsible for the inhabitants of those islands. Among other evils and tragedies that afflict the Filipinos there is the appalling curse of leprosy. Governor-General Leonard Wood is doing his best to stamp this out, fighting it with physicians, nurses, and laboratories. He has made an appeal to the people of the mainland, and has proved that the disease can be effectually checked and the future population saved from its ravages, if we will contribute sufficient funds. Money should be sent to the Leprosy Relief Fund, War Department, Bureau of Insular Affairs, Washington.

Explanations of "Xmas" will not down. I certainly started something when I released that abbreviation. From the United States Battle Fleet, U.S.S. *Colorado*, I received the suggestion that it can be blamed on the Russians, whose word for Christ begins with X. Possibly; but if we go abroad, it is more likely that the Greeks are the original villains.

AS I LIKE IT

The Reverend Paul R. Kirts, of Philadelphia, writes :
"To those who are influenced more by their algebra than by their Greek let me say 'Do not use Xmas.'"

The Reverend Gay C. White, of Mitchell, South Dakota (a state especially dear to me), catches me out neatly :

I was greatly relieved to read that it was somewhere in the nineties of the *last* century that you read, etc. We might have thought that it was in some earlier century—what?

A hit, a very palpable hit.

Mr. J. C. Meem, of Brooklyn, who hates the bad expression, "different than," gives me an illustration from the *New York Sun*. Dana must have turned in his grave. Mr. Meem adds :

if we are going to have *audience* and *vidience* (not optience, I trust), can't we have *legience* for those who read a certain author or a department such as yours?

Very truly, of your *legience*,
J. C. MEEM.

A booklet called *The Metropolitan Opera*, by Otto Kahn, is so dignified, clear, and convincing, that I hope all who are interested in American art will read it. Let me quote one paragraph :

We of the Metropolitan are only too glad to give to the American composer and the American singer the most favoring opportunity and consideration that we can conscientiously justify toward the Metropolitan's rightly ex-

AS I LIKE IT

acting audiences. But the Metropolitan Opera is not, in justice to its patrons cannot be, in the preservation of its own standards cannot undertake the function of being, a laboratory, a training and experimenting ground for either composers or singers.

Mrs. Richard Mansfield has performed a good service to the drama by organising "The Richard Mansfield Players," a company of professionals living at New London, and sallying forth to produce good plays in neighbouring towns. They began in New Haven with Philip Barry's admirable comedy, *You and I*.

On the train between Detroit and New York I had the pleasure of encountering in the dining-car Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crane, and we had much good talk together. Despite the fact that Mr. Crane is eighty, he is vigorous both in body and mind. He is writing his autobiography, the recollections of a happy and useful life. I shall never forget him in *The Rivals*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and in Bronson Howard's fine play, *The Henrietta*. They say that actors are quickly forgotten, but every time I see a good play well acted, I obtain a pleasure that, so far from being evanescent, remains with me in ever-increasing degree. I regard every good player as a public benefactor.

FINIS

INDEX

- A. J. Fuller*, vessel in Riesenbergs' *Under Sail*, 76
- Adams, F. P., pun by H. R. Hawley in his column, 147-148; war on "whom is he?" 190; on "Xmas," 173-174; mentioned, 109
- Addison, J., 166
- Ade, G., 161
- Air-travel, flight from London to Paris, 17-18
- Alberti, C., reports typographical error in *Scribner's*, 147
- Alcibiades, reprobated, 52
- Allen, H., *Earth Moods* recommended, 206
- Allen, Hon. J. W., on Repertory Theatre of Boston, 261-262
- American Independence, notes on by Gen. Sir Charles Stuart, 253-254
- American Mercury*, 239
- American people, contrasted unfavourably with English, 222-223
- American-Scandinavian Foundation, republish Frederika Bremer's *Letters*, 122
- Anderson, Hattie R., joins Faerie Queene Club, 72
- Andorra, visited by college professors, 240
- Andreev, L., 127
- Angell, J. R., familiar with Bible, 211
- Archer, W., death, 119; cordial to Americans, 119; Max Beerbohm's cartoon, 119; responsible for recognition of Ibsen, 119
- Aristophanes, *The Frogs*, presented by Yale Dramatic Association, 55
- Aristotle, 129
- Arlen, Michael, quip on, 226
- Armstrong, Prof. A. J., joins Fano Club, 70
- Ashburnham, Mass., statue of Barefoot Boy, 257
- Asolo, tribute to by E. Schneider, 36; "spoiled by tourists," 37
- Asolo Club, joined by Mrs. H. D. Auchincloss, 9; Miss A. Auchincloss, 10; Florence K. Barr, 36; Mrs. R. Carmen-Ryles, 241; E. H. Carmichael, 89; Elizabeth L. Dodge, 10; M. L. Doolittle, 89; Mr. and Mrs. M. Ferry, 260; E. Foederer, 241; Hortense Metzger, 241, 273; Nancy Reynolds, 36; Mrs. Georgiana Spaulding, 118; Beulah Strong, 240; Josiah Tubby, 36; Mary Tubby, 36; Ruth Tubby, 36; mentioned, 87
- Asquith, H., *Wind's End*, recommended, 67
- Assisi, seventh centenary of death of St. Francis, 198
- Athens, expedition against Sparta bewailed, 51-52
- Atlantic Transport Line, *Minnetonka*, 2
- Auchincloss, Annie B., joins Asolo Club, 10
- Auchincloss, Mrs. H. D., joins Asolo Club, 9
- Augier, G. V. E., 48
- Augusta, Ga., home of Ty Cobb, 130; pleasures of a sojourn at, 130, 160-165; Conversation Club, 160-162; flood averted by levee, 162-163; *The Rivals* performed, 164-165
- Austen, Jane, *Sense and Sensibility*, 102; *Emma*, 102
- Autobiographies, humorous, nominated for Ignoble Prize, 243

INDEX

- Babbitt, F. L., 161
 Bach, J., 267
 Baer, B., letter on Y bridge at Zanesville, Ohio, 70-71
 Bahr, H., 127
 Baker, Prof. G. P., attends first performance of one of H. A. Jones's plays, 128-129
 Baldwin, Celia, furnishes anecdotes of Gail Hamilton, 28; member of "I" Club, 96
 Balfour, A., 156, 249
 Baltimore *Sun*, 238
 Barnard, Rev. A. J., English notes on thrush and cuckoo, 211
 Barr, Florence K., joins Asolo Club, 36
 Barrett, ex-Mayor of Augusta, Ga. saves city from floods, 163; mentioned, 206
 Barrie, Sir J. M., *Admirable Crichton* and *Ordeal*, 92; Collected Plays to be published in one volume, 256; *Mary Rose* in book form, recommended, 24, 106; *Shall We Join the Ladies* originally planned in four acts, 24; mentioned, 24, 92, 106, 111, 127, 207
 Barry, P., Mansfield Players present *You and I*, 279
 Barrymore, Ethel, 160
 Bartlett, R. S., sends poem from Andorra, 240
 Barton, B., *The Man Nobody Knows* reviewed, 231-232
 Barton, W. E., *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, 173
 Baseball, "northpawed," a new word coined in, 89-90; Ambassador Sheffield's reminiscences of in Dubuque, 274; Ty Cobb's comments on, 90
 Beauty, changing conceptions of, 226-227
 Beecher, H. W., Frederika Bremer praises, 123; mentioned, 236
 Beer, T., *Sandoval* recommended, 53
 Beerbohm, Max, cartoon on William Archer, 119
 Beers, Prof. H. A., taught course from dictionary, 133
 Beethoven, L., "Kreutzer Sonata," 160
 Bell, F., defends Sunday-school books, 53-54
 Bellinger, A. R., sends poem from Andorra, 240
 Belts, myth concerning, 73
 Benavente, J., *Bonds of Interest* first production of Theatre Guild, a failure, 184; mentioned, 127
 Benchley, R., 236
 Benét, W. R., editor of *Saturday Review*, 79
 Bennett, Arnold, *The Bright Island* dull, 155; *Elsie and the Child* recommended, 106; *Great Adventure*, 23-24, from novel *Buried Alive*, 24; *Milestones*, 24; *Old Wives Tale* more successful than his potboilers, 270; pronunciation of "wigwam," 24; *Riceyman Steps*, 106; mentioned, 9, 24, 232
 Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. C. E., join Fano Club, 70
 Benson, A. B., edits Frederika Bremer's *Letters*, 122; quoted, 122-123
 Bergen, Francis, lost life in World War, Memorial Foundation for, 139
 Bergen, Frank, explains early morning worries, 146; source of Hugo's remark on Voltaire and Jesus, 146; praises Everett's prose style, 203
 Berlin, fine repertory theatres in, 47-48
 Bernard, J. J., 41
 Bernard, T., 41
 Bernstein, H., 41

INDEX

- Berry, Mrs. G., nominates Mona Lisa for Ignoble Prize, 273
- Bettis, J. R., comments on "north-pawed," 89-90; nominates "co-workers" for Ignoble Prize, 242
- Bible, President Angell student of, 211, Emma Eames, 106, Louise Homer, 211; every one should buy Authorised Version in large type, 190-191; 1925 marks two anniversaries in history of, 190; no longer sold in Russia, 80; *Poetry from*, 205; mentioned, 238
- Bibliotheca Federicia of Fano, 192-193
- Bicycling, best way to see England, 113; went out of fashion in America through becoming a fad, 113
- Bierce, Ambrose, picture of, 208
- Bill, A. H., *The Clutch of the Corsican* promising, 187
- Bishop, J. B., *Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years* recommended, 270; idolises both Godkin and Roosevelt, 270-271
- Björnson, B., 127; anecdote of, 228
- Black, Major, 162; anecdote of Civil War, 162
- Blackbird, English, finest singer in England, 116-117; really a thrush, 196; unknown in America, 116; explanation, 117, 197; red-winged blackbird a poor singer, 117; defended, 196
- Blaine, J. G., 236; Gail Hamilton a relative of, 28
- Blair, J. A., 161
- Blake, W., Damon's work on recommended, 12
- Blatchford, Miss M. E., joins Faerie Queene Club and Richardson Club, 224
- Boas, F. S., Oxford edition of Kyd edited by, 238
- Bodley Head Quartos, recommended, 92-93
- Bok, E., peace prize, humorous suggestion for, 193-194; *Twice Thirty* recommended, 156
- Boland, H., letter concerning alleged church of Charles the Martyr, 69-70
- Bond, W., edits Oxford edition of Lyly, 238
- Bone, Capt. D. W., writes foreword for *Under Sail*, 77
- Bontelle, Jessie, opens Playhouse in Detroit, 185
- Bookman, The*, 52-53
- Books, weight of, increasing, 256; with uncut leaves nominated for Ignoble Prize, 96, 243; defended, 96, 176
- Bootjacks, editorial on, 175; instruments to throw at nightingales, 114
- Borden, Sir R., 161
- Bores, people who talk about their travels, 112; Donne's bequest to, 112
- Borlan, J., on personality in trains on Northwestern Electric, 86
- Bostwick, A. E., renominates Horace for Ignoble Prize, and adds Virgil, 73-74
- Boswell, J., Tinker's *Letters of*, 141-142; interest in never so great as now, 141; proves that a man does not have to be good to be a genius, 141-142; *Life of Johnson* nominated for Ignoble Prize, 195; interesting chiefly to English-speaking people, 142; Wilson's *Life of Carlyle* compared with, 125; Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe* preferred to, 142
- Bosworth, W., on "Xmas," 173
- Bowdoin College, contributions to American literature, 223-224
- Bowen, Marie, joins Faerie Queene Club, 224

INDEX

- Boxes, theatre, nominated for Ignoble Prize, 109-110
- Boyd, E., On Dickens and mature taste, 207
- Boyd, T., *Points of Honor*, good war stories, 187; *Through the Wheat*, 187
- Boyedon, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh de, join Fano Club, 192; on Bibliotheca Federicia of Fano, 192-193
- Bremer, Frederika, *America of the Fifties* reprinted, 122; best of all foreign impressions of America, 122-124; meetings with famous Americans of the day, 122-124; quoted on American character, 123-124
- Bridesmaids, misuse of term, 170-171
- Bridges, covered, 70-71
- Bridgman, H. H., on cows' teeth, 258
- Brieux, E., 48
- Briggs, Dean L. B. R., resigns from Harvard, 157; anecdotes of, 157
- Brisson, P., *Le Théâtre Juif*, 41
- Britannia, pun on by H. R. Hawley, 147-148
- British Magazine*, *The*, 199
- Brooke, Prof. C. F. T., editing Oxford Marlowe, 238
- Brooker, C. F., 161
- Brooks, Phillips, 154-155
- Brooks, Van W., *The Pilgrimage of Henry James* recommended, 207
- Brousson, J. J., *Anatole France Himself* reviewed, 237
- Browne, Sir T., *Vulgar Errors*, 258-259
- Browning, Elizabeth, mystery surrounding picture of, 273; quoted, 65; mentioned, 236
- Browning, R., anger at rumour of second marriage, 63-64; letter to Lady Ritchie, 63; quoted, *Home Thoughts from Abroad*, 160; *Memorabilia*, 140; *One Word More*, 114; *Ring and the Book*, 85; L. Mason's parody of *De Gustibus*, 268; reads Johnson's Dictionary, 133; O. Wister on, 155; mentioned, 206, 231, 238, 273
- Browning, R. W. B. ("Pen"), 241
- Buchan, J., *The Three Hostages*, 125-126, 229
- Bullen, F. T., *The Cruise of the Cachalot* best of whaling stories, 187-188; introduction by Kipling, 188
- Burroughs, E. R., most popular American author in Russia, 80; *Tarzan van de Apen* in Java, 251
- Burt, S., *Diary of a Dude-Wrangler* recommended, 106
- Burton, R., Sir. W. Osler on *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, 205
- Bute, Earl of, *A Prime Minister and His Son* reviewed, 253
- Butler, N. M., 161
- Butler, S., *The Way of All Flesh*, 277
- Bygrave, H. R., on origin of cigar bands, 82-83
- Byrne, D., on sailor's life, 78
- "C. I. C." on posting names of bus-drivers in Pasadena, 85
- Cable, G. W., attacked by stage-fright, 172-173
- Calvert L., presents *The Tempest* for children, 48
- Camp, W., sudden death, 157-158; remarkable qualities, 158
- Campbell, Mrs. Partick, 68
- Campbell-Bannerman, H., 250
- Canby, H. S., founds *Saturday Review*, 79
- Caricatures, of authors nominated for Ignoble Prize, 243
- Carlsen, E., recommended as painter of still-life, 196
- Carlyle, T., characterisation of Mrs. Taylor, 168; more interest-

INDEX

- ing than anything he wrote, 125;
on Jeffrey, 125; Wilson's biography of the best of our time, 125; tried to read Koran, 10; mentioned, 219
- Carmen-Ryles, Mrs. R., joins Asolo Club, 241
- Carmichael, E. H., joins Asolo Club, 89
- Carpenter, T. A., letter on old age, 51
- Carroll, Lewis, *Alice in Wonderland*, 257
- Carter, W. F. ("Dutch"), anecdote of, 131-132, 206
- Cartwright, C. E., *The Tales of Our Merchant Ships* recommended, 134-135; amazing speed of full-rigged vessels, 134-135
- Case, Mrs. Elizabeth, letter on various abuses, 170-171; nominates lettered and numbered streets for Ignoble Prize, 209; praises Trollope's *Autobiography* 171-172
- Cats, William Gillette names one for Dr. Penniman, 259; Lord Roberts' fear of, 259-260
- Catullus, 74
- Ceylon, 99
- Chamberlain, A., 156, 250
- Chapman, Frances, defends books with uncut leaves, 176
- Chapman, G., on older vs. younger generation, 158
- Chapman, J. J., objects to Roman Catholic on Harvard Board of Overseers, 98
- Chardin, J. S., recommended as painter of still-life, 196
- Charles I of England, see King Charles, Martyr
- Chartres Cathedral, revisited for fifth time, 19; plain tower again nominated for Ignoble Prize, 19
- Chase, W. M., recommended as painter of still-life, 196
- Chatterton, T., 267
- Chaucer, G., in Yale Library in 1791, 49; *Chaucer's Nuns and Other Essays*, 178; mentioned, 117
- Chekhov, A., 127
- Cheney, L., 161
- Cherbuliez, V., *L'Idée de Jean Têtêrol*, remarks on cows in, 60
- Chesterton, G. K., on mountain-climbing, 112; mentioned, 111, 230
- Chicago News, 191
- Chicago Tribune, 107
- Chopin, F., 75th anniversary of his death commemorated, 35
- Christian Science Monitor*, 99
- Christianity, extinction of predicted, 138-139; reasonable but weaker than nationalism, 255
- Church Unity, practised at Huron City, Mich., 245-246
- Cigar bands, explanation of their origin, 82-83; German-made bands less troublesome, 83; *Huron County Tribune*, reprints strictures on, 82; "J. A." a cigar without, 84
- Cigarettes, adulteration of a myth 73
- Cincinnati Times Star, 243
- Clapp, G., 161
- Clark, B. H., *A Study of Modern Drama* recommended, 128
- Clark, Martha H., *The Home Road* recommended, 181; Prof. C. H. Page on, 181
- Clergymen, erroneous ideas concerning, 5
- Clevedon, site of Arthur Hallam's grave, 88; associated with *Henry Esmond*, 88; should be visited by tourists, 88
- Clevedon Club, formation of suggested, 88
- Cleveland, G., "only occasion he was right," 121

INDEX

- Clifford, Mrs. W. K., *Eve's Lover*, 72
- Climate, 14-15; of England and America contrasted, 14; effect on national temperament and literature, 14; bad weather made an excuse for immoral plays, 15; open fires inadequate for heating, 14
- Clothes, of men more comfortable in recent years, 175; American soldier's most uncomfortable, 176
- Cobb, T. R., wishes he had been a surgeon, 90; should not regret having been a ball-player, 90; mentioned, 130
- Cohan, G. M., *So This Is London*, 8; *The Tavern* praised, 189; *Twenty Years on Broadway*, 189; *The Yankee Prince* a bore, 189
- Coit, C., sends catalogue of Yale Library in 1791, 49
- Cold, not harmful to actors, 68
- Collier, Mrs. J. A., says Vermonters know about position of cows' ears, 258; proposes another conundrum, 258
- Collier, J., his attack on the stage, 15
- Collins, Churton, edits Oxford edition of Greene, 238
- Collins, D., *Manchester Guardian* on, 92; *Ordeal* promising but too sensational, 92
- Collins, W., his mystery tales rivalled by Eden Phillpotts, 22
- Comédie Française, dress rehearsal at, 37-38; traditional manner of acting Molière, 39
- Commons, House of, debate in attended, 156
- Comædia*, most interesting daily paper in Paris, 40-41; *La Profanation de la Tombe d'Eleonora Duse*, 36; *Le Théâtre Juif*, 41
- Congreve, W., remarkable reply to Collier, 15
- Conrad, J., death commented on, 93; Galsworthy's reminiscences of, 124-125; on love of humanity, 143; *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, 77; *Suspense* should not have been published, 271; causes publication of list of unfinished works, 276
- Conversation Club, membership, 160-163; meets cast of *The Rivals*, 164-165
- Coogan, Jackie, and Soloism, 13; in Java, 251; as healthy as he looks, 251
- Cook, Prof. A. S., joins Faerie Queene Club, 117; directs *Yale Studies in English* plays of Jonson, 237-238
- Coolidge, L., 161
- Coolus, R., 41
- Cooper, J. F., 242
- Cooper, P. F., visits grave of Stevenson, 241-242
- Copley Square Theatre, work of Jewett Players at, 261
- Corbett, J. J., *The Roar of the Crowd* reviewed and recommended, 166-167; a meeting with, 167
- Corbin, J., presents *The Tempest* for children, 48
- Corneille, P., his plays dull on the stage, 39
- Cortissoz, R., 196
- Cotton, C., translation of Montaigne, 255
- Coventry (England) Public Library, bibliography of Galsworthy, 176-177
- Cows, ears, position of, 203-204, 258; placidity and repose, 59-60; manner of rising, 258; teeth, 258; Victor Cherbouliez on, 60
- Coyle, K., *Piccadilly*, 5; *The*

INDEX

- Widow's House* reviewed and recommended, 5-6
- Crane, F., 231; *Why I Am a Christian* reviewed and recommended, 64-65
- Crane, J., 162
- Crane, S., 53
- Crane, W. H., writing his autobiography, 279; reminiscences of his acting, 279
- Crane, Mrs. W. H., 279
- Crime wave, its connection with fiction, 230
- Crocker, G., 161
- Croisset, F. de, 41
- Crosby, R., sketch of J. S. Sargent good likeness, 201
- Cross-word puzzle fanatics nominated for Ignoble Prize, 195
- Crowlay, P., 161
- Croy, H., *R. F. D. No. 3* reviewed and recommended, 46
- Cuckoo, heard in Sussex, 116; unknown in America, 116; explanation, 116, 197; thrush should be preferred to, 211; character nothing to do with his song, 211
- Cummings, W., 108, 109
- Currie, B., 37
- Curtain-calls at end of scenes nominated for Ignoble Prize, 272
- Cushing, H., *Life of Sir William Osler* recommended, 204-205, 239; letter from concerning his book, 239-240
- Cutting, E., last survivor of the Charge of the Light Brigade, 108
- Damon, S. F., *William Blake, His Philosophy and Symbols* recommended, 12-13
- Dana, C. A., 120, 121, 278
- Dana, R. H., *Two Years Before the Mast*, 77; mentioned, 76
- D'Annunzio, G., 127
- Dark, fear of, discussed, 100-101; explained by heredity, 174; darkness defended, 174, 260; *Auld Daddy Darkness*, 260
- Darwin, C., 219
- Dash, as mark of punctuation, nominated for Ignoble Prize, 272; indispensable to Poe's prose style, 272; especially bad as a blank substitute, 272
- Davenport, Mary D., joins Fano Club, 70
- Davenport, W. S., nominates horn-rim spectacles and ice-cream cones for Ignoble Prize, 224
- Davis, C. B., on Restoration Plays, 185-186
- Davis, Jefferson, characterised by Woodrow Wilson, 166
- Davis, O., *The Nervous Wreck*, 8; opening in London, 25-26
- Dawson, T. B., protests at high price of passports, 54-55
- Day, C., illustrates book by L. W. Dodd, 257; on Browning's pessimism, 136; hands in perfect paper in course at Yale, 137; mentioned, 206
- Daylight-Saving Time, 19
- Deeter, J., directs Hedgerow Theatre, 71
- Delaney, A. M., on abbreviation "Xmas," 173
- Dell, Floyd, *Runaway* recommended, 271; *Mooncalf* a bore, 271
- Della Casa, G., on toothpicks, 148
- Dellenbaugh, F. S., asks for information concerning Mrs. Summerhayes, 147
- De Morgan, W., 230, 232
- Detective Stories, machine-made, nominated for Ignoble Prize, 243
- Detroit *Free Press*, 103
- Dibble, R. L., *Life of John L. Sullivan*, 188-189
- Dickens, C., E. Boyd on, 207; *David Copperfield*, 3; development of characters of Mr. Pick-

INDEX

- wick and Dick Swiveller, 95; exponent of "hustle," 171; key to his characters, 276; statue of with Little Nell, 257; *Tale of Two Cities*, 102; mentioned, 219, 232
- Dies Ira*, effect on Dr. Johnson, 247
- Digges, D., performance in *John Ferguson*, 8, 185
- Dixon, G. C., *From Melbourne to Moscow* recommended, 250; advertising in Java, 251
- Dixon, Rev. R. F., Thackeray's note on the independent existence of his characters, 210
- Dodd, L. W., *Pegeen and the Potamus* recommended, 257
- Dodge, Elizabeth L., joins Asolo Club, 10
- Dodge, W. P., nominates simplified spelling and fine writing for Ignoble Prize, 272-273
- Dogs, 174; divergence in size remarkable, 179
- Donnay, M., Mrs. Wharton's *The Mother's Recompense* like his *L'Autre Danger*, 186; mentioned, 38
- Donne, J., quoted, 117, 250
- Doolittle, M. L., joins Asolo Club, 89
- Dostoevski, F., *The Brothers Karamazov*, 213; now considered old-fashioned in Russia, 80
- Douglas, Rev. L. C., on cigar bands, 84
- Drake, M., about to publish new novel, 72; *The Doom Window* recommended, 178; *WO₂* recommended, 72-73
- Drama, present great creative age of, 127-129; of Restoration, un-English in pornography, 185; revival of hinted, 185; not so witty as Shaw, 186
- Dramatic criticisms, by Metcalfe in *Wall Street Journal* recommended, 185
- Dramatic critics, aided by French public dress-rehearsals, 37-38
- Dryden, J., attitude on being attacked by Collier, 15
- Dubuque, Iowa, defended from insult, 206; reminiscences of baseball, 274
- Duff, Pauline D., joins Fano Club, 70
- Dumas, A., 48; *Les Trois Mousquetaires* recommended, 106
- Dunsany, Lord, 127
- Durbin, W. T., ex-governor, 161
- Duse, Eleanora, Stark Young on, 182; street in Asolo named for, 89; her tomb profaned, 36-37; mentioned, 240, 241
- Duvernois, H., 41
- Dwight, T., custom of meeting the senior class at Yale commended, 49-50
- Eames, Emma, 211; favourite prima donna, 105; personality, 105-106; student of Bible, 106
- Eaton, W. P., *The Actor's Heritage*, 7; favourite dramatic critic, 7, 129; review of H. A. Jones's play, 129
- Echegaray, J., 127
- Eckermann, J. P., *Conversations with Goethe* preferred to Boswell, 142
- Eddy, B., letter on founding Hawaiian symphony orchestra, 99
- Edgerton, Mary P., tribute to by Ambassador Sheffield, 276
- Editions in books, number in each printing should be recorded, 57
- Egan, M. F., *Recollections of a Happy Life* recommended, 106
- Egdon Heath, more interesting than untrodden scenes, 112
- Elcock, Mrs. T. R., reports statue of Dickens and Little Nell, 257

INDEX

- Eliot, George, mistaken for President Eliot, 29; *Silas Marner* nominated for Ignoble Prize, 208-209
- Elisha, his twelve yoke of oxen duplicated, 66-67
- Elsa (*Lohengrin*), 248
- Emerson, R. W., Frederika Bremer meets, 123
- Emery, Prof. H., experience in Munich, 264
- Emotion, effect on vocal organs, how do opera singers escape? 247-249; Hawthorne and *Scarlet Letter*, 247; Dr. Johnson and *Dies Irae*, 247; Masfield and *August*, 1914, 247-248; anecdote concerning, 249
- Emporia Gazette, 257
- End of world, easy to get into papers by predicting, 227
- England, remarkable for variety of climate and scenery, 112-113
- English authors, superiority due to concentration, 111-112
- English language, poverty of, 149-150; deficiencies in as compared with Swedish and German, 210
- English people, held up as superior to Americans and French, 222-223
- Ervine, St. John, biography of Parnell recommended, 271; *Jane Clegg*, 7; Margaret Wycherley in, 8; *John Ferguson*, 7, 271; Dudley Digges in, 8; foundation of success of Theatre Guild, 184; *The Organized Theatre*, attacks Stark Young, 8; says play should dominate, 8; mentioned, 111, 127
- Eton, 113
- Euripides, *Alcestis*, 137
- Everett, E., *Life* by Frothingham recommended, 203; prose style praised, 203; on position of cows' ears, 203-204, 258
- Everyman's Library, one of the greatest undertakings in history of printing, 257
- Faculty Club, Berkeley, Cal., 243
- Faerie Queene Club, joined by, Hattie R. Anderson, 72; Miss M. E. Blatchford, 224; Marie Bowen, 224; Prof. A. S. Cook, 117; W. M. Halpin, 224; F. A. Manny, 224; Susanna A. Matteson, 118; Prof. C. G. Osgood, 117; T. S. Perry, 210; C. F. Robinson, 223; Mrs. T. B. Stowell, 178; Prof. C. H. Whitman, 118; Mrs. J. C. Wyman, 178-179
- Fano Club, joined by Prof. A. J. Armstrong, 70; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bennett, 70; Mr. and Mrs. H. De Boyedon, 192; Mary D. Davenport, 70; Pauline I. Duff, 70; Constance A. Jones, 241; Helena P. Jones, 241; J. J. Melloy, Jr., 9; Hortense Metzger, 273; Alice F. Poor, 70; H. T. Rowell, 241; mentioned, 87, 242
- Farrar, J., 161
- Farrar, J., *The Middle Twenties*, recommended, 52; remarkable achievement of, 53
- Farwell, J. V., 161
- Fashions, horn-rim spectacles, 224-225; long hair, 225; short trousers, 225
- Fata Morgana*, 26
- Feraudy, M., 37, 38
- Ferber, E., key to *So Big*, 277
- Ferguson, J., *Auld Daddy Darkness*, 260
- Ferrars, Robert, character in *Sense and Sensibility*, uses a toothpick, 102; should not be called a polished gentleman, 149
- Ferry, Mr. and Mrs. M., admitted to Asolo Club, 260
- Fields, L., Isman's *Weber and*

INDEX

- Fields recommended*, 167;
quoted, 169
- Fine writing nominated for the
Ignoble Prize, 272-273
- Firestone, H., 161
- Fisher, Lola, a cattist, 165
- Fiske, Mrs. 164
- Fitch, C., on independent existence of his characters, 95, 210;
Clyde Fitch and His Letters recommended, 105
- Fitzgerald, E., unfortunate reference to Mrs. Browning in his letters, 63
- Fitzgerald, S., *The Great Gatsby* his best book, 187
- Flaubert, G., *Madame Bovary*, 81
- Fleg, E., 41
- Florio, translation of Montaigne, 255
- Foederer, E., joins Asolo Club, 241
- Ford, Harriet, *In the Next Room*, 8
- Ford, H., 245
- Ford cars, union of to prevent war suggested, 193-194
- Foreign languages, Upton Sinclair's method of learning recommended, 80-82
- Forest and Stream*, 197
- Forster, E. M., *A Passage to India* dull, 154; *The Celestial Omnibus* and *A Room with a View* better, 154
- Fowler, F. G. and H. W., *Pocket Oxford Dictionary* recommended, 176
- France, A., death and homage paid to him, 33-35; an aristocrat and a communist, 33-34; Comédie Française cancels performance out of respect to, 34; a great prose writer, 34; anecdote of his death bed, 34; last word, 35; dedication of his first book quoted, 35; "written down" in Brousson's *Anatole France Himself*, 237
- Franklin, B., advocates daylight-saving time, 19
- Frémont, J. C., 236
- French Classical Drama, jealous love of French for, 40; Guitry's innovations in *L'École des Femmes*, 39, 40; *Le Misanthrope*, 40; Comédie Française plays in opposition to Guitry, 39; Molière, Corneille, Racine dull, 39
- French manners, 150-151
- French people, compared unfavourably with English, 222-223; recognition of their great men, 35-36
- Frogs, as pets, 74-75
- Frohman, D., 161, 162, 164
- Frothingham, P. R., *Life of Edward Everett* recommended, 203
- Gage, B., 257
- Gale, Z., writes preface for Irene Hunter's *Anthology of American Mystical Verse*, 208
- Galsworthy, J., bibliography of compiled, 176-177; *Caravan*, a one-volume collection of his short stories, 256; *Forsyte Saga*, 94-95; *Man of Property*, 94; *The White Monkey*, 94, 95, 96; characterisation of Soames, 94-95; *Old English* unreadable, 155; personality of, 95-96; reminiscences of Conrad valuable, 124-125; *To Let* on sale in Java, 251; mentioned, 24, 106, 111, 127, 223
- Garrick Theatre, original home of the Theatre Guild, 183
- Garrison, L., Frederika Bremer meets, 123
- Garstin, C., *The Owls' House* recommended as most exciting novel, 54
- Garters, in England called "sock suspenders," 195
- George, W. G., athletic record,

INDEX

- 108-109; anecdote of race with W. Cummings, 108
- German art, Parisians no longer hostile to, 31
- German manners, 150-151
- Germany, pun on, 147-148
- Gerould, G., *A Midsummer Mystery* recommended, 229
- Gerson, Virginia, *Clyde Fitch and His Letters* recommended, 105
- Gillespie, D., 161-162
- Gillette, W., names cat for Dr. Penniman, 259
- Gladstone, W. E., 249; calls Arthur Hallam most remarkable man he ever knew, 214; never wore overcoat, 68; slander of, 233-235; Spender's *The Public Life*, 233-234; *Uncensored Recollections*, 234-235; Stephen Phillips on quoted, 235
- Gladstone, Mrs. W. E., 234-235
- Godkin, E. L., idolised by J. B. Bishop, 270; detested by Roosevelt, 270-271
- Goethe, J. W., *Conversations with Eckermann* preferred to Boswell, 142; *Egmont* a bore on the stage, 40; *Götz von Berlichingen* presented in Berlin, 48; more modern than we, 142; opinions and ideas more interesting than his sins, 145-146; plenty of contemporary information on, 125
- Goldoni, C., 48
- Goldsmith, O., *She Stoops to Conquer*, 279
- Golf, Sandy Herd on, 56-57; common myth concerning, 57
- Golf balls, as wages for preaching, 79
- Goodman, J. E., *Morals*, 8
- Gorki, M., 127; *Nachtasyl* presented in Berlin, 48
- Granville-Barker, H. G., 127
- Gray, G. M., 161
- Gray, T., 113
- Greene, R., Oxford edition of, 238
- Grenfell, W., Matthews's *Life of* recommended, 106
- Grey, Lord, *Twenty-five Years* recommended, 254; discusses Wilson's overtures for peace, 254; on English blackbird, 116
- Grover, L. C., on fear of darkness, 174
- Guest, E., 245; a pleasant neighbor at Huron City, 262; good golf player, 262
- Guitry, L., innovations in *L'École des Femmes*, 39, 40; the play dull in spite of his efforts, 39; *Le Misanthrope*, 40; very popular with the Parisians, 40
- Hackett, W., *It Pays to Advertise*, 8
- Haldane, Lord, 111
- Hale, N., accomplished more by his death than he could have in long life, 213
- Haley, M. J., coins word "north-pawed," 89-90
- Halifax *Evening Mail*, 209
- Hall, C., quotes Hugo on Voltaire and Jesus, 107
- Hallam, A. H., grave at Clevedon, 88; curious incident connected with, 88-89; Clevedon Club suggested, 88; accomplished more for literature by dying than if he had lived, 213; called by Gladstone most remarkable man he had ever known, 214; imaginary dialogue with Edward King, 215-216
- Halpin, W. M., joins Faerie Queene Club, 224
- Hamill, A., sets style of wearing horn-rim spectacles, 224-225
- Hamilton, Clayton, 162; *Conversations on the Drama* recommended, 106; edits H. A. Jones's plays, 128,

INDEX

- Hamilton, Cosmo, on Lord Roberts's fear of cats, 259-260
- Hamilton, Gail, anecdotes of, 28; source of her pseudonym, 28-29
- Hammond, P., W. P. Eaton his favourite dramatic critic, 129
- Hampden, W., 68; *Cyrano de Bergerac*, 29-30; proceeds of 200th performance of contributed toward a monument for Rostand, 55-56
- Hannibal (Mo.) *Courier-Post*, 212
- Hardy, T., celebrates 85th birthday, 198; longer a poet than a novelist, 199; parallel to plot of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, 199; mentioned, 24, 111, 127
- Hart, H., 174
- Harvard University, protest at appointment of Roman Catholic to board of overseers, 98
- Hastings, B. M., unfavourable comparison of British theatrical manners with American, 26
- Hauptmann, G., 127
- Hawaii, symphony orchestra formed, 98-99; its beauty described by Mark Twain, 99
- Hawley, H. R., pun by, 147-148
- Hawthorne, N., emotion in reading *The Scarlet Letter*, 247; C. Sumner reads *The Great Stone Face* to Frederika Bremer, 123; she characterises *The Scarlet Letter*, 123
- Hay, Ian, 9; *Sport of Kings*, 22
- Healy, T., 250
- Hedgerow Little Theatre, 71; produces *Androcles and the Lion*, *Diff'rent*, *The Pillars of Society*, *The Romantic Age*, 203; plan to present *Richard II*, 71
- Henderson, W. J., on art of Jean de Reszké, 172
- Henderson, Judge W. O., 162
- Henry, O., popular in Russia, 80
- Hepburn, E. N., *Fulfillment*, false astronomy in, 10-11
- Herd, A., *My Golfing Life*, 56; enthusiastic letter on golf, 56-57
- Herford, C. H., Oxford edition of Ben Jonson, 237-238
- Hergesheimer, J., *Balisand* reviewed, 41-42; gift of style, 41; needs more human sympathy, 41
- "Hext, Harrington," *The Monster* recommended, 177, 229
- Hibbard, F. C., designs Mark Twain monument, 212
- Hildebrand, A., *Magellan* recommended, 134-136; lost in Arctic, 135-136
- Hindus, M. G., data on present-day Russian book-trade, 79-80
- Hoar, G. F., 121
- Hodgetts, E. A. B., *Moss from a Rolling Stone* recommended, 68
- Hofmannsthal, H., 127
- Holt, R., *High Tide in the Theatre*, 47; *A List of Music for Plays and Pageants* recommended, 207-208
- Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*, 260
- Homer, Louise, student of the Bible, 211
- Hooker, B., translation of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, 29
- Hooker, R., *The Story of an Independent Newspaper* recommended, 46
- Hope, A., motion picture of *Rupert of Hentzau*, 28; other works mentioned, 28
- Horace, renominated for Ignoble Prize, 73-74
- Horne, R. H., *The Death of Marlowe* recommended, 202
- Horses, always tedious or dangerous, 57-59; experiences with, 58-59
- Hot Cross buns, 170
- Hotson, J. L., *The Death of Christopher Marlowe* praised, 202

INDEX

- Hough, E., *Out of Doors* quoted, 174-175
- Housman, A. E., III; poem on the mercenaries, 52
- Hovey, Dr. W. C., on origin of cigar bands, 83
- Howard, B., *The Henrietta*, 279
- Howard, J. R., *Remembrance of Things Past* recommended, 236, 237
- Howe, M. A. De W., *Barrett Wendell and His Letters* recommended, 44, 45
- Hubbard, F. W., 161
- Hudson, W. H., *The Purple Land*, 71
- Hughes, Mrs. D. M., nominates contraction "Xmas" for Ignoble Prize, 109
- Hugo, V., comparison of Voltaire and Jesus quoted, 107; source of, 146
- Hume, Prof. R. E., *The World's Living Religions* recommended, 51
- Hunter, Irene, *Anthology of American Mystical Verse* recommended, 208
- Huron City, Mich., ideal summer home, 244-245; preaching at, 245-246
- Huron County *Tribune*, 82, 257
- "Hustle," Victorian and 20th century, 171
- Hutchinson, A. S. M., *Als de Winter Komi* on sale in Java, 251; *The Clean Heart*, 12; Straus's *The Unseemly Adventure* suggests; *This Freedom*, 232; *One Increasing Purpose* recommended, 232
- Huxley, T., 219
- "I" Club, joined by A. Newman, 96; Celia Baldwin, 96
- Ibsen, H., 127, 250; *The Lady from the Sea* presented in Berlin, 48; *The Master Builder* and *Pillars of Society* presented by Hedgerow Theatre, 71, 203
- Ice-cream cones, nominated for Ignoble Prize, 224; necessary for circus and ball-games, 224
- Ignoble Prize, nominations for: "along this line," 148; *As I Like It*, 225; autobiographies, humorous, of authors, 243; books with uncut leaves, 96, 243; boxes at the theatre, 109-110; caricatures of authors, 243; cards, hand-decorated, 195; Chartres, plain tower of, 19; "coworkers," 242; cross-word puzzle fanatics, 195; curtain calls at end of scenes, 272; dash as mark of punctuation, 272; David, Michael Angelo's, 179; detective stories, machine-made, 243; "Frisco," 54; Horace, 73-74; ice-cream cones, 224; Koran, 10; librarians with loud voices, 196; Mona Lisa, 273; novels, first, 243; Shelley's *Revolt of Islam*, 118; *Silas Marner*, 208-209; Sistine Madonna, 208-209; slogans, certain, 243; socks, untidy, 194; spectacles, horn-rim, 224; spelling reform and fine writing, 272-273; still-life pictures, not all worthy of, 195; streets, numbered and lettered, 209; trial by jury, 126; Virgil, 74; Westminster Abbey, west front, 2; "Xmas," 109
- Independent, The*, 80
- Indianapolis *News*, 175
- Inge, Dean W. R., compliments to Americans, 223
- Irving, W., Frederika Bremer sketches, 123
- Isman, F., *Weber and Fields* reviewed and recommended, 167, 169
- Ives, G. B., translates Montaigne, 255

INDEX

- James, Henry, Brooks's *The Pilgrimage of*, recommended, 207
- Jeffrey, F., Carlyle on, 125
- Jellicoe, Lord, elevation to peerage, 119; physical vigor, 120
- Jeremiah, 97; quoted, 98
- Jesus, creator of short story, 208; *The Dark Hour*, a contemporary passion play, 138; our age nearer than any other epoch, 138; personality of, 66, 107; and Voltaire, 107, 146
- Jewell, P., makes pets of frogs, 74-75
- Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. H., directors of Jewett Players, 260-262; establish Boston Repertory Theatre, 260-262
- Jews, dominate field of dramatic composition according to Pierre Brisson, 41; his theory refuted, 41
- Joan of Arc, as treated by Shaw, 20-22
- Job, quoted, 173
- Joergensen, J., arrangements for celebration of the seventh centenary of death of St. Francis, 198
- Johnson, S., Boswell a greater writer than, 142; Boswell's *Life*, 195; Browning reads through his Dictionary, 133; *Dies Ira*, effect of on, 247; interest in never so great as now, 141; chiefly interesting to English-speaking people, 142; interesting partly because of his faults, 142; on sailor's life, 77; mentioned, 112, 125, 267
- Johnston, Mary, writes on Jane Austen's characterisation of Robert Ferrars, 149
- Jones, Constance, joins Fano Club, 241
- Jones, H. A., 127; first nights of attended, 128-129; plays edited by Clayton Hamilton, 128; play praised by W. P. Eaton, 129; student of Aristotle, 129
- Jones, Helena P., joins Fano Club, 241
- Jones, Inigo, 8
- Jones, J. P., 243
- Jonson, B., 8; dramatic works tedious, 238; made interesting by R. G. Moulton, 238; Oxford edition of, 237-238; plays in Yale Library, 49
- Jugend von Heute*, 158
- Junkers, Frl., 263
- Kahn, O., *The Metropolitan Opera* praised, 278-279; misquoted in European Journals, 224
- Kaye-Smith, Sheila, 111; *The George and the Crown* recommended, 187; rivals Hardy, 187
- Keats, J., Amy Lowell's *Life of*, 139-141; most astonishing of world's poets, 140; death greatest loss in English letters, 141; New Hampshire student's explanation of *Ode to a Nightingale*, 212; quoted, 115-116; Kipling on, 116; mentioned, 117
- Kebbe, Elizabeth, on fear of darkness, 260
- Keen, Dr. W. W., *Everlasting Life* recommended, 205
- Kendall, E. D., happy old age, 51; verses by, 51
- Kennedy, Margaret, *The Constant Nymph* recommended, 154
- Kent, R., *Voyaging Southward from the Strait of Magellan* recommended, 188
- Kester, V., *The Prodigal Judge*, 238
- Kidder, Mrs. S. J., sends clipping on "George Eliot's four-foot shelf of books," 29
- Kilmer, J., *Trees*, 228
- King, E., Milton's elegy on, 214-216; accomplished more for

INDEX

- literature by dying than he could have by long life, 213; imaginary dialogue with Hallam, 215-216
- King, R., *North Star* recommended 230
- King Charles Martyr, alleged church of, 69-70; his day observed, 69; portrait of unveiled, 69
- Kingsley, C., 219
- Kipling, R., introduction for *Cruise of the Cachalot*, 187; *Stalky and Company*, 200; *Wireless*, on Keats, 116; mentioned, 111
- Kirts, Rev. P. R., on contraction "Xmas," 278
- Knoblock, E., *Milestones*, 24
- Kurtz, F., on methods of plowing in the Orient, 66
- Kyd, T., Oxford edition of, 238
- Lammers, Frl., 263
- "Lancaster, Duke of," 162
- Landis, K. M., 161
- Lang, A., 41
- Langner, L., persuades the Theatre Guild to produce *John Ferguson*, 184
- Lardner, R., collected works published, 186; *How to Write Short Stories* recommended, 72; pun on, 32
- Laski, H., editor of J. S. Mill's autobiography, 167; sponsors "like" for "as," 190
- Laughlin, Clara, Travel Study Courses recommended, 93
- Le Gallienne, Eva, in *The Master Builder*, 71
- Leipzig, *New Opera Glass*, 268
- Leprosy Relief Fund, 277
- Lessing, G., *Minna von Barnhelm* presented in Berlin, 48
- Lewis, Mayon, nominates Michael Angelo's David for Ignoble Prize, 179
- Lewis, S., *Arrowsmith* his best work, 143-145; Leora best character, 143; *Main Street* and *Babbitt* more caricature than realism, 143; contrasted with Freeman Tilden, 252-253; mentioned, 6
- Lewisohn, A., 163
- Librarians, loud-voiced, nominated for Ignoble Prize, 196
- Life*, 72, 236; quoted, 225
- Light Brigade, last survivor of famous charge sought, 108
- Lincoln, A., Barton's *Life*, 173; schoolboy composition on, 173; mentioned, 156, 236
- Lindsay, V., Collected Poems in one volume, 256
- Literary pilgrimages, only travels worth talking about, 112
- Literary reputation, Suckling as an example of, 227
- Little Theatres, 203; Hedgerow Theatre at Rose Valley, 71
- Liverpool *Post and Mercury*, comment on "vidience" and "optience," 244
- Living Age*, *The*, 222
- Lloyd, H., popular in Java, 251
- Locke, W. J., *The Coming of Amos* a good story, but inferior to his earlier books, 3-4; *The Beloved Vagabond*, 4; *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*, 4; *Septimus*, 4; *Simon the Jester*, 4; prefers his dreams to clean linen and tobacco, 4
- Logan, Dr. J. D., supports "vidience," though etymologically bad, 209
- London, J., popular in Russia, 80
- London, climate, 14; coldness of buildings and trains, 23; only superficially as before the war, 1
- London *Daily Express*, 26
- London *Daily Telegraph*, condemns course in modern novels, 137

INDEX

- London *Morning Post*, criticism of *The Fool* quoted, 25-26
- London *Times*, criticism of *The Fool*, 25; on daylight-saving time, 19; on heating houses, 14; on tourists, 2
- London *Times Literary Supplement*, deprecatory attitude toward Rostand, 29-30
- Long, F. L., on personality of street-car operators in Miami, 85
- Long, Visc., death and character of, 26-27; *Memories* recommended, 27
- Longfellow, H. W., Frederika Bremer dines with, 123
- Longstreth, E., letter on performance at Hedgerow Theatre, 71; observes bell-boy reading Hudson, 71
- "Lost Kitties brought to Light," 54
- Loveland (Col.) *Reporter*, 173
- Loveman, Amy, editor of *Saturday Review*, 79
- Lowell, Amy, *Life of Keats* reviewed and recommended, 139-141; faulty in style, 140; based on Bergen lecture at Yale, 139-140; death the result of her work on, 199-200; on Rabindranath Tagore, 140; mentioned, 206
- Ludgate Hill, more interesting than Mount McKinley, 112
- Lumley, A., 29
- Lyly, J., Oxford edition of, 238
- Mabellini, Prof. A., curator of Biblioteca Federicia at Fano, 192-193
- Macaulay, Rose, *Orphan Island* disappointing, 177; *Potterism*, 177
- McCall, J. T., 162
- MacCaulay, C., letter on "vidience," 243-244; suggests "spectance," 244
- McClure, R., *The Dominant Blood* recommended, 155
- McCune, Rev. W. P., 241
- Machard, A., *Croquemitaine*, dress rehearsal of, 38
- Mackenzie, C., 111; *The Heavenly Ladder* reviewed and recommended, 64; *The Altar Steps*, 64; *The Parson's Progress*, 64
- MacLeish, A., *The Pot of Earth* recommended, 206
- MacNeill, J. G. S., *What I Have Seen and Heard* recommended, 249-250; explanation of sound sleep of criminals before execution, 250
- MacVeagh, L., *Poetry from the Bible* recommended, 205
- Madeleva, Sister M., *Chaucer's Nuns and Other Essays* recommended, 178
- Maeterlinck, M., 106-127; *Monna Vanna* presented in Berlin, 48
- Mahaffy, Prof. J. P., political enemy of Gladstone, 233-234; predicts A. H. Sayce's death, 152
- Mahan, D., 212
- Mahan, Mr. and Mrs. G. A., plan to erect monument to Mark Twain, 212
- Malatesta family, records of at Fano, 193
- Manchester *Guardian*, 9, 92, 222
- Manning, Cardinal, 188
- Manny, F. A., joins Faerie Queene Club, 224
- Mansfield, Mrs. R., organises the Richard Mansfield Players, 279
- Mardi Gras, misuse of term, 170
- Mareau, Mrs. J. M., praises Mrs. Peebles's *Drifting and Steering*, 54
- Marks, P., *The Plastic Age*, 155
- Marlowe, C., J. L. Hotson's discoveries concerning his death,

INDEX

- 202; R. H. Horne's *The Death of Marlowe*, 202; Oxford edition of his works, 238
- Marquand, J. P., *Black Cargo* recommended, 177
- Marquis, D., *The Dark Hour* recommended, 138; *The Old Soak*, 138
- Mars, proximity to earth in 1924, 9
- Marseilles, monument to Rostand erected there, 56
- Marshall, A., 111
- Marx, H., 41.
- Masefield, J., emotion on reading *August, 1914*, 247-248; *The Faithful*, a bore, 184; *Sard Har-ker* recommended, 121; mentioned, 76, 111
- Mason, A. E. W., *The House of the Arrow* recommended, 154, 229
- Mason, L., rime on Munich, 268
- Matheson, W. J., should write autobiography, 139
- Matteson, Susanna A., joins Faerie Queene Club, 118; does not admire Spenserian stanza, 118; nominates *The Revolt of Islam* for the Ignoble Prize, 118
- Matthews, B., *Wilfred Grenfell* recommended, 106
- Maugham, S., *Our Betters*, 22; *The Painted Veil* contrasted with *Arrowsmith*, 145; mentioned, 9
- Maupassant, G. de, Mrs. Wharton's *The Mother's Recompense* resembles *Fort Comme la Mort*, 186
- Maurois, A., *Ariel*, 122; *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*, 122; *Les Discours du Docteur O'Grady* a dull book, 122
- Meem, J. C., gives example of "different than" from New York *Sun*, 278; suggests word "legience," 278
- Megruer, R. C., *It Pays to Advertise*, 8
- Meloy, J. J. Jr., joins Fano Club, 9
- Melville, H. M., *Noby Dick*, 77; tiresome metaphysics, 188
- Mencken, H. L., 119; review of *The Prodigal Judge*, 238; of Cushing's *Life of Osler*, 239
- Mendell, Prof. C. W., sends poem from Andorra, 240
- Merrick, L., *Quaint Companions* recommended, 106
- Merz, C., *Centerville, U. S. A.*, 6
- Metcalfe, J. S., dramatic criticisms in *Wall Street Journal* recommended, 185
- Metrics, Martha H. Clark's skill in 181; leading English poets conservative in, 182
- Metzger, Hortense, joins Asolo Club with verses, 241, 273; joins Fano Club, 273; experience in Arezzo, 273; nominates "La Belle Jardinière" for Ignoble Prize, 273
- Meyer-Forster, W., *Old Heidelberg* presented successfully in Paris, 31
- Meynell, L., *Mockbeggar* recommended, 155
- Michelangelo, his David nominated for Ignoble Prize, 179
- Michigan, longings for while in Paris, 46; see Huron City
- Milkmen and Postmen, reply to strictures on British manner of referring to, 86-87
- Mill, J. S., 219; *Autobiography* recommended, 167-169; personality of, 168; tribute to his wife, 168
- Millay, Edna, essay on by Sister M. Madeleva, 178
- Miller, S., 161; on fear of darkness, 260
- Milne, A. A., 9; *The Dover Road*, 23; *To Have the Honour*, 23; *Mr. Pim Passes By*, 23; *The Roman-*

INDEX

- tic Age* presented by Hedgerow Theatre, 203
- Milsand, J., reconciles Browning and Lady Ritchie, 63-64
- Milton, J., 117; cottage where *Paradise Lost* was written visited, 113; *Lycidas* contrasted with *In Memoriam*, 214-219
- Minnetonka*, sails direct from New York to London, 2; captain, 3
- Mrs. Pep's Diary* recommended, 72
- Mitchell, B. W., reports statue of Dickens and Little Nell, 257
- Mitchell, E. P., *Memories of an Editor and Fifty Years of American Journalism* recommended, 120-121
- Moles, have they eyes? 259
- Molière, J. P. de, 48; Guitry's innovations in acting *L'École des Femmes*, 39, 40; opposed by Comédie Française, 39; plays dull on the stage, 39; *Le Misanthrope*, 40
- Molnar, F., 127
- Mona Lisa, nominated for Ignoble Prize, 273
- Montaigne, M. de, new translation of, 255
- Moore, Bessie, 276
- Moore, Prof. F., on manner of referring to milkman in New York State, 86
- Moore, G., key to *Evelyn Innes*, 277
- Morant, H., recalls dedication of A. France's first book, 35
- More, P., *The Christ of the New Testament* recommended, 65-66
- Morgan, J. H., *John Viscount Morley* recommended, 155
- Morley, C., editor of *The Saturday Review*, 79
- Morley, John Visc., 168; *Life* by J. H. Morgan recommended, 155-156
- Morning Post, The*, 222
- Morse, C., 161
- Morse, Mrs. C., *not* by, 133, 206
- Morse, J. T., 161
- Moscow, more book shops there than in any other city in Europe, 80
- Moses, M. J., edits *Clyde Fitch and his Letters*, 105
- Moulton, Prof. R. G., lectures on Jonson's plays, 238
- Muncker, Prof. F., 267
- Munich, pleasures of a seven months' sojourn there, 263-269; sidewalks never crowded, 263-264; accessibility of places of attraction, 264; convenience of hours of theatre and opera, 264-266; democracy, 265; repertory theatres, 265-266; actors engaged for long terms, 265-266; programme of an average day in, 266; beautiful surroundings of, 266-267; people of, friendly and demonstrative, 267; anecdotes of professors there, 267; life there cheap, 268; English as spoken by the natives, 268
- Music, transporting power of, 248-249
- Myths, common, concerning cigarettes, 73; belts, 73, 57
- Napoleon, 218
- Nash, Melissa, on fear of darkness, 174
- Natanson, J., 41
- Nationalism, religion of, unreasonable but dominates the world, 255
- Nations, generalisations on, usually false, 151
- Neckties, Upton Sinclair on Yale professors', 130; refuted, 130
- Nevill, T. H., *The World of Fashion, 1837-1922*, 68; *Unconventional Memories* recommended, 68

INDEX

- Nevin, F. T., on personality of trolley-men in Kentucky, 85
- Nevins, A., accuses author of praising books by Yale men, 11; book-criticisms in *New York Sun*, 11; reviews Starr's *Life of William Graham Sumner*, 220
- New Opera Glass, The*, summary of *Romeo and Juliet* in German-English, 268-269
- New York, called world's theatrical capital, 47; does not deserve title, 47-49
- New York Evening Post*, 121, 238, 279
- New York Herald Tribune*, 10, 129, 172, 185; list of best sellers, 72
- New York Princeton Club, provides scholarship at Yale, 225-226
- New York Public Library, publishes pamphlet on "romans a clef," 276-277
- New York Sun*, 7, 11, 129, 182, 226, 278; editorial page formerly most interesting in America, 120-121
- New York Theatre Guild, presents *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, 182; Wolcott on present prosperity of, 182-183; due to presentation of *John Ferguson*, 182, 184-185; Benavente's *Bonds of Interest* a failure, 184; Masfield's *The Faithful* a bore, 184
- New York Times*, 172, 197
- New York World*, 53, 172, 220; editorial on crime, 229
- Newman, A., nominates books with uncut leaves for Ignoble Prize, 96; joins "I" Club, 96
- Newman, J. H., Card., 219; Reilly's *John Henry Newman as a Man of Letters* recommended, 220; contrasted with W. G. Sumner, 221; author of best of all hymns, 221-222
- Nichols, C. M., 76
- Nightingale, long pursuit of, 113-116; one of four most famous birds in English literature, 116; unknown in America, 116; explanation, 117, 197
- "Northpaw," new word coined, 89-90
- Norton, C. E., 255
- Norton, Grace, writes introduction for Ives's translation of Montaigne, 255
- Norway, separation from Sweden, 228
- Novels, first, nominated for Ignoble Prize, 243
- Nowell, C., bibliography of Galsworthy, 176-177
- Nozière (*i. e.*, Fernand Weyl), 41
- Numerals, Roman, make dignified chapter headings, 226; period after, 226
- Nurmi, P., tribute to, 180
- Ogden, R. C., *Life of* by P. W. Wilson, 139
- Ohio State Journal*, declares English blackbird is a thrush, 196; nominates slouchy sock for Ignoble Prize, 194-195
- Olcott, C., 164
- Old age, remarks on, 50-51
- Oler, W., 162
- Ollivant, A., *Bob, Son of Battle*, greatest of dog stories, 27; to appear in motion pictures, 28; first success in America, 27; a visit to, 27; adventures in trying to hear a nightingale, 114-115
- O'Neill, E., *Diff'rent* and *The Emperor Jones* presented by Hedgerow Theatre, 203, 271; mentioned, 106, 127
- Opera singers, why not overcome by emotion? 247
- "Optience," in use in Middle West,

INDEX

- 191; English comment on, 244;
mentioned, 243, 244
- Orna, A., 41
- Osgood, Prof. C. G., joins Faerie
Queene Club, 117-118; Spenser
Concordance, 118
- Osler, Sir W., anecdotes of, 204-
205; Cushing's *Life of*, 204, 239-
240
- Otis, Frances E., nominates cur-
tain-calls at the end of scenes for
Ignoble Prize, 272
- Pachmann, V. de, 157
- Packard, S. L., *The Locked Book*,
229
- Page, Prof. C. H., writes introduc-
tion for Martha H. Clark's *The
Home Road*, 181
- Pageants, music for, 207-208
- Paine, A. B., *Life of Mark Twain*
mentioned, 100
- Paléologue, M., *An Ambassador's
Memoirs* foreshadows Russian
Revolution, 222
- Paris, fine repertory theatres there,
47-48; and Michigan, 46
- Parker, E., *Life of Hesketh Prich-
ard*, 252
- Parker, T., Frederika Bremer
meets, 123
- Parnell, C. S., 234, 250; *Life of* by
St. John Ervine, 271
- Passports, protest against high
price of, 54-55
- Pawnee (Col.) *Herald*, 173
- Payne, G. M., makes numerous
nominations for Ignoble Prize,
243
- Pearson, E., writes preface for E.
F. Walbridge's *Romans à Clef*,
277
- Peck, H. T., on "along these lines,"
148
- Peck, S. M., new book of poems
by, 207; review of *Cap and Bells*
in Yale Literary Magazine, 206
- Peebles, Mrs., *Drifting and Steer-
ing*, best of all Sunday-school
books, 53; praised by Prof. C. C.
Torrey, 53; Mrs. J. M. Mareau,
54
- Peet, G. I., 161
- Penn, W., grave visited, 113
- Penniman, Dr. J. H., *The Alley
Rabbit*, 259; William Gillette
names a cat for, 259
- Pepys, S., pronunciation of name,
72
- Perry, T. S., joins Faerie Queene
Club, 210; on Parisian manners,
151; on young vs. old, 158-159
- Personality of railway workers,
established, 85-86, 99, 209
- Pessimism, not a sign of cerebra-
tion, 136-137
- Petersen, Prof. J., 267
- Phelps, E. J., on trial by jury, 126
- Philadelphia, West, statue of
Dickens and Little Nell, 257
- Philippines, appeal for funds for
leprosy relief, 277
- Phillips, H. I., quip on Michael
Arlen, 226
- Phillips, W., Frederika Bremer
meets, 123
- Phillpotts, E., 9, 22; *The Farm-
er's Wife*, 22; *A Voice from the
Dark* recommended, 177, 229
- Phrases, popular, temporary effect
on literature, 101-102
- Physicians, satirised in *Arrow-
smith*, 144-145; defended, 145
- Picard, A., 41
- Pinero, A. W., 106, 111, 127
- Poe, E. A., use of dash, 272
- Pollock, C., *The Enemy* opens in
New Haven, 202; recommended,
203; *The Fool*, 8; opens in Lon-
don, 25-26; slated by London
papers, 25-26
- Poor, Alice F., joins Fano Club, 70
- Pope, A., 166
- Porte-Riche, G. de, 41

INDEX

- Postmen, personality of, 86-87
- Poteat, Rev. G., *Home Letters from China*, 13
- Poteat, W. L., *Can a Man be a Christian To-day* recommended, 230-231
- Pottle, F. A., sends parallel to plot of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, 199
- Powers, J. T., 164
- Praed, H. T., nominates cross-word puzzle fanatics for Ignoble Prize, 195
- Press-clipping bureau, definition of, 225
- Prichard, H., *Life of* by E. Parker, 252
- Princeton, scholarship at Yale given by New York Princeton Club, 225-226
- "Princeton Phi Beta Kappa, A," nominates *As I Like It* for Ignoble Prize, 225
- Progers, C. H., *Adventures in Peru* recommended, 153; combination of Hotspur and Falstaff 153
- Prohibition, 212
- Pronunciation of "wigwam," 24
- Prout, J. S., on acclimation of foreign birds, 196-197
- Publishers' Weekly, The*, 276
- Puddlebox, Mr., 12
- Punahou School, Honolulu, address at 75th anniversary, 98-99
- Punch*, parody on course in modern novel, 137
- Puns, inherited tendency to, 246
- Pupin, M., *From Immigrant to Inventor* available in cheap edition, 256
- Putnam, L. H., suggests formation of Clevedon Club, 88
- Quick, H., *One Man's Life* recommended, 270
- Quick, Rev. O. C., *Catholic and Protestant Elements in Christianity* recommended, 66
- "R. A.," in *Dignity and Impudence* contrasts Americans and French unfavourably with English, 222-223
- Racine, J., 48; plays dull on the stage, 39
- Radbourn, P., J. M. Ward's discovery of, 131, 206
- Railway trains, personality on, 85-86, 99, 209
- Raleigh, Sir W., *History of the World*, 204
- Raphael, "La Belle Jardinière" nominated for Ignoble Prize, 273; Sistine Madonna nominated for Ignoble Prize, 208-209
- Ratcliffe, S. K., on grammar of Authorised Version, 9; modern vulgarisms, 190
- Rathbone, C. K., *Darkened Windows* recommended, 229
- Readers, types of, 177
- Regnard, J. F., 48
- Reicher, E., death of, 55
- Reilly, Dr. J. J., *John Henry Newman as a Man of Letters* recommended, 220
- Religious Herald, The* (Richmond, Va.), 191; anecdotes of paper of same name in Hartford, 191-192
- Remmets, Lieut., 151-152
- Repertory Theatre of Boston, Jewett players establish, 260; tax-exempt, 261; Hon. J. W. Allen on, 261-262; presents historical instruction for school children, 262
- Reszké, E. de, used to cycle in Central Park, 113; mentioned, 178
- Reszké, J. de, 113; death of, 178; praised, 178
- Revue Bleue, La*, 200
- Reynolds, Sir J., 200

INDEX

- Reynolds, Nancy, joins Asolo Club, 36
- Richards, Prof. A. E., nominates "along this line" for Ignoble Prize, 148
- Richardson Club, organised, 170; Miss M. E. Blatchford admitted, 224; B. Wendell unable to read *Clarissa*, 170
- Riesenberg, F., *Under Sail* masterpiece of sea stories, 76-78
- Rinehart, Mary R., *K*, 144; *The Red Lamp* recommended, 229-230
- Ripaldi, Marquis, rebuke to Count Herbert Bismarck, 29
- Rising, L., *Proud Flesh*, 66
- Ritchie, Anne, Lady, visit to, 62-63; harshly treated by Browning through a misunderstanding, 63-64; letter of Tennyson to, 62; *Thackeray and His Daughter* recommended, 61-62; mentioned, 118
- Ritchie, Miss K. E., sends extract from Giovanni Della Casa on toothpicks, 148
- Roberts, E., nominates loud-voiced librarians for Ignoble Prize, 196
- Roberts, Lord, fear of cats, 259-260
- Robinson, C. F., joins Faerie Queene Club, 223
- Robson, Eleanor, *In the Next Room*, 8
- Rockefeller, J. D., owns a private golf links, 245
- Romains, J., *Knock, ou le Triomphe de la Médecine*, 31-32
- Romeo and Juliet, funny resumé of in German-English, 268-269
- Roosevelt, T. R., anecdotes of in Egan's *Recollections*, 106; Bok's conversations with, 157; on English blackbird, 116; idolised by J. B. Bishop, 270; hated E. L. Godkin, 270-271
- Rossetti, D. G., sonnet on Shelley, 221
- Rostand, E., *Cyrano de Bergerac*, Hooker's translation of, 29; deprecated by *Times Literary Supplement*, does possess emotional power, 30; contributed to gallantry of French troops in War, 30-31; proceeds of 200th performance of in New York contributed toward monument for author, 55-56; mentioned, 127
- "Roughneck," origin of word, 91-92
- Rowell, H. T., joins Fano Club, 241
- Royalty Theatre, London, compliment to for efficiency of service, 23
- Rudolph, H., 160
- Russell, Frances T., tries to prove Browning a pessimist, 136
- Russell, Lillian, typographical error concerning, 192
- Russell, W. C., *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, 77
- Russell, Winifred, anecdote by, 10
- Russian book-trade, M. G. Hindus on, 79-80; American authors popular, 80; books on popular science and communism called for, 80; standard Russian novelists considered old-fashioned, 80
- Russian Revolution, foreshadowed in Paléologue's *Memoirs*, 222
- Sailor's life, 77-78; Don Byrne on, 78; Dr. Johnson on, 77
- Saint Anthony, 179
- Saint Francis, 179; 7th centenary of his death celebrated, 197-198
- Saint John, quoted by Dostoevski, 213
- Saint John the Divine, Cathedral of, 107; anecdote concerning,

INDEX

- 138-139; contributions for, gratifying, 138
- St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, 89-90
- Saint Luke, 223
- Saintsbury, G., 30
- San Francisco, abbreviation "Frisco" nominated for Ignoble Prize, 54; fire of 1906 described in *Proud Flesh*, 67
- Santayana, G., 6
- Sargent, J. S., death, 200; greatest portrait painter of modern times, 200
- Saturday Review*, *The*, 222
- Saturday Review of Literature*, founded, 79; articles from 79-80
- Savannah River, reopened for navigation, 124
- Savoir, A., 41
- Sayce, Rev. A. H., *Reminiscences* recommended, 152; remarkable life of adventure, 152; kept alive by intellectual curiosity, 152-153
- Schick, Prof. J., enthusiasm for English literature, 267
- Schiemann, Lieut., 151
- Schiff, M. L., contributes toward erection of Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 107-108
- Schiller, J. C., *Jungfrau von Orleans*, *Die*, presented in Berlin, 48
- Schneider, E., tribute to Asolo quoted, 36; "La Profanation de la Tombe d'Eleanora Duse," 36-37
- Schnitzler, A., 127; *Doctor Bernhardt*, 144
- Schopenhauer, A., on letters, 141
- Schwab, C. M., geniality and physical vigor, 120
- Scott, R. T. M., *The Black Magician* recommended, 229-230
- Scudamore, F., *A Sheaf of Memories* recommended, 251; old-fashioned war correspondent, 251-252
- Sea stories, favourite form of fiction, 78; Riesenbergs' *Under Sail* one of the best, 76-78
- Sedgwick, Anne, one of foremost living novelists, 53; *The Little French Girl* recommended, 53
- Sée, E., 41
- Selden, J., his motto, 98
- Service, R. W., reputation among college men, 90-91; *The Roughneck*, 91; origin of the word, 91-92
- Sewanee Review*, *The*, 136
- Shakespeare, W., *King Lear*, 127; lack of contemporary information concerning, 124-125; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, 279; *Richard II* presented at Hedgerow Theatre, 71; *The Tempest* presented for children, 48; *Troilus and Cressida* presented in Berlin, 48; Sugden's *Topographical Dictionary to the Works of*, 255-256; mentioned, 30, 39, 117, 238
- Shapleigh, Mrs. E. Z., 73, 74; on deficiencies of English as compared with Swedish and German, 210
- Sharks, said never to eat human beings, 259
- Shaving the neck, sign of elegance in Alaska, 91-92; exact opposite in this country, 91-92; barbers divisible into two classes on this principle, 91-92
- Shaw, G. B., *Androcles and the Lion* presented by Hedgerow Theatre, 71, 203; *Back to Methusaleh*, 9; brighter in 1924 than ever, 9; *Candida* presented by Hedgerow Theatre, 71; *Cæsar and Cleopatra* presented by Theatre Guild, 182; *Fanny's First Play* in Paris, 9; plays in Germany, 9; *Saint Joan*, 9; London and New York perform-

INDEX

- ances compared, 20; epilogue a mistake, 20; author's attitude toward Joan, 20-21; preface quoted, 21-22; more wit than Restoration dramatists, 186; mentioned, 111, 127, 24
- Shedd, J. M., 191; suggests "vidiences," 133
- Sheffield, Hon. J. R., Dubuque baseball team not a "bush league" team, 205-206; reminiscences of baseball in Dubuque, 274-275; takes honorary degree at Yale, 273; tribute to former teacher, 275-276
- Shelley, P. B., *The Revolt of Islam*, nominated for Ignoble Prize, 118; Rossetti's sonnet on, 221; mentioned, 115
- Shepard, A. M., *Sea Power in Ancient History* recommended, 51-52
- Sheridan, R. B., *The Rivals*, 279; performed at Augusta, Ga., 164; cast of great performance at New Haven, 164
- Sherrill, C. H., 178
- Shively, G., *Initiation* recommended, 155
- Shoes, different styles in America and England, 15
- Short stories, Lardner's *How to Write Short Stories*, 72; Ward's *Aspects of the Modern Short Story*, 208; Jesus as a creator of, 208
- Shoup, Betsy I., nominates Sistine Madonna and *Silas Marner* for Ignoble Prize, 208-209
- Si*, need of a word in English corresponding to, 149-150, 210; adventures in the use of, 150
- Si je voulais*, more interesting on the stage than Molière, 40
- Sidney, Sir P., 243
- Sieper, Prof. E., died of a broken heart over the War, 267
- Simon, Dr. J., 267
- Simpson, P., joint-editor of Oxford Jonson, 237-238
- Sinclair, May, 111, 143; *The Rector of Wyck*, 178
- Sinclair, U., 143, 206; attack on Yale, 129-130; method of learning foreign languages commended, 80-82; books popular in Russia, 80
- Sky, American, remarkable for its blueness, 15
- Skylark, one of the most famous birds in English literature, 116; heard in Sussex, 116; unknown in America, 116; explanation, 117
- Slogans, certain famous, nominated for Ignoble Prize, 243
- Slosson, E. E., gift for making science popular, 7; *Keeping Up with Science*, 6
- Smith, H., letter concerning A. Hildebrand, 135-136
- Smoke rings, a lament because of inability to blow, 84-85
- Snaith, J. C., *Thus Far*, 229
- Snow, F., concerning personality on railway trains, 99
- Snyder, H. A., on need of word corresponding to French *si*, 149-150
- So*, enormously useful word in German, 150; anecdote of its use, 150
- Socks, slouchy, nominated for Ignoble Prize, 194-195
- Soloism, Jackie Coogan and, 13; see also Personality on railway trains
- Song of Solomon* quoted, 248
- Sophocles, *Antigone*, 127
- South, Dr., uses expression "co-workers with God," 242
- Sparta, victory over Athens bewailed, 52
- Spectacles, horn-rim, first appear-

INDEX

- ance at Yale, 224-225; nominated for Ignoble Prize, 224
- "Spectance," suggested, 244
- Spelling, simplified, nominated for Ignoble Prize, 272-273
- Spencer, H., 219; anecdote of, 168
- Spencer, S. R., reports statue of Barefoot Boy, 257
- Sponder, J. A., *The Public Life* recommended, 204; quoted, 233-234
- Springfield *Republican*, 46; R. Hooker's *Story of an Independent Newspaper*, 46
- Stanton, E., 236
- Starr, H. E., *William Graham Sumner* recommended, 219-220, reviewed by A. Nevins, 219
- Stevenson, R. L., attacks on denounced, 242; *The Ebb Tide*, 77; grave visited, 241-242; key to his characters, 276-277; new edition of, 269-270; *Treasure Island*, 242; vow not to write fiction without an almanac, 11; works in Everyman's Library, 257; mentioned, 175
- Stewart, C. D., *Valley Waters*, 70
- Still-life pictures, not all worthy of Ignoble Prize, 196
- Stoke Pogis, churchyard visited, 113
- Stowell, E. C., suggests founding Richardson Club, 170
- Stowell, Mrs. T. B., joins Faerie Queene Club, 178
- Stowell, W. A., *The Mystery of the Singing Walls* recommended, 229
- Strachey, L., 111, 188
- Stratford, Conn., covered bridge over Housatonic, 71
- Straus, N., efforts to increase practice of pasteurization of milk, 163; tribute to in French newspaper, 163-164
- Straus, R., *The Prison Without a Wall*, 12; *The Unseemly Adventure* recommended, 12; suggests Hutchinson's *The Clean Heart*, 12
- Strindberg, A., 127
- Strong, Beulah, joins Asolo Club, 240; nominates Boswell's *Life of Johnson* for Ignoble Prize, 195; wishes some pictures of still-life excepted from Ignoble Prize, 196
- Stuart, Gen. Sir Charles, letter on American colonists quoted, 253-254
- Suckling, Sir J., curious example of poetic immortality, 227-228
- Sudermann, H., 127
- Sugden, E. H., *A Topographical Dictionary to the Works of Shakespeare* recommended, 255-256
- Sullivan, J. L., *Life of*, by R. L. Dibble, 188-189; loved to fight, 188; victory over drink, 189
- Summerhayes, Mrs. Martha, facts concerning, 210-211; *Vanished Arizona* recommended, 146-147; new edition of requested, 211
- Sumner, C., Frederika Bremer meets, 123; reads *The Great Stone Face* to, 123
- Sumner, W. G., Starr's *Life of*, recommended, 219-220; remarks on, 220-221; contrasted with Newman, 221
- Sunday-school books defended, 53-54
- Sunshine, never monotonous, 101
- Suspenders, and belts, 73; worn by English golfers, 73
- Sweden, most civilised country in the world, 228
- Swedish language, deficiencies in English as compared with, 210
- Swift, J., *Gulliver's Travels*, 177
- Synge, J., 127
- Taft, W. H., 104
- "Tampa, gentleman from," on cigar bands, 82

INDEX

- Tarbell, F., taught Latin by Mrs. J. H. Tayler, 50
- Tayler, Mrs. J. H., letter on old age, 50, 51; taught Frank Tarbell Latin, 50
- Teed, D. H., nominates dash as mark of punctuation for Ignoble Prize, 272
- Tennyson, A., *In Memoriam*, 88-89, 213-219; great friendship for Hallam, 213-214; death of greatest grief of his life, 214; curious incident connected with his grave, 88-89; *In Memoriam* contrasted with *Lycidas*, 214-219; author's arrival at religious conviction in, 216-217; voice of its epoch, 219; letter to Anne Thackeray, 62; poem on blackbird, 116-117; quoted, 18
- Thackeray, W. M., *De Finibus*, on independent existence of his characters, 210; *Henry Esmond*, 62; connected with Clevedon, 88; letter showing attitude toward Americans quoted, 61-62; key to his characters, 276; one of the best of men, 61; *Thackeray and His Daughter* recommended, 61; mentioned, 219
- Thames, voyage up to London, 2
- Theatre and Drama*, 47
- Things I Shouldn't Tell*, anecdote of Count Herbert Bismark, 29; on the human heart, 97-98
- Thompson, J. W., 162
- Thoreau, H., quoted, 106
- Thorndyke, W. L., early denouncer of "Xmas," 173-174
- Thrush, English blackbird really a, 196; should be preferred to cuckoo, 211
- Ticonderoga, "Ti" a pretty diminutive for, 54
- Tilden, F., *The Virtuous Husband* recommended, 252; defends Main Street, 253
- Time*, 233
- Tinker, Prof. C. B., *Letters of Boswell* reviewed and recommended, 141-142; combines scholarship with teaching ability, 142; mentioned, 206, 241
- Tolstoi, Count Ilya, 230
- Tolstoi, L., importance of his preservation in Crimean War, 25; now considered old-fashioned in Russia, 80; mentioned, 127, 160
- Toothpick, "rise and fall of," 102-103; used by one of Jane Austen's characters, 102; Robert Ferrars not highly polished, 149; Giovanni Della Casa on, 148-149; use not confined to America, 102-103
- Torrey, Prof. C. C., praises Mrs. Peebles's *Drifting and Steering*, 53
- Townsend, Rev. F. T., nominates Koran for Ignoble Prize, 10
- Tracy, L., *The Wings of the Morning* most exciting novel ever written, 54; reissued in fine edition, 189
- Travel in Europe, Clara Laughlin's Travel Study Courses recommended, 93
- Travis, W., 122, 161; presides at Conversation Club, 130; pun on, 162
- Trial by jury, nominated for Ignoble Prize, 126
- Trites, W. B., *Ask the Young* recommended, 158
- Trollope, A., *Autobiography* praised, 171-172; exponent of "hustle," 171
- Tubby, J., joins Asolo Club, 36
- Tubby, Mary, joins Asolo Club, 36
- Tubby, Ruth, joins Asolo Club, 36
- Turgenev, I., 62; now considered old-fashioned in Russia, 80

INDEX

- Turner, Mrs. Jessie, letter on people of culture, 74
- Tuttle, C. P., cat story, 54; recommends *The Owls' House* as most exciting novel ever written, 54
- Twain, Mark, *Autobiography* reviewed, 99-100; remarks on fear of darkness quoted, 100; description of Hawaii, 99; saves Cable from stage-fright, 172-173; statue of Huck and Tom erected in Hannibal, Mo., 212, 257; mentioned, 174
- Twining, Mrs. C. W., praises song of red-winged blackbird, 196
- Tyndale, W., 190
- Tyndall, J., 219
- Typographical errors, anecdotes of in Hartford *Religious Herald*, 191; "Bagnio, P. I.," 147
- Uncensored Recollections*, 29, 97-98; quoted, 234-235
- Usage, good, "angle," 190; "different than," 190, 278; "fain," two correct uses of, 140; "his ilk," 190; "legience," 278; "like" for "as" gaining ground in England, 32, 190; condemned, 32; "optience," 191, 243, 244; "out to dinner" vs. "in to dinner," 118-119; "spectance," 243-244; "vidience," 191, 243, 244, 278; formed on bad analogy, 209; English comment on, 244; "whom is he," 190
- Valentino, R., 251
- Van Antwerp, W. M., suggests formation of Clevedon Club, 88
- Van de Water, F. F., book-criticisms in New York *Herald Tribune*, 10; discovers false astronomy in *Fulfillment*, 10-11
- Van Dyck, A., 200
- Velasquez, 200
- Verhaeren, E., 127
- "Vidience," R. H. Pitt claims priority of invention, 191; "optience" said to be in use in Middle West, 191; "spectance" suggested, 243-244; English comment on, 244
- Virgil, nominated for Ignoble Prize, 74
- Vollon, A., recommended as painter of still-life, 196
- Voltaire, 107; and Jesus, 107, 146
- von der Leyen, Prof. F., 267
- Wages, present extortionate wages of workmen just, 78; received for preaching, 79
- Wagner, R., *Die Meistersinger*, 45, 264; *Götterdämmerung*, 264; *Parzifal*, 45; and *Die Walküre* produced in Paris, 30
- "Wailing" should be abolished from novels, 226
- Walbridge, E. F., compiles list of unfinished novels, 276; *Romans a Clef*, 276
- Wales, Prince of, exponent of "hustle," 171
- Waller, E., *Song* quoted, 248
- Walpole, H., *Captives*, 43; *The Cathedral*, 43, 270; *The Green Mirror*, 43, 270; *The Old Ladies* his masterpiece, 43; his speciality old ladies, 43; *Portrait of a Man with Red Hair* inferior, 270; mentioned, 111
- War, people's real opinions concerning, 212
- Ward, A. C., *Aspects of the Modern Short Story* recommended, 208
- Ward, Mrs. Humphry, 137, 144
- Ward, J. M., baseball reminiscences, 130-131, 206; "Dutch" Carter, 131-132; P. Radbourn, 131; death, 132-133
- Warner, C. D., 172
- Watts, I., his poems in Yale College Library, 49

INDEX

- Watts, W. A., 162; suggests union of Fords to prevent war, 193-194
- Weber, J., Isman's *Weber and Fields* recommended, 167; quoted, 169
- Webster, D., 227; Frederika Bremer hears speak, 123; Seventh of March Speech, 156; known by Lincoln, 156
- Wedekind, F., 127
- Weekley, E., *A Concise Etymological Dictionary of Modern English* recommended, 134, 176
- Wells, H. G., *Christina Alberta's Father* a brilliant success, 271; "neighing" Englishman in, 271; key to *Mr. Brilting*, 277; *Tono-Bungay*, 271; mentioned, 24, 111, 232
- Wendell, B., De Wolfe Howe's biography of recommended, 44; anecdotes of, 44-46; unable to read *Clarissa*, 170
- Westminster Abbey, west front nominated for Ignoble Prize, 2
- Wharton, Edith, *The Mother's Recompense* recommended, 186-187; plot resembles de Maupassant and Donnay, 186; not so good as *The Age of Innocence*, 186; *A Son at the Front*, 186; mentioned, 226
- Whistler, J. M., 200
- White, Rev. G. C., 278
- White, Reba, nominates hand-decorated greeting cards for Ignoble Prize, 195
- White, S. E., 245
- White, W. A., 165; issues chicken-eating challenge, 257-258; *Life of Woodrow Wilson* reviewed and recommended, 103-104
- Whitechurch, V. L., *A Bishop Out of Residence* reviewed and recommended, 4-5
- Whitlock, B., *Forty Years of It* recommended, 270
- Whitman, Prof. C. H., joins Faerie Queene Club, 118; *Subject Index to Spenser*, 118
- Whittier, J. G., calls on Frederika Bremer, 123; statue of Barefoot Boy, 257
- "Wigwam," pronunciation of in Bennett's plays, 24
- Wilde, O., *Lady Windermere's Fan* presented in Berlin, 48; on similarity between America and England, 119; recalled faintly by Somerset Maugham, 22; mentioned, 127, 250
- William II, Emperor of Germany, 29
- Wilson, A. M., sends name of last survivor of Charge of the Light Brigade, 108
- Wilson, D. A., *Carlyle to the French Revolution*, 125; most valuable biography of our time, 125
- Wilson, P. W., *An Unofficial Statesman* recommended, 139
- Wilson, W., anecdotes of, 104-105; 165-166; Bok's conversations with, 156; his character of Jefferson Davis applied to himself, 166; defamation of, 235; overtures for peace, 254; personality, 103-104; W. A. White's *Life of* recommended, 103-104
- Windsor Castle, 113
- Winfrey, Dr. E. W., coins word "vidience," 191
- Wise, T. A., 164
- Wister, O., *The Virginian* on Browning, 155
- Wolff, P., 41
- Wollcott, A., gives history of the Theatre Guild, 182-183
- Wolves, said never to chase human beings, 259
- Wood, Gov.-Gen. L., work in Philippines to combat leprosy, 277

INDEX

- Woolley, E. M., directs presentation of *The Frogs* at Yale, 55
- Wordsworth, W., 117; new interest in caused by discovery of his illegitimate daughter, 146
- Wortley, Mrs. E. Stuart, edits letters of Earl of Bute and his son, 253
- Wright, G., 179
- Wycherley, Margaret, performance in *Jane Clegg*, 8
- Wyman, Mrs. J. C., joins Faerie Queene Club, 178-179
- "Xmas," nominated for Ignoble Prize, 109; defended as legitimate, 173; early denouncers of, 173-174; blamed on the Russians, 277; Greeks more probably to blame, 277-278
- Yale, attacked by Upton Sinclair, 129-130
- Yale College Library, statistics on in 1791, 49
- Yale Dramatic Association, presents *The Frogs*, 55
- Yale graduates, best new books by, 11
- Yale Literary Magazine*, 206
- Yeats, W. B., 111, 127
- Young, S., attacked by St. John Ervine, 8; *Glamour* recommended, 182; on Duse, 182
- Younger generation, George Chapman on, 158; *Jugend von Heute*, 158; W. B. Triltsch's *Ask the Young*, 158; T. S. Perry on, 158-159
- Younghusband, Gen. Sir George, *A Soldier's Memories* recommended, 153; *The Youth's Companion*, 214
- Zanesville, Ohio, letter on Y bridge, 70
- Zeppelin raid on London, gathering of noted men during, 24-25
- Zerk, Mr., 76

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